SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

AND

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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OF

VOL. III.



MICHAEL DRAYTON.

BORN 1563.—DIED 1631.

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born in the parish of Atherston, in Warwickshire. His family was ancient, but it is not probable that his parents were opulent, for he was educated chiefly at the expense of Sir Godfrey Godere. In his childhood, which displayed remarkable proficiency, he was anxious to know what strange kind of beings poets were, and on his coming to college he importuned his tutor, if possible, to make him a poet. Either from this ambition, or from necessity, he seems to have adopted no profession, and to have generally owed his subsistence to the munificence of friends. An allusion which he makes in the poem of "Moses's Birth and Miracles," to the destruction of the Spanish Armada, has been continually alleged as a ground for supposing that he witnessed that spectacle in a military capacity; but the lines, in fact, are far from proving that he witnessed it at all. On the accession of King James the First, he paid his court to the new sovereign, with all that a poet could offer, his congratulatory verses. James, however, received him but coldly, and though he was patronized by Lord Buckhurst and the Earl of Dorset, he obtained no

situation of independence, but continued to publish his voluminous poetry amidst severe irritations with his booksellers. Popular as Drayton once was in comparison of the present neglect of him, it is difficult to conceive that his works were ever so profitable as to allow the bookseller much room for peculation. He was known as a poet many years before the death of Queen Elizabeth. His Poly-olbion, which the learned Camden honoured with notes, did not appear till 1613. In 1626 we find him styled poet laureate, but the title at that time was often a mere compliment, and implied neither royal appointment nor butt of canary. The Countess of Bedford supported him for many years. At the close of his life we find him in the family of the Earl of Dorset, to whose magnanimous countess the Aubrey MSS. ascribe the poet's monument over his grave in Westminster Abbey.

The language of Drayton is free and perspicuous. With less depth of feeling than that which occasionally bursts from Cowley, he is a less excruciating hunter of conceits, and in harmony of expression is quite a contrast to Donne. A tinge of grace and romance pervades much of his poetry: and even his pastorals, which exhibit the most fantastic views of nature, sparkle with elegant imagery. The Nymphidia is in his happiest characteristic manner of airy and sportive pageantry. In some historic sketches of the Barons' Wars he reaches a manner beyond himself—the pictures of Mortimer and the Queen,

and of Edward's entrance to the castle, are splendid and spirited. In his Poly-olbion, or description of Great Britain, he has treated the subject with such topographical and minute detail as to chain his poetry to the map, and he has unfortunately chosen a form of verse, which, though agreeable when interspersed with other measures, is fatiguing in long continuance by itself: still it is impossible to read the poem without admiring the richness of his local associations, and the beauty and variety of the fabulous allusions which he scatters around him. Such indeed is the profusion of romantic recollections in the Poly-olbion, that a poet of taste and selection might there find subjects of happy description, to which the author who suggested them had not the power of doing justice; for Drayton started so many remembrances, that he lost his inspiration in the effort of memory. In the Barons' Wars, excepting the passages already noticed, where the

> *Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus et alter,*
> *Assuitur pannus,*

we unhappily exchange only the geographer for the chronicler. On a general survey, the mass of his poetry has no strength or sustaining spirit adequate to its bulk. There is a perpetual play of fancy on its surface, but the impulses of passion, and the guidance of judgment, give it no strong movements nor consistent course. In scenery or in history he cannot command selected views, but meets them by

chance as he travels over the track of detail. His great subjects have no interesting centre, no shade for uninteresting things. Not to speak of his dull passages, his description is generally lost in a flutter of whimsical touches. His muse had certainly no strength for extensive flights, though she sports in happy moments on a brilliant and graceful wing.

MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH, AND THE QUEEN, SURPRISED BY EDWARD III. IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

FROM THE BARONS' WARS. BOOK VI.

Within the castle hath the queen devis'd
A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
As in the same she had imparadiz'd
Almost what man by industry hath sought;
Where with the curious pencil was compris'd
What could with colours by the art be wrought,
In the most sure place of the castle there,
Which she had nam'd the Tower of Mortimer.

An orbal form with pillars small compos'd,
Which to the top like parallels do bear,
Arching the compass where they were inclos'd,
Fashioning the fair roof like the hemisphere,
In whose partitions by the lines dispos'd,
All the clear northern asterisms were

In their corporeal shapes with stars inchased,
As by th' old poets they in heav'n were placed.

About which lodgings, tow'rds the upper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the high'st point and the base,
That as a zone the waist ingirdled,
That lends the sight a breathing, or a space,
'Twixt things near view and those far over head,
Under the which the painter's curious skill
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

Here Phœbus clipping Hyacinthus stood,
Whose life's last drops his snowy breast imbrue,
The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,
That should't be blood or tears no sight could view,
So mix'd together in a little flood;
Yet here and there they sev'rally withdrew,
The pretty wood-nymphs chafing him with balm,
To bring the sweet boy from this deadly qualm.

With the god's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
His golden mantle cast upon the ground,
T' express whose grief Art ev'n her best did shew,
The sledge so shadow'd still seem'd to rebound,
To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,
As still to give new anguish to the wound;
The purple flower sprung from the blood that run,
That op'neth since and closeth with the sun.

By which the heifer Io, Jove's fair rape,
Gazing her new-ta'en figure in a brook,
The water shadow'd to observe the shape
In the same form that she on it doth look.
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'scape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture mistook,
By perspective devis'd beholding now,
This way a maiden, that way't seem'd a cow.

Swift Mercury, like to a shepherd's boy,
Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an am'rous toy,
He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him;
Wherein the painter so explain'd their joy,
As though his skill the perfect life could limn,
Upon whose brows the water hung so clear,
As through the drops the fair skin might appear.

And cliffy Cynthus with a thousand birds,
Whose freckled plumes adorn his bushy crown,
Under whose shadow graze the straggling herds,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling down,
Dropping like fine pearl through his shaggy beards,
With moss and climbing ivy over-grown;
The rock so lively done in ev'ry part,
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

The naked nymphs, some up and down descending,
Small scatt'ring flow'rs at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies bending,

Cropping the blooming branches lately sprung,
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles rending)
Which on the rocks grew here and there among;
Some comb their hair, some making garlands by,
As with delight might satisfy the eye.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling through the clouds,
Cast by his palfreys that their reins had broke,
And setting fire upon the welked shrouds,
Now through the heav'n run madding from the yoke,
The elements together thrust in crowds,
Both land and sea hid in a reeking smoke;
Drawn with such life, as some did much desire
To warm themselves, some frighted with the fire.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His seven sisters standing in degrees,
Trees into women seeming to be turn'd,
As the gods turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once so mutually that mourn'd,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from their eyes;
The fire seem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in shewing of the same.

And to this lodging did the light invent,
That it should first a lateral course reflect,
Through a short room into the window sent,
Whence it should come expressively direct,

Holding just distance to the lineament,
And should the beams proportionably project,
And being thereby condensated and grave,
To ev'ry figure a sure colour gave.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whose broad-leav'd branches cov'ring over all,
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton twine,
Doubling themselves in their lascivious fall,
Whose rip'ned clusters seeming to decline,
Where, as among the naked Cupids sprawl
Some at the sundry-colour'd birds do shoot,
Some swarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

On which a tissue counterpane was cast,
Arachne's web the same did not surpass,
Wherein the story of his fortunes past
In lively pictures neatly handled was;
How he escap'd the Tower, in France how grac'd,
With stones embroider'd, of a wond'rous mass;
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, impresa's, hieroglyphics set.

This flatt'ring sun-shine had begot the show'r,
And the black clouds with such abundance fed,
That for a wind they waited but the hour,
With force to let their fury on his head:
Which when it came, it came with such a pow'r,
As he could hardly have imagined.
But when men think they most in safety stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

For to that largeness they increased were,
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,
Whose props no longer both of them could bear;
Two for one seat, that over-great were grown,
Prepost'rously that moved in one sphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,
  That the young king down Mortimer must cast,
  If he himself would e'er hope to sit fast.

Who finding the necessity was such,
That urg'd him still th' assault to undertake,
And yet his person it might nearly touch,
Should he too soon his sleeping pow'r awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,
Drove him at length a secret means to make,
  Whereby he might the enterprize effect,
  And hurt him most, where he did least suspect.

Without the castle, in the earth is found
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,
In strange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into hell;
  By architects to serve the castle made,
  When as the Danes this island did invade.

Now on along the crankling path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Rising tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the deep,
On a smooth level then itself doth lay,

Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;
  Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,
  It casts the foul mask from its dusky face.

By which the king, with a selected crew
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,
And with those treasons that had not been tainted,
  Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,
  To rouse the beast which kept them all at bay.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team,
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
To wash his cauples in the ocean stream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And Phœbe, scanted of her brother's beam,
Into the west went after him apace,
  Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,
  To fit the time of that black tragedy.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;
Which, striving there pre-eminence to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,
  That each confounding other, both appear,
  As darkness light, and light but darkness were.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,
Made as their passage they would have deny'd,
And threat'ned them their journey to foreslow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seem'd their discontent to show
To the vile hand that did them first divide;
   Whose cumb'rous falls and risings seem'd to say,
   So ill an action could not brook the day.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their shadows then them following at their back,
Where like to mourners carrying forth their dead,
And as the deed, so were they, ugly, black,
Or like to fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack;
   Whilst the light look'd as it had been amaz'd
   At their deformed shapes, whereon it gaz'd.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
And struck the cave in passing on each side,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act so pitiless should hide;
Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,
   And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
   As willing them from murder to refrain.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these things)
And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,
To whom a choice musician plays and sings,

Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
In night-attire more god-like glittering,
Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
Leaning upon her most-lov'd Mortimer,
Whose voice, more than the music, pleas'd her ear.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
He lost his way, nor back again could go,
But with those banks of beauty set about,
He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too base!
Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)
Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That, by much praising which we much impair;
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot shew it,
Only the soul may be suppos'd to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The Gods' pure scepters and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tiger meek,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lily for a glove;

As might beget life where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
As ev'ry thing did to itself assume
The scent from them, and made the same their own:
So that the painted flowers within the room
Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;
The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those eyes,
Shew how that bird, how well that flow'r was done;
How this part shadow'd, and how that did rise,
This top was clouded, how that trail was spun,
The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thousand curious things:

Looking upon proud Phaeton wrapt in fire,
The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;
But Mortimer commended his desire,
To lose one poor life, or to govern all:
" What though (quoth he) he madly did aspire,
And his great mind made him proud Fortune's thrall?
Yet in despight, when she her worst had done,
He perish'd in the chariot of the sun."

"Phœbus (she said) was over-forc'd by art;
Nor could she find how that embrace could be."
But Mortimer then took the painter's part:
"Why thus, bright empress, thus and thus, (quoth
he:)
That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart;
Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips, you see:
Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I;
It were a life, thus ev'ry hour to die."

When, by that time, into the castle-hall
Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,
And they within suspecting nought at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without.
See how mischances suddenly do fall,
And steal upon us, being farth'st from doubt!
Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,
And tow'rds most peril man is most secure.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,
To the bright queen that ever waited near,
Two with great March much credit that had won,
That in the lobby with the ladies were,
Staying delight, whilst time away did run,
With such discourse as women love to hear;
Charg'd on the sudden by the armed train,
Were at their entrance miserably slain.

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lofty cliffs,
Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rds her preying hour,

Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,
And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth scow'r,
Whilst to regain her former height she strives,
The fearful fowl all prostrate to her pow'r:
Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout the vault,
Made by the women at the fierce assault.

NYMPHIDIA, THE COURT OF FAIRY.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later or the old,

Those elvish secrets to unfold,
        Which lie from other's reading;
My active muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling:
        Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
        Which now I am in telling:
My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
        In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
        Which way soe'er it blow it:
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
        Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
        It curiously that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,

And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake)
Descendeth for his pleasure:
And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the Mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them:
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother:
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the Fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befel,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting:
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this Fairy knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed:
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checkt,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,

Were worthy of her wearing :
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmet's eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

" At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bow'r,
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flow'r,
On Hipcut-hill that groweth :
In all your train there's not a Fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb, a fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry :
Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,

She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For nought must her be letting ·
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
The harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,

Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care.
And found his queen was missing.

By griesly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acron-cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So Bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As though his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue? quoth he;
Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;

Restore her, or thou dy'st by me."
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the Fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frighted so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad king fear'd no evil.

"Oh! (quoth the glow-worm) hold thy hand,
Thou puissant king of Fairy land.
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I."
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled:
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man affear'd,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,

And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel:
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic Fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrenzy spoken:
"Hoh, hoh," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace,
Who drest thee in this piteous case?

He thus that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter's nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

" Dear Puck," quoth he, " my wife is gone;
As e'er thou lov'st king Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her
Bring her to me, alive or dead;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head:
That villain hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this bus'ness broaching:
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rful charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I posted to forewarn you:
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,

'Gainst one another justling:
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them.
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had:
When quoth this Fay, "Dear queen, be glad,
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

Come all into this nut, (quoth she)
Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chuser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt."
So one by one therein they crept,

And lying down, they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some pow'rful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descry'd her:
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hied her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the misletoe;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt,
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

" By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising:
By the evening curfew-bell;
By the doleful dying knell;
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising.

" By the mandrakes dreadful groans;
By the Lubricans sad moans;
By the noise of dead men's bones,

In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.

" By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us."

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,

And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
  Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
  And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
  Amongst the briers and brambles.

"Plague upon queen Mab (quoth he)
And all her maids, where'er they be;
I think the devil guided me,
  To seek her, so provoked."
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
  In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd queen Mab, who doubted sore
  Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
  With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,

No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin:
Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;

This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

" Say to him thus, That I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him:
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down;
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilify'd;
But to the Fairy court him hied,
Full furiously he posted,
With every thing Pigwiggen said;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint;
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided:
To strait account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore, attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps, she wades,
To Proserpine, the queen of shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,

For proud Pigwiggen crying:
Who sought the Fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the king,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in ev'ry thing
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either:
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,

But came with simple open arms,
  To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man:
The blood out of their helmets span,
  So sharp were their encounters:
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleness was never shewn,
  They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
  The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
  These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
  They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
  Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
        When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
        Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
        Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espy'd;
For Proserpine meant to decide
        The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
        So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
        Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that a while they should release

Each other of their peril:
" Which here, (quoth she) I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel.

" But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to assuage
That first you drink this liquor;
Which shall your understandings clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget,
That he queen Mab had ever met,

Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent;
And thus I left them feasting.

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.

What time the groves were clad in green,
The fields drest all in flowers,
And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were seen
To seek them summer bowers.

* * * * * * *

Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,
"O whither's Cynthia gone?"
When soon the echo doth reply
To my last word,——" go on."

At length upon a lofty fir
It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name most due to her,
Was carv'd upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought.

And near that tree's more spacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.
* * * * * * *

The yielding sand, where she had' trod,
Untoucht yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly shew'd,
Where I might Cynthia find.
* * * * * * *

When chance me to an arbour led,
Whereas I might behold;
Two blest elysiums in one sted,
The less the great infold.
* * * * * * *

The wealthy Spring yet never bore
  That sweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
  Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
  Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display,
  To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear
  Upon a rosy bed;
As lilies the soft pillows were,
  Whereon she laid her head.

* * * * * * *

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
  At all was seen to stir:
Whilst tuning to the waters fall,
  The small birds sang to her.

* * * * * * *

"Into these secret shades (quoth she)
  How dar'st thou be so bold
To enter, consecrate to me,
  Or touch this hallowed mould?"

* * * * * * *

"Bright nymph, again I thus reply,
  This cannot me affright:

I had rather in thy presence die,
  Than live out of thy sight.

" I first upon the mountains high
  Built altars to thy name,
And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,
  To propagate thy fame."
* * * * * * *

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
  I in her eyes might view.
(Quoth she) " Most welcome to these woods,
  Too mean for one so true.

" Here from the hateful world we'll live,
  A den of mere despight:
To idiots only that doth give,
  Which be for sole delight.
* * * * * * *

" Whose vileness us shall never awe:
  But here our sports shall be,
Such as the golden world first saw,
  Most innocent and free.

" Of simples in these groves that grow,
  We'll learn the perfect skill;
The nature of each herb to know,
  Which cures, and which can kill.
* * * * * * *

"We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,
And make the gods repine,
As they do feast in Jove's great room,
To see with what we dine.
* * * * * * *

"The nimble squirrel noting here,
Her mossy dray that makes;
And laugh to see the dusty deer
Come bounding o'er the brakes.
* * * * * * *

"Sometime we'll angle at the brook,
The freckled trout to take,
With silken worms and bait the hook,
Which him our prey shall make.
* * * * * * *

"And when the moon doth once appear,
We'll trace the lower grounds,
When fairies in their ringlets there
Do dance their nightly rounds.

"And have a flock of turtle doves,
A guard on us to keep,
As witness of our honest loves
To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
To overspread my breast,

As lent life to my chaste desires,
And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,
On earth heaven's only pride;
Let her be mine, and let who list
Take all the world beside.

DESCRIPTION OF MORNING, BIRDS, AND HUNTING THE DEER.

POLY-OLBION. SONG XIII.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feath'red sylvans sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole.
Those quiristers are percht with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight:
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,

That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every
where.
The throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he sung
T' awake the lustless sun; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets
thrill;
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different
be:
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant
May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would
draw
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would
spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
To philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we
then,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the
wren.

The yellow-pate; which though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run.
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.
And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of season'd deer:
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there:
The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals strew'd,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.
Of all the beasts which we for our venerial name,
The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest game:
Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er report,
Or by description touch, t' express that wondrous sport

(Yet might have well beseem'd th' ancients nobler
songs)
To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:
Yet shall she not invoke the muses to her aid;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady
grove,
Which oft hast borne thy bow (great huntress, us'd
to rove)
At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce;
And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty forest's
queen,
With thy dishevel'd nymphs attir'd in youthful green,
About the lawns hast scour'd, and wastes both far
and near,
Brave huntress; but no beast shall prove thy quarries
here;
Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,
The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom, when with his
hounds
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed
grounds
Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from his
feed
The dogs of him do find; or thòrough skilful heed,
The huntsman by his slot, or breaking earth, per-
ceives,
Or ent'ring of the thick by pressing of the greaves,

Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart
doth hear
The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret leir,
He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes
doth drive,
As though up by the roots the bushes he would
rive.
And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he
makes,
He with his branched head the tender saplings
shakes,
That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to
weep;
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring
place:
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
Rechating with his horn, which then the hunter
cheers,
Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head up-
bears,
His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his flight.
But when th'approaching foes still following he per-
ceives,
That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he
leaves:
And o'er the champain flies: which when th' assem-
bly find,
Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.

But being then imbost, the noble stately deer
When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear)
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing
soil:
That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,
And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-
wool'd sheep,
Them frighting from the guard of those who had
their keep.
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries·
Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he let-
teth stand
T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in hand,
The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth
hallo:
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and
huntsmen follow;
Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of
strength,
His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,
The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
To any thing he meets now at his sad decay.
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters
near,
This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but
fear,
Some bank or quickset finds: to which his haunch
oppos'd,
He turns upon his foes, that soon have him inclos'd.

The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at
bay,
And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly
wounds.
The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,
He desperately assails; until opprest by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.

TO HIS COY LOVE.

FROM HIS ODES.

I PRAY thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me:
These poor half kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Shew me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanched.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
  Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
  And do but more enthral me.
But see how patient I am grown,
  In all this coil about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
  I cannot live without thee.

BALLAD OF DOWSABEL.

FAR in the country of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Cassamen,
  As bold as Isenbras:
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
  As was the good Sir Topas.
He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleped Dowsabel,
  A maiden fair and free.
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was ycond the leir
  Of mickle courtesy.
The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
  And with the needle work:
And she couth help the priest to say
His mattins on a holy-day,
  And sing a psalm in kirk.

She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,
  Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
  Iwrought full featously.
Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
  And lythe as lass of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow, on Peakish Hull,
  Or swan that swims in Trent.
This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
  To get sweet setywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
  To deck her summer hall.
Thus as she wander'd here and there,
And picked off the bloomy brier,
  She chanced to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank,
Like chanticleer he crowned crank,
  And pip'd full merrily.
He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
  To feed about him round.
Whilst he full many a carol sang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
  And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepherd swain
Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,
  Which held proud kings in awe:
But meek as any lamb might be;
And innocent of ill as he
  Whom his lewd brother slaw.
The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest lock,
  That could be cut with sheer.
His mittens were of bauzons' skin,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
  His hood of miniveer.
His awl and lingel in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
  His breech of Cointree blue.
Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
  So like a lover true.
And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popinjay,
  Which liked Dowsabel;
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
  She in love-longing fell.
At length she tucked up her frock,
White as a lily was her smock,
  She drew the shepherd nigh:
But then the shepherd pip'd a good,
That all his sheep forsook their food,
  To hear this melody.

Thy sheep, quoth she, cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd swain,
The which can pipe so well:
Yea but (saith he) their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel.
Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,
Quoth she, look well unto thy sheep,
Lest they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, so had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel
Come forth to gather May.
With that she 'gan to veil her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said,
With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.
Saith she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer hall undight,
And all for love of thee.
My cote, saith he, nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me.
Saith she, yet lever I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men.
Saith he, yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
  Of courtesy the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As ever maiden yet might be
  Unto her paramour.
With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
  And him she sweetly kist.
With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, there's never shepherd's boy
  That ever was so blest.

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

Edward Fairfax, the truly poetical translator of Tasso, was the second son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire. His family were all soldiers; but the poet, while his brothers were seeking military reputation abroad, preferred the quiet enjoyment of letters at home. He married and settled as a private gentleman at Fuyston, a place beautifully situated between the family seat at Denton and the forest of Knaresborough. Some of his time was devoted to the management of his brother Lord Fairfax's property, and to superintending the education of his lordship's children. The prose MSS.

which he left in the library at Denton sufficiently attest his literary industry. They have never been published, and as they relate chiefly to religious controversy, are not likely to be so, although his treatise on witchcraft, recording its supposed operation upon his own family, must form a curious relic of superstition. Of Fairfax it might, therefore, well be said—

" Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
" Believed the magic wonders which he sung."

Of his original works in verse, his History of Edward the black Prince has never been published; but Mr. A. Chalmers (Biog. Dict. art. Fairfax) is, I believe, as much mistaken in supposing that his Eclogues have never been collectively printed, as in pronouncing them entitled to high commendation for their poetry. A more obscurely stupid allegory and fable can hardly be imagined than the fourth eclogue preserved in Mrs. Cooper's Muse's Library: its being an imitation of some of the theological pastorals of Spenser is no apology for its absurdity. When a fox is described as seducing the chastity of a lamb, and when the eclogue writer tells us that

" An hundred times her virgin lip he kiss'd,
" As oft her maiden finger gently wrung,"

who could imagine that either poetry, or ecclesiastical history, or sense or meaning of any kind, was ever meant to be conveyed under such a conundrum?

The time of Fairfax's death has not been discovered; it is known that he was alive in 1631; but his translation of the Jerusalem was published when he was a young man, was inscribed to Queen Elizabeth, and forms one of the glories of her reign.

FROM FAIRFAX'S TRANSLATION OF TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED, BOOK XVIII.

Rinaldo, after offering his devotions on Mount Olivet, enters on the adventure of the Enchanted Wood.

It was the time, when 'gainst the breaking day
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repin'd;
For in the east appear'd the morning grey,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shin'd,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twin'd,
  Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine:
  This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine:

Thus to himself he thought; how many bright
And splendent lamps shine in heav'n's temple high!
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fix'd and wand'ring stars the azure sky;
So framed all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall die,
  'Till, in a moment, with the last day's brand
  They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneel'd down with reverence and fear;
His eyes upon heav'n's eastern face he bent;
His thoughts above all heav'ns up-lifted were—
The sins and errors, which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
  Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,
  And purge my faults and my offences all.

Thus prayed he; with purple wings up-flew
In golden weed the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding, with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, his harness, and the mountain green:
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breath'd unseen;
  And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
  A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies:

The heav'nly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compar'd, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And sprinkled so, that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays outstream:
So cheered are the flow'rs, late withered,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam;
  And so, return'd to youth, a serpent old
  Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
The prince perceived well, and long admir'd;
Toward the forest march'd he on with speed,

Resolv'd, as such adventures great requir'd:
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retir'd;
  But not to him fearful or loathsome made
  That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

Forward he pass'd, and in the grove before
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was;
There roll'd a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sigh'd the winds, as through the leaves they
    pass;
There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,
There sung the swan, and singing died, alas!
  There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,
  And all these sounds one sound right well declar'd.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and sirens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters, sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amaz'd, he stay'd, and well prepar'd
For his defence, heedful and slow forth-went;
  Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
  Except a quiet, still, transparent flood:

On the green banks, which that fair stream in-
    bound,
Flowers and odours sweetly smil'd and smell'd,
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,

And through the grove one channel passage found;
This in the wood, in that the forest dwell'd:
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchang'd their moisture and their shade.

The knight some way sought out the flood to pass,
And, as he sought, a wond'rous bridge appear'd;
A bridge of gold, an huge and mighty mass,
On arches great of that rich metal rear'd:
When through that golden way he enter'd was,
Down fell the bridge; swelled the stream, and wear'd
The work away, nor sign left, where it stood,
And of a river calm became a flood.

He turn'd, amaz'd to see it troubled so,
Like sudden brooks, increas'd with molten snow;
The billows fierce, that tossed to and fro,
The whirlpools suck'd down to their bosoms low;
But on he went to search for wonders mo,
Through the thick trees, there high and broad which grow;
And in that forest huge, and desert wide,
The more he sought, more wonders still he spy'd:

Where'er he stepp'd, it seem'd the joyful ground
Renew'd the verdure of her flow'ry weed;
A fountain here, a well-spring there he found;
Here bud the roses, there the lilies spread:

The aged wood o'er and about him round
Flourish'd with blossoms new, new leaves, new seed;
And on the boughs and branches of those treen
The bark was soften'd, and renew'd the green:

The manna on each leaf did pearled lie;
The honey stilled from the tender rind:
Again he heard that wond'rous harmony
Of songs, and sweet complaints of lovers kind;
The human voices sung a treble high,
To which respond the birds, the streams, the wind;
But yet unseen those nymphs, those singers were,
Unseen the lutes, harps, viols, which they bear.

He look'd, he listen'd, yet his thoughts deny'd
To think that true, which he did hear and see:
A myrtle in an ample plain he spy'd,
And thither by a beaten path went he;
The myrtle spread her mighty branches wide,
Higher than pine, or palm, or cypress tree,
And far above all other plants was seen
That forest's lady, and that desert's queen.

Upon the tree his eyes Rinaldo bent,
And there a marvel great and strange began;
An aged oak beside him cleft and rent,
And from his fertile, hollow womb, forth ran,
Clad in rare weeds and strange habiliment,
A nymph, for age able to go to man;

An hundred plants beside, ev'n in his sight,
Childed an hundred nymphs, so great, so dight.

Such as on stages play, such as we see
The dryads painted, whom wild satyrs love,
Whose arms half-naked, locks untrussed be,
With buskins laced on their legs above,
And silken robes tuck'd short above their knee,
Such seem'd the sylvan daughters of this grove;
Save, that instead of shafts and bows of tree,
She bore a lute, a harp or cittern she:

And wantonly they cast them in a ring,
And sung and danc'd to move his weaker sense,
Rinaldo round about environing,
As does it's centre the circumference;
The tree they compass'd eke, and 'gan to sing,
That woods and streams admir'd their excellence—
Welcome, dear Lord, welcome to this sweet grove,
Welcome, our lady's hope, welcome, her love!

Thou com'st to cure our princess, faint and sick
For love, for love of thee, faint, sick, distress'd;
Late black, late dreadful was this forest thick,
Fit dwelling for sad folk, with grief oppress'd;
See, with thy coming how the branches quick
Revived are, and in new blossoms dress'd!
This was their song; and after from it went
First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle rent

If antique times admir'd Silenus old,
Who oft appear'd set on his lazy ass,
How would they wonder, if they had behold
Such sights, as from the myrtle high did pass!
Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold,
That like in shape, in face, and beauty was
To fair Armida; Rinald thinks he spies
Her gestures, smiles, and glances of her eyes:

On him a sad and smiling look she cast,
Which twenty passions strange at once bewrays;
And art thou come, quoth she, return'd at last
To her, from whom but late thou ran'st thy ways?
Com'st thou to comfort me for sorrows past,
To ease my widow nights, and careful days?
Or comest thou to work me grief and harm?
Why nilt thou speak, why not thy face disarm?

Com'st thou a friend or foe? I did not frame
That golden bridge to entertain my foe;
Nor open'd flow'rs and fountains, as you came,
To welcome him with joy, who brings me woe:
Put off thy helm; rejoice me with the flame
Of thy bright eyes, whence first my fires did grow;
Kiss me, embrace me; if you further venture,
Love keeps the gate, the fort is eath to enter.

Thus as she wooes, she rolls her rueful eyes
With piteous look, and changeth oft her chear;
An hundred sighs from her false heart up-fly;
She sobs, she mourns, it is great ruth to hear:

The hardest breast sweet pity mollifies;
What stony heart resists a woman's tear?
  But yet the knight, wise, wary, not unkind,
  Drew forth his sword, and from her careless twin'd:

Towards the tree he march'd; she thither start,
Before him stepp'd, embrac'd the plant, and cry'd—
Ah! never do me such a spiteful part,
To cut my tree, this forest's joy and pride;
Put up thy sword, else pierce therewith the heart
Of thy forsaken and despis'd Armide;
  For through this breast, and through this heart, unkind,
  To this fair tree thy sword shall passage find.

He lift his brand, nor car'd, though oft she pray'd,
And she her form to other shape did change;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made;
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange:
  A giantess before him high she stands,
  Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands:

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,
She threaten'd death, she roar'd, she cry'd and fought;
Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
Which groan'd, like living souls, to death nigh brought;

The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd hell,
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell:

Lighten'd the heav'n above, the earth below
Roared aloud; that thunder'd, and this shook:
Bluster'd the tempests strong; the whirlwinds blow;
The bitter storm drove hailstones in his look;
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended;
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

The heav'ns grew clear, the air wax'd calm and still,
The wood returned to its wonted state,
Of witchcrafts free, quite void of spirits ill,
Of horror full, but horror there innate:
He further try'd, if ought withstood his will
To cut those trees, as did the charms of late,
And finding nought to stop him, smil'd and said—
O shadows vain! O fools, of shades afraid!

From thence home to the camp-ward turn'd the knight;
The hermit cry'd, up-starting from his seat,
Now of the wood the charms have lost their might;
The sprites are conquer'd, ended is the feat;
See where he comes!—Array'd in glitt'ring white
Appear'd the man, bold, stately, high and great;
His eagle's silver wings to shine begun
With wond'rous splendour 'gainst the golden sun.

The camp receiv'd him with a joyful cry,
A cry, the hills and dales about that fill'd;
Then Godfrey welcom'd him with honours high;
His glory quench'd all spite, all envy kill'd:
To yonder dreadful grove, quoth he, went I,
And from the fearful wood, as me you will'd,
  Have driven the sprites away; thither let be
  Your people sent, the way is safe and free.

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

The history of this author is quite unknown, except that he was a prolific pamphleteer in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. Ritson has mustered a numerous catalogue of his works, to which the compilers of the Censura Literaria have added some articles. It has been remarked by the latter, that his muse is generally found in low company, from which it is inferred that he frequented the haunts of dissipation. The conclusion is unjust—Fielding was not a blackguard, though he wrote the adventures of Jonathan Wild. His descriptions of contemporary follies have considerable humour. I think he has afforded in the following story of Smug the Smith a hint to Butler for his apologue of vicarious justice, in the case of the brethren who hanged a "poor weaver that was bed-rid," instead of the cobbler who had killed an Indian,

"Not out of malice, but pure zeal,
"Because he was an Infidel."

Hudibras, part ii. canto 2. l. 420.

TRAGEDY OF SMUG THE SMITH.

FROM THE NIGHT RAVEN.

A SMITH for felony was apprehended,
And being condemn'd for having so offended,
The townsmen, with a general consent,
Unto the judge with a petition went,
Affirming that no smith did near them dwell,
And for his art they could not spare him well;
For he was good at edge-tool, lock, and key,
And for a farrier most rare man, quoth they.
The discreet judge unto the clowns replied,
How shall the law be justly satisfied?
A thief that steals must die therefore, that's flat.
O Sir, said they, we have a trick for that:
Two weavers dwelling in our town there are,
And one of them we very well can spare;
Let *him* be hang'd, we very humbly crave—
Nay, hang them both, so we the smith may save.
The judge he smiled at their simple jest,
And said, the smith would serve the hangman best.

THE VICAR.

FROM HIS EPIGRAMS, NO. 37.—IN THE LETTING OF HUMOUR'S BLOOD, IN THE HEAD VEIN.—FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1600.

AN honest vicar and a kind consort,
That to the ale-house friendly would resort,
To have a game at tables now and than,
Or drink his pot as soon as any man;

As fair a gamester, and as free from brawl,
As ever man should need to play withal;
Because his hostess pledg'd him not carouse,
Rashly, in choler, did forswear her house:
Taking the glass, this was his oath he swore—
"Now, by this drink, I'll ne'er come hither more."
But mightily his hostess did repent,
For all her guests to the next ale-house went,
Following the vicar's steps in every thing,
He led the parish even by a string;
At length his ancient hostess did complain
She was undone, unless he came again;
Desiring certain friends of hers and his,
To use a policy, which should be this:
Because with coming he should not forswear him,
To save his oaths they on their backs should bear him.
Of this good course the vicar well did think,
And so they always carried him to drink.

LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN.

FROM THE KNAVE OF SPADES.

Two serving men, or rather two men-servers,
For unto God they were but ill deservers,
Conferr'd together kindly, knave with knave,
What fitting masters for their turns they have.
"Mine," quoth the one, "is of a bounteous sprite,
And in the tavern will be drunk all night,
Spending most lavishly he knows not what,
But I have wit to make good use of that:

And is for tavern and for bawdy house,
* * * * * * * *
He hath some humours very strange and odd,
As every day at church, and not serve God;
With secret hidden virtues other ways,
As often on his knees, yet never prays."
Quoth t'other, "How dost prove this obscure talk?"—
"Why, man, he haunts the church that's Paul's, to walk:
And for his often being on the knee,
'Tis drinking healths, as drunken humours be."
"It's passing good, I do protest," quoth t'other,
"I think thy master be my master's brother;
For sure in qualities they may be kin,
Those very humours he is daily in,
For drinking healths, and being churched so,
They cheek-by-jowl may with each other go.
Then, pray thee, let us two in love go drink,
And on these matters for our profit think:
To handle such two masters turn us loose;
Shear thou the sheep, and I will pluck the goose."

FOOLS AND BABES TELL TRUE.

FROM THE SAME.

Two friends that met would give each other wine,
And made their entrance at next bush and sign,
Calling for claret, which they did agree,
(The season hot) should qualified be

With water and sugar: so the same being brought
By a new boy, in vintner's tricks untaught,
They bad him quickly bring fair water in,
Who look'd as strange as he amaz'd had bin.
"Why dost not stir," quoth they, "with nimble
feet?"
"'Cause, gentlemen," said he, "it is not meet
To put in too much water in your drink,
For there's enough already, sure, I think;
Richard the drawer, by my troth I vow,
Put in great store of water even now."

THE MARRIED SCHOLAR.

A SCHOLAR, newly enter'd marriage life,
Following his study, did offend his wife,
Because when she his company expected,
By bookish business she was still neglected;
Coming unto his study, "Lord," quoth she,
"Can papers cause you love them more than me?
I would I were transform'd into a book,
That your affection might upon me look!
But in my wish withal be it decreed,
I would be such a book you love to read.
Husband (quoth she) which book's form should I
take?"
"Marry," said he, "'twere best an almanack:
The reason wherefore I do wish thee so,
Is, every year we have a new, you know."

JOHN DONNE, D.D.

BORN 1573.—DIED 1631.

The life of Donne is more interesting than his poetry. He was descended from an ancient family; his mother was related to Sir Thomas More, and to Heywood, the epigrammatist. A prodigy of youthful learning, he was entered of Hart Hall, now Hertford College, at the unprecedented age of eleven: he studied afterwards with an extraordinary thirst for general knowledge, and seems to have consumed a considerable patrimony on his education and travels. Having accompanied the Earl of Essex in his expedition to Cadiz, he purposed to have set out on an extensive course of travels, and to have visited the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. Though compelled to give up his design by the insuperable dangers and difficulties of the journey, he did not come home till his mind had been stored with an extensive knowledge of foreign languages and manners, by a residence in the south of Europe. On his return to England, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere made him his secretary, and took him to his house. There he formed a mutual attachment to the niece of Lady Ellesmere, and without the means or prospect of support, the lovers thought proper to marry.

The lady's father, Sir George More, on the declaration of this step, was so transported with rage, that he insisted on the chancellor's driving Donne from his protection, and even got him imprisoned, together with the witnesses of the marriage. He was soon released from prison, but the chancellor would not again take him into his service; and the brutal father-in-law would not support the unfortunate pair. In their distress, however, they were sheltered by Sir Francis Wooley, a son of Lady Ellesmere by a former marriage, with whom they resided for several years, and were treated with a kindness that mitigated their sense of dependance.

Donne had been bred a catholic, but on mature reflection had made a conscientious renunciation of that faith. One of his warm friends, Dr. Morton, afterwards bishop of Durham, wished to have provided for him, by generously surrendering one of his benefices: he therefore pressed him to take holy orders, and to return to him the third day with his answer to the proposal. "At hearing of this," (says his biographer,) "Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave visible testimony of an inward conflict. He did not however return his answer till the third day, when, with fervid thanks, he declined the offer, telling the bishop that there were some errors of his life which, though long repented of, and pardoned, as he trusted, by God, might yet be not forgotten by some men, and which might cast a dishonour on the sacred office." We

are not told what those irregularities were, but the conscience which could dictate such an answer was not likely to require great offences for a stumbling-block. This occurred in the poet's thirty-fourth year.

After the death of Sir F. Wooley, his next protector was Sir Robert Drury, whom he accompanied on an embassy to France. His wife, with an attachment as romantic as poet could wish for, had formed the design of accompanying him as a page. It was on this occasion, and to dissuade her from the design, that he addressed to her the verses beginning, " By our first strange and fatal interview." Isaac Walton relates, with great simplicity, how the poet, one evening, as he sat alone in his chamber in Paris, saw the vision of his beloved wife appear to him with a dead infant in her arms, a story which wants only credibility to be interesting. He had at last the good fortune to attract the regard of King James; and, at his majesty's instance, as he might now consider that he had outlived the remembrance of his former follies, he was persuaded to become a clergyman. In this capacity he was successively appointed chaplain to the king, lecturer of Lincoln's Inn, dean of St. Dunstan in the west, and dean of St. Paul's. His death, at a late age, was occasioned by consumption. He was buried in St. Paul's, where his figure yet remains in the vault of St. Faith's, carved from a painting for which he sat a few days before his death, dressed in his winding-sheet.

SONG.

Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can shew
A fitter love for me.
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.
* * * * *

THE BREAK OF DAY.

Stay, oh sweet! and do not rise:
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not—it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, it's day—what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should, in despite of light, keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That, being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her that had them go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
O, that's the worst disease of love!
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busy man.
He which hath business and makes love, doth do
Such wrong as when a married man doth woo.

THE DREAM.*

Image of her whom I love more than she
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value—go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.

Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then phantasy is queen, and soul, and all;
She can present joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you,
For all our joys are but fantastical,
And so I scape the pain, for pain is true;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After such a fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were spent.
But, dearest heart, and dearer image, stay;
Alas! true joys at best are dreams enough.
Though you stay here you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than ideot with none.

ON THE LORD HARRINGTON, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Fair soul! which wast not only, as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But didst continue so, and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphere:

If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee;
And by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind;
And so can make, by this soft extacy,
This place a map of heav'n, myself of thee.
Thou see'st me here at midnight now all rest,
Time's dead low-water, when all minds divest
To-morrow's business, when the lab'rers have
Such rest in bed, that their last churchyard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this.
Now, when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
(Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them, then,
Again by death!) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep.
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises, to me midnight's noon;
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both church and state, in seeing thee.
* * * * * * * *

THOMAS PICKE.

Of this author I have been able to obtain no farther information, than that he belonged to the Inner Temple, and translated a great number of John Owen's Latin epigrams into English. His songs, sonnets, and elegies, bear the date of 1631. Indifferent as the collection is, entire pieces of it are pilfered.

FROM SONGS, SONNETS, AND ELEGIES, BY T. PICKE.

The night, say all, was made for rest;
And so say I, but not for all;
To them the darkest nights are best,
Which give them leave asleep to fall;
But I that seek my rest by light,
Hate sleep, and praise the clearest night.

Bright was the moon, as bright as day,
And Venus glitter'd in the west,
Whose light did lead the ready way,
That led me to my wished rest;
Then each of them encreas'd their light,
While I enjoy'd her heavenly sight.

Say, gentle dames, what mov'd your mind
To shine so bright above your wont?
Would Phœbe fair Endymion find,
Would Venus see Adonis hunt?
No, no, you feared by her sight,
To lose the praise of beauty bright.

At last for shame you shrunk away,
And thought to reave the world of light,
Then shone my dame with brighter ray,
Than that which comes from Phœbus' sight:
None other light but hers I praise,
Whose nights are clearer than the days.

GEORGE HERBERT.

BORN 1593.—DIED 1632.

"Holy George Herbert," as he is generally called, was prebendary of Leighton Bromswold, in Leicestershire. Though Bacon is said to have consulted him about his writings, his memory is chiefly indebted to the affectionate mention of old Isaac Walton.

FROM HIS POEMS, ENTITLED, THE TEMPLE, OR SACRED POEMS AND PIOUS EJACULATIONS.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.
Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews you have your closes,
And all must die.
Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

JOHN MARSTON.

DIED 1634.

THIS writer was the antagonist of Jonson in the drama, and the rival of Bishop Hall in satire[1], though confessedly inferior to them both in their respective walks of poetry. While none of his biographers seem to know any thing about him, Mr. Gifford (in his Memoirs of Ben Jonson) conceives that Wood has unconsciously noticed him as a gentleman of Coventry, who married Mary, the daughter of the Rev. W. Wikes, chaplain to King James, and rector of St.

[1] He wrote the Scourge of Villany, three books of satires, 1599. He was also author of the Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and certain Satires, published 1598, which makes his date as satirist nearly coeval with that of Bishop Hall.

Martin, in Wiltshire. According to this notice, our poet died at London, in 1634, and was buried in the church belonging to the Temple. These particulars agree with what Jonson said to Drummond respecting this dramatic opponent of his, in his conversation at Hawthornden, viz. that Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law Marston's comedies. Marston's comedies are somewhat dull; and it is not difficult to conceive a witty sermon, of those days when puns were scattered from the pulpit, to have been as lively as an indifferent comedy. Marston is the Crispinus of Jonson's Poetaster, where he is treated somewhat less contemptuously than his companion Demetrius (Dekker); an allusion is even made to the respectability of his birth. Both he and Dekker were afterwards reconciled to Jonson; but Marston's reconcilement, though he dedicated his Malecontent to his propitiated enemy, seems to have been subject to relapses. It is amusing to find Langbaine descanting on the chaste purity of Marston as a writer, and the author of the Biographia Dramatica transcribing the compliment immediately before the enumeration of his plays, which are stuffed with obscenity. To this disgraceful characteristic of Marston an allusion is made in "The Return from Parnassus," where it is said,

"Give him plain naked words, stript from their
shirts,
"That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine."

FROM SOPHONISBA, A TRAGEDY.

ACT V. SCENE III.

SOPHONISBA, the daughter of Asdrubal, has been wooed by Syphax and Massinissa, rival kings of Africa, and both the allies of Carthage. She prefers Massinissa; and Syphax, indignant at her refusal, revolts to the Romans. Massinissa, on the night of his marriage, is summoned to the assistance of the Carthaginians, on the alarm of Scipio's invasion. The senate of Carthage, notwithstanding Massinissa's fidelity, decree that Syphax shall be tempted back to them by the offer of Sophonisba in marriage. Sophonisba is on the point of being sacrificed to the enforced nuptials, when Massinissa, who had been apprised of the treachery of Carthage, attacks the troops of Syphax, joins the Romans, and brings Syphax a captive to Scipio's feet. Syphax, in his justification to Scipio, pleads, that his love for Sophonisba alone had tempted him to revolt from Rome. Scipio therefore orders that the daughter of Asdrubal, when taken prisoner, shall belong to the Romans alone. Lelius and Massinissa march on to Cirta, and storm the palace of Syphax, where they find Sophonisba.

The cornets sounding a march, MASSINISSA *enters with his beaver up.*

Mass. MARCH to the palace!
Soph. Whate'er man thou art,
Of Lybia thy fair arms speak, give heart
To amaz'd weakness: hear her that for long time
Hath seen no wished light. Sophonisba,
A name for misery much known, 'tis she
Intreats of thy grac'd sword this only boon:
Let me not kneel to Rome; for though no cause
Of mine deserves their hate, though Massinissa
Be ours to heart, yet Roman generals

Make proud their triumphs with whatever captives.
O 'tis a nation which from soul I fear,
As one well knowing the much grounded hate
They bear to Asdrubal and Carthage blood!
Therefore, with tears that wash thy feet, with hands
Unus'd to beg, I clasp thy manly knees.
O save me from their fetters and contempt,
Their proud insults, and more than insolence!
Or if it rest not in thy grace of breath
To grant such freedom, give me long-wish'd death;
For 'tis not much loath'd life that now we crave—
Only an unsham'd death and silent grave,
We will now deign to bend for.

Mass. Rarity!
By thee and this right hand thou shalt live free!

Soph. We cannot now be wretched.

Mass. Stay the sword!
Let slaughter cease! sounds, soft as Leda's breast,
[*Soft music.*
Slide through all ears! this night be love's high feast.

Soph. O'erwhelm me not with sweets; let me not drink
Till my breast burst! O Jove! thy nectar, think—
[*She sinks into* MASSINISSA'S *arms.*

Mass. She is o'ercome with joy.

Soph. Help, help to bear
Some happiness, ye powers! I've joy to spare
Enough to make a god! O Massinissa!

Mass. Peace:
A silent thinking makes full joys increase.

Enter LELIUS.

Lel. Massinissa!

Mass. Lelius!

Lel. Thine ear.

Mass. Stand off!

Lel. From Scipio thus: by thy late vow of faith,
And mutual league of endless amity,
As thou respect'st his virtue or Rome's force,
Deliver Sophonisba to our hand.

Mass. Sophonisba!

Lel. Sophonisba.

Soph. My lord
Looks pale, and from his half-burst eyes a flame
Of deep disquiet breaks! the gods turn false
My sad presage.

Mass. Sophonisba!

Lel. Even she.

Mass. She kill'd not Scipio's father, nor his uncle,
Great Cneius.

Lel. Carthage did.

Mass. To her what's Carthage?

Lel. Know 'twas her father, Asdrubal, struck off
His father's head. Give place to faith and fate.

Mass. 'Tis cross to honour.

Lel. But 'tis just to state.
So speaketh Scipio: do not thou detain
A Roman prisoner due to this great triumph,
As thou shalt answer Rome and him.

Mass. Lelius,
We are now in Rome's power. Lelius,

View Massinissa do a loathed act
Most sinking from that state his heart did keep.
Look, Lelius, look, see Massinissa weep!
Know I have made a vow more dear to me
Than my soul's endless being. She shall rest
Free from Rome's bondage!
Lel. But thou dost forget
Thy vow, yet fresh thus breath'd. When I desist
To be commanded by thy virtue, Scipio,
Or fall from friend of Rome, revenging gods
Afflict me with your tortures!
Mass. Lelius, enough:
Salute the Roman—tell him we will act
What shall amaze him.
Lel. Wilt thou yield her, then?
Mass. She shall arrive there straight.
Lel. Best fate of men
To thee!
Mass. And, Scipio, have I liv'd, O Heavens!
To be enforcedly perfidious!
Soph. What unjust grief afflicts my worthy lord?
Mass. Thank me, ye gods, with much beholding-
ness;
For, mark, I do not curse you.
Soph. Tell me, sweet,
The cause of thy much anguish.
Mass. Ha! the cause—
Let's see—wreath back thine arms, bend down thy
neck,
Practise base prayers, make fit thyself for bondage.

Soph. Bondage!
Mass. Bondage! Roman bondage!
Soph. No, no!
Mass. How, then, have I vow'd well to Scipio?
Soph. How, then, to Sophonisba?
Mass. Right: which way?
Run mad!—impossible—distraction!
Soph. Dear lord, thy patience: let it 'maze all power,
And list to her in whose sole heart it rests,
To keep thy faith upright.
Mass. Wilt thou be slav'd?
Soph. No, free.
Mass. How, then, keep I my faith?
Soph. My death
Gives help to all! From Rome so rest we free:
So brought to Scipio, faith is kept in thee.

Enter PAGE *with a bowl of wine.*

Mass. Thou dar'st not die—some wine—thou dar'st not die!
Soph. * * * *
[*She takes a bowl into which* MASSINISSA *puts poison.*]
Behold me, Massinissa, like thyself,
A king and soldier; and, I pray thee, keep
My last command.
Mass. Speak, sweet.
Soph. Dear! do not weep.
And now with undismay'd resolve behold,
To save you—you—(for honour and just faith
Are most true gods, which we should much adore)

With even disdainful vigour I give up
An abhorr'd life! *(She drinks)* You have been good
to me,
And I do thank thee, Heaven. O my stars!
I bless your goodness, that, with breast unstain'd,
Faith pure, a virgin wife, tied to my glory,
I die, of female faith the long-liv'd story;
Secure from bondage and all servile harms,
But more, most happy in my husband's arms.

FROM ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Representing the affliction of fallen greatness in Andrugio, Duke of Genoa, after he has been defeated by the Venetians, proscribed by his countrymen, and left with only two attendants in his flight.

Enter ANDRUGIO *in armour*, LUCIO *with a shepherd's gown in his hand, and a* PAGE.

And. Is not yon gleam the shuddering morn, that
flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?
Luc. I think it is, so please your excellence.
And. Away! I have no excellence to please.
Prithee observe the custom of the world,
That only flatters greatness, states exalts;
And please my excellence! Oh, Lucio,
Thou hast been ever held respected, dear,
Even precious to Andrugio's inmost love.
Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giv'st not faith
That I am wretched; oh, read that, read that.

* * * * * * * *

My thoughts are fix'd in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eats her children, should not have eyes and
ears.
Philosophy maintains that Nature's wise,
And forms no useless or imperfect thing.
Did nature make the earth, or the earth nature?
For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man
Moulds me up honour; and, like a cunning Dutch-
man,
Paints me a puppet even with seeming breath,
And gives a sot appearance of a soul.
Go to, go to; thou liest, philosophy;
Nature forms things imperfect, useless, vain.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears?
That she might see desert, and hear mens' plaints:
That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
He might fall thus upon the breast of earth,
[*He throws himself on the ground.*
And in her ear, hallow his misery,
Exclaiming thus: Oh, thou all-bearing earth,
Which men do gape for, till thou cramm'st their
mouths,
And choak'st their throats with dust: open thy
breast,
And let me sink into thee. Look who knocks;
Andrugio calls. But, oh! she's deaf and blind.
A wretch but lean relief on earth can find.
Luc. Sweet lord, abandon passion, and disarm.

Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are roll'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Let's clip all fortune, lest more low'ring fate——

And. More low'ring fate? Oh, Lucio, choke that breath.
Now I defy chance. Fortune's brow hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests,
What son, what comfort that she can deprive?
Triumphs not Venice in my overthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my son tomb'd in the swelling main?
And is more low'ring fate? There's nothing left
Unto Andrugio, but Andrugio:
And that nor mischief, force, distress, nor hell, can take.
Fortune my fortunes, not my mind shall shake.

Luc. Spoke like yourself: but give me leave, my lord,
To wish your safety. If you are but seen,
Your arms display you; therefore put them off,
And take——

And. Wouldst have me go unarm'd among my foes?
Being besieg'd by passion, entering lists,
To combat with despair and mighty grief;
My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength
Of sharp impatience. Ah, Lucio, go unarm'd?
Come soul, resume the valour of thy birth;
Myself, myself, will dare all opposites:

I'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power;
Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth,
This hollow wombed mass shall inly groan,
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms ·
Ghastly amazement, with upstarted hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamour with a sound of death.
Luc. Peace, good my lord, your speech is all too light.
Alas! survey your fortunes, look what's left
Of all your forces, and your utmost hopes,
A weak old man, a page, and your poor self.
And. Andrugio lives, and a fair cause of arms;
Why that's an army all invincible.
He, who hath that, hath a battalion royal,
Armour of proof, huge troops of barbed steeds,
Main squares of pikes, millions of arquebuse.
Oh, a fair cause stands firm, and will abide;
Legions of angels fight upon her side.
Luc. Then, noble spirit, slide in strange disguise
Unto some gracious prince, and sojourn there,
Till time and fortune give revenge firm means.
And. No, I'll not trust the honour of a man:
Gold is grown great, and makes perfidiousness
A common waiter in most princes courts:
He's in the check-roll: I'll not trust my blood:
I know none breathing but will cog a dye
For twenty thousand double pistolets.
How goes the time?
Luc. I saw no sun to-day.

And. No sun will shine where poor Andrugio
breathes:
My soul grows heavy: boy, let's have a song;
We'll sing yet, faith, even in despite of fate.

FROM THE SAME.

ACT IV.

Andr. Come, Lucio, let's go eat—what hast thou
got?
Roots, roots? Alas! they're seeded, new cut up.
O thou hast wronged nature, Lucio;
But boots not much, thou but pursu'st the world,
That cuts off virtue 'fore it comes to growth,
Lest it should seed, and so o'errun her son,
Dull, pore-blind error. Give me water, boy;
There is no poison in't, I hope: they say
That lurks in massy plate; and yet the earth
Is so infected with a general plague,
That he's most wise that thinks there's no man fool,
Right prudent that esteems no creature just;
Great policy the least things to mistrust.
Give me assay. How we mock greatness now!
Lucio. A strong conceit is rich, so most men deem;
If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem.
Andr. Why, man, I never was a prince till now.
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince;

'Tis not th' unsavoury breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping with confused din,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares do ought save wrong
Fears nothing mortal but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
Of spungy sycophants; who stands unmov'd,
Despite the justling of opinion;
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng,
That strive to press his quiet out of him;
Who sits upon Jove's footstool, as I do,
Adoring, not affecting majesty;
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
Of clear content: this, Lucio, is a king,
And of this empire every man's possess'd
That's worth his soul.——

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

BORN 1557.—DIED 1634.

George Chapman was born at Hitching-hill[1], in the county of Hertford, and studied at Oxford. From thence he repaired to London, and became the friend of Shakspeare, Spenser, Daniel, Marlow, and other contemporary men of genius. He

[1] William Brown, the pastoral poet, calls him "the learned Shepherd of fair Hitching-hill."

was patronized by Prince Henry and Carr Earl of Somerset. The death of the one, and the disgrace of the other, must have injured his prospects: but he is supposed to have had some place at court, either under King James or his consort Anne. He lived to an advanced age; and, according to Wood, was a person of reverend aspect, religious, and temperate. Inigo Jones, with whom he lived on terms of intimate friendship, planned and erected a monument to his memory over his burial-place, on the south side of St. Giles's church in the fields; but it was unfortunately destroyed with the ancient church.

Chapman seems to have been a favourite of his own times; and in a subsequent age, his version of Homer excited the raptures of Waller, and was diligently consulted by Pope. The latter speaks of its daring fire, though he owns that it is clouded by fustian. Webster, his fellow dramatist, praises his full and heightened style, a character which he does not deserve in any favourable sense; for his diction is chiefly marked by barbarous ruggedness, false elevation, and extravagant metaphor. The drama owes him very little: his Bussy D'Ambois is a piece of frigid atrocity, and in the Widow's Tears, where his heroine Cynthia falls in love with a centinel guarding the corpse of her husband, whom she was bitterly lamenting, he has dramatised one of the most puerile and disgusting legends ever fabricated for the disparagement of female constancy.

FROM THE COMEDY OF ALL FOOLS.

Speech of Valerio to Rynaldo, in answer to his bitter invective against the Sex.

I TELL thee love is nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines.
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are giv'n in vain to men; so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried,
For love informs them as the sun doth colours.
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.
O 'tis the paradise! the heaven of earth!
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
In one delicious harmony united,
As to joy one joy, and think both one thought,
Live both one life, and there in double life,
* * * * * * * *
Thou wouldst abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.

PRIDE.

FROM THE SAME.

O, the good gods,
How blind is pride! What eagles are we still
In matters that belong to other men!
What beetles in our own!——

A SON APPEASING HIS FATHER BY SUBMISSION, AFTER A STOLEN MARRIAGE.

FROM THE SAME.

Persons.—*Gostanzo, the father; Valerio, the son; Marc. Antonio and Rynaldo, friends; and Gratiana, the bride of Valerio.*

Ryn. Come on, I say;
Your father with submission will be calm'd;
Come on; down on your knees.
Gost. Villain, durst thou
Presume to gull thy father? dost thou not
Tremble to see my bent and cloudy brows
Ready to thunder on thy graceless head,
And with the bolt of my displeasure cut
The thread of all my living from thy life,
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?
Val. Father, if that part I have in your blood,
If tears, which so abundantly distil
Out of my inward eyes; and for a need
Can drown these outward (lend me thy handkerchief),
And being indeed as many drops of blood,
Issuing from the creator of my heart,
Be able to beget so much compassion,
Not on my life, but on this lovely dame,
Whom I hold dearer——
Gost. Out upon thee, villain.
Marc. Ant. Nay, good Gostanzo, think you are a father.

Gost. I will not hear a word; out, out upon thee:
Wed without my advice, my love, my knowledge,
Ay, and a beggar too, a trull, a blowze?
Ryn. You thought not so last day, when you offer'd her
A twelve month's board for one night's lodging with her.
Gost. Go to, no more of that, peace, good Rynaldo,
It is a fault that only she and you know.
Ryn. Well, sir, go on, I pray.
Gost. Have I, fond wretch,
With utmost care and labour brought thee up,
Ever instructing thee, omitting never
The office of a kind and careful father,
To make thee wise and virtuous like thy father?
And hast thou in one act everted all?
Proclaim'd thyself to all the world a fool?
To wed a beggar?
Val. Father, say not so.
Gost. Nay, she's thy own; here, rise fool, take her to thee,
Live with her still, I know thou count'st thyself
Happy in soul, only in winning her:
Be happy still, here, take her hand, enjoy her.
Would not a son hazard his father's wrath,
His reputation in the world, his birthright,
To have but such a mess of broth as this?
Marc. Ant. Be not so violent, I pray you, good Gostanzo,

Take truce with passion, licence your sad son,
To speak in his excuse.
Gost. What? what excuse?
Can any orator in this case excuse him?
What can he say? what can be said of any?
Val. Alas, sir, hear me, all that I can say
In my excuse, is but to shew love's warrant.
Gost. Notable wag.
Val. I know I have committed
A great impiety, not to move you first
Before the dame, I meant to make my wife.
Consider what I am, yet young, and green,
Behold what she is; is there not in her
Ay, in her very eye, a power to conquer
Even age itself and wisdom? Call to mind,
Sweet father, what yourself being young have been,
Think what you may be; for I do not think
The world so far spent with you, but you may
Look back on such a beauty, and I hope
To see you young again, and to live long
With young affections; wisdom makes a man
Live young for ever: and where is this wisdom
If not in you? alas, I know not what
Rest in your wisdom to subdue affections;
But I protest it wrought with me so strongly,
That I had quite been drowned in seas of tears,
Had I not taken hold in happy time
Of this sweet hand, my heart had been consum'd
T' a heap of ashes with the flames of love,

Had it not sweetly been assuag'd and cool'd
With the moist kisses of these sugar'd lips.
Gost. O puissant wag, what huge large thongs he cuts
Out of his friend Fortunio's stretching leather.
Marc. Ant. He knows he does it but to blind my eyes.
Gost. O excellent! these men will put up any thing.
Val. Had I not had her, I had lost my life:
Which life indeed I would have lost before
I had displeased you, had I not receiv'd it
From such a kind, a wise, and honour'd father
Gost. Notable boy.
Val. Yet do I here renounce
Love, life and all, rather than one hour longer
Indure to have your love eclipsed from me.
Grat. O, I can hold no longer, if thy words
Be us'd in earnest, my Valerio,
Thou wound'st my heart, but I know 'tis in jest.
Gost. No, I'll be sworn she has her hripoop too.
Grat. Didst thou not swear to love me, spite of father and all the world?
That nought should sever us but death itself?
Val. I did; but if my father
Will have his son forsworn, upon his soul
The blood of my black perjury shall lie,
For I will seek his favour though I die.
Gost. No, no, live still my son, thou well shalt know

I have a father's heart: come, join your hands,
Still keep thy vows, and live together still,
Till cruel death set foot betwixt you both.
Val. O speak you this in earnest?
Gost. Ay, by heaven!
Val. And never to recall it?
Gost. Not till death.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

BORN 1605.—DIED 1634.

THOMAS RANDOLPH was the son of a steward to Lord Zouch. He was a king's scholar at Westminster, and obtained a fellowship at Cambridge. His wit and learning endeared him to Ben Jonson, who owned him, like Cartwright, as his adopted son in the Muses. Unhappily he followed the taste of Ben not only at the pen but at the bottle; and he closed his life in poverty, at the age of twenty-nine, a date lamentably premature, when we consider the promises of his genius. His wit and humour are very conspicuous in the Puritan characters, whom he supposes the spectators of his scenes in the Muse's Looking Glass. Throughout the rest of that drama (though it is on the whole his best performance) he unfortunately prescribed to himself

too hard and confined a system of dramatic effect. Professing simply,

"in single scenes to shew,
How comedy presents each single vice
Ridiculous,"

he introduces the vices and contrasted humours of human nature in a tissue of unconnected personifications, and even refines his representations of abstract character into conflicts of speculative opinion.

For his skill in this philosophical pageantry the poet speaks of being indebted to Aristotle, and probably thought of his play what Voltaire said of one of his own, "*this would please you, if you were Greeks.*" The female critic's reply to Voltaire was very reasonable, "*but we are not Greeks.*" Judging of Randolph however by the plan which he professed to follow, his execution is vigorous: his ideal characters are at once distinct and various, and compact with the expression which he purposes to give them. He was author of five other dramatic pieces, besides miscellaneous poems[1].

He died at the house of his friend, W. Stafford, Esq. of Blatherwyke, in his native county, and was buried in the adjacent church, where an appropriate monument was erected to him by Sir Christopher, afterwards Lord Hatton.

[1] 1. Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher.— 2. The Conceited Pedlar.—3. The Jealous Lovers, a comedy.—4. Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry, a pastoral.—5. Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery, a pastoral.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE OF THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Enter Mr. Bird, the feather-man, and Mrs. Flowerdew, wife to a haberdasher of small wares—the one having brought feathers to the playhouse, the other pins and looking-glasses—two of the sanctified fraternity of Black-friars.

Mrs. Flowerdew. SEE, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity! not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuff'd, and stuff'd full, as is a cushion,
With the lewd reprobate.
Bird. Sister, were there not before inns—
Yes, I will say inns, (for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns), enough to harbour such
As travell'd to destruction the broad way,
But they build more and more—more shops of Satan?
Mrs. F. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it; yet still,
Still it aboundeth! Had we seen a church,
A new built church, erected north and south,
It had been something worth the wondering at.
Bird. Good works are done.
Mrs. F. I say no works are good;
Good works are merely popish and apocryphal.
Bird. But th' bad abound, surround, yea, and confound us.
No marvel now if playhouses increase,

For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.
Mrs. F. Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.
Bird. Nay, and I have heard,
That in a—tragedy, I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.
Mrs. F. Or you sell feathers, brother;
But are they not hang'd for it?
Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley: and their comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.
Mrs. F. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?
Bird. That's nothing, Mrs. Flowerdew! they will
play
The knave, the fool, the devil and all, for money.
Mrs. F. Impiety! O, that men endu'd with reason
Should have no more grace in them!
Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honest?
Bailiffs, promoters, jailors, and apparators,
Beadles and martials-men, the needful instruments

Of the republic; but to make themselves
Such monsters! for they are monsters—th' are monsters—
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
Pernicious monsters!
Mrs. F. I have heard our vicar
Call play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.
Bird. Why then the city will in time be made
An university of iniquity.
We dwell by Black-Friars college, where I wonder
How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well-disposed persons.
O impudence!
Mrs. F. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make concerning play-houses.
Bird. For charity, what is't?
Mrs. F. That the Globe[1]
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd; the Phœnix burnt to ashes;
The Fortune whipt for a blind whore;
He wonders how it 'scaped demolishing Black-Friars
I' th' time of reformation: lastly, he wish'd
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear-garden,
And there be soundly baited.
Bird. A good prayer!

[1] *That the Globe,* &c.—The Globe, the Phœnix, the Fortune, the Blackfriars, the Red Bull, and Bear Garden, were names of several playhouses then in being

Mrs. F. Indeed, it something pricks my conscience,
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.
Bird. I have their custom, too, for all their feathers;
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

SPEECH OF ACOLASTUS THE EPICURE.

MUSES LOOKING-GLASS.

O! NOW for an eternity of eating!
——————————I would have
My senses feast together; Nature envied us
In giving single pleasures. Let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once
Enjoy their happiness. Lay me in a bed
Made of a summer's cloud; to my embraces
Give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen,
Fresh, plump, and active—she that Mars enjoy'd
Is grown too stale; and then at the same instant
My touch is pleas'd, I would delight my sight
With pictures of Diana and her nymphs
Naked and bathing, drawn by some Apelles;
By them some of our fairest virgins stand,
That I may see whether 'tis art or nature
Which heightens most my blood and appetite.
Nor cease I here: give me the seven orbs,
To charm my ears with their celestial lutes,
To which the angels that do move those spheres
Shall sing some am'rous ditty. Yet not here
Fix I my bounds: the sun himself shall fire

The phœnix nest to make me a perfume,
While I do eat the bird, and eternally
Quaff off eternal nectar! These, single, are
But torments; but together, O together,
Each is a paradise! Having got such objects
To please the senses, give me senses too
Fit to receive those objects; give me, therefore,
An eagle's eye, a blood-hound's curious smell,
A stag's quick hearing; let my feeling be
As subtle as the spider's, and my taste
Sharp as a squirrel's—then I'll read the Alcoran,
And what delights that promises in future,
I'll practise in the present.

Colax, the flatterer, between the dismal philosopher Anaisthetus and the epicure Acolastus, accommodating his opinions to both.

Acolastus. THEN let's go drink a while.
Anaisthetus. 'Tis too much labour. Happy Tartalus,
That never drinks!
* * * * * * * *
Colax. Sir, I commend this temperance. Your arm'd soul
Is able to contemn these petty baits,
These slight temptations, which we title pleasures,
That are indeed but names. Heav'n itself knows
No such like thing. The stars nor eat, nor drink,
Nor lie with one another, and you imitate

Those glorious bodies; by which noble abstinence
You gain the name of moderate, chaste, and sober;
While this effeminate gets the infamous terms
Of glutton, drunkard, and adulterer;
Pleasures that are not man's, as man is man,
But as his nature sympathies with beast.
You shall be the third Cato—this grave look
And rigid eyebrow will become a censor——
But I will fit you with an object, Sir,
My noble Anaisthetus, that will please you;
It is a looking-glass, wherein at once
You may see all the dismal groves and caves,
The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren desarts,
With what in hell itself can dismal be!

Anaisth. This is, indeed, a prospect fit for me.
[*Exit.*

Acolas. He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently
He wishes to be turn'd to one of those.
I have another humour—I cannot see
A fat voluptuous sow with full delight
Wallow in dirt, but I do wish myself
Transform'd into that blessed epicure;
Or when I view the hot salacious sparrow,
* * * * * * * *
I wish myself that little bird of love.

Colax. It shews you a man of soft moving clay,
Not made of flint. Nature has been bountiful
To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards
At plentiful boards? He's a discourteous guest

That will observe a diet at a feast.
When Nature thought the earth too little
To find us meat, and therefore stored the air
With winged creatures; not contented yet,
She made the water fruitful to delight us;
Nay, I believe the other element too
Doth nurse some curious dainty for man's food,
If we would use the skill to catch the salamander.
Did she do this to have us eat with temperance?
Or when she gave so many different odours
Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
She cried not, "stop your noses." Would she give us
So sweet a choir of wing'd musicians,
To have us deaf? or when she placed us here—
Here, in a paradise, where such pleasing prospects,
So many ravishing colours, entice the eye,
Was it to have us wink? When she bestow'd
So powerful faces, such commanding beauties,
On many glorious nymphs, was it to say,
Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy
All pleasures, and at full, were to make Nature
Guilty of that she ne'er was guilty of—
A vanity in her works.

COLAX TO PHILOTIMIA, OR THE PROUD LADY.

Colax. MADAM Superbia,
You 're studying the lady's library,
The looking-glass: 'tis well, so great a beauty

Must have her ornaments; nature adorns
The peacock's tail with stars; 'tis she arrays
The bird of paradise in all her plumes,
She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis she
Spangled the heavens with all their glorious lights;
She spotted th' ermine's skin, and arm'd the fish
In silver mail: but man she sent forth naked—
Not that he should remain so—but that he,
Endued with reason, should adorn himself
With every one of these. The silk-worm is
Only man's spinster, else we might suspect
That she esteem'd the painted butterfly
Above her master-piece; you are the image
Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels
Of all the East—let the Red Sea be ransack'd
To make you glitter!

THE PRAISE OF WOMAN.

FROM HIS MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

He is a parricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murthers her fame,
That wrongs the praise of women; that dares write
Libels on saints, or with foul ink requite
The milk they lent us! Better sex! command
To your defence my more religious hand,
At sword or pen; yours was the nobler birth,
For you of man were made, man but of earth—
The son of dust; and though your sin did breed
His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed.

Adam, in 's sleep, again full loss sustain'd,
That for one rib a better half regain'd,
Who, had he not your blest creation seen,
In Paradise an anchorite had been.
Why in this work did the creation rest,
But that Eternal Providence thought you best
Of all his six days' labour? Beasts should do
Homage to man, but man shall wait on you;
You are of comelier sight, of daintier touch,
A tender flesh, and colour bright, and such
As Parians see in marble; skin more fair,
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair;
Eyes full of grace and quickness; purer roses
Blush in your cheeks, a milder white composes
Your stately fronts; your breath, more sweet than his,
Breathes spice, and nectar drops at every kiss.
* * * * * * * *
If, then, in bodies where the souls do dwell,
You better us, do then our souls excel?
No * * * * * * * * *
Boast we of knowledge, you are more than we,
You were the first ventur'd to pluck the tree;
And that more rhetoric in your tongues do lie,
Let him dispute against that dares deny
Your least commands; and not persuaded be
With Samson's strength and David's piety,
To be your willing captives.
* * * * * * * *
Thus, perfect creatures, if detraction rise
Against your sex, dispute but with your eyes,

Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
So subtle and so strong an argument,
Will teach the stoic his affections too,
And call the cynic from his tub to woo.

R. CORBET.

BORN 1582.—DIED 1635.

The anecdotes of this facetious bishop, quoted by Headley from the Aubrey MSS. would fill several pages of a jest book. It is more to his honour to be told, that though entirely hostile in his principles to the Puritans, he frequently softened, with his humane and characteristic pleasantry, the furious orders against them which Laud enjoined him to execute. On the whole he does credit to the literary patronage of James, who made him dean of Christ's Church, and successively bishop of Oxford and Norwich.

DR. CORBET'S JOURNEY INTO FRANCE.

I went from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride nor fence;
Nor did I go like one of those
That do return with half a nose,
They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory in the song,
Upon a holy tide;
I on an ambling nag did get,
(I trust he is not paid for yet),
And spurr'd him on each side.

And to St. Denis fast we came,
To see the sights of Notre Dame,
(The man that shews them snuffles),
Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our lady's right arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantoffles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay;
Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
Upon a lock of hay.

No carpenter could by his trade
Gain so much coin as to have made
A gown of so rich stuff;
Yet they, poor souls, think for their credit,
That they believe old Joseph did it,
'Cause he deserv'd enough.

There is one of the cross's nails,
Which whoso sees his bonnet vails,
And, if he will, may kneel;

Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so,
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use,
It weighs my weight down right;
But to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in't,
And then 'twas very light.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose,
Another's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb;
But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to the inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

We came to Paris, on the Seine,
'Tis wond'rous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town;
How strong it is I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
The palace and great gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel,
The New Bridge, and the statues there,
At Notre Dame St. Q. Pater,
The steeple bears the bell.

For learning the university,
And for old clothes the Frippery,
The house the queen did build.
St. Innocence, whose earth devours
Dead corps in four and twenty hours,
And there the king was kill'd.

The Bastile and St. Denis street,
The Shafflenist like London Fleet,
The Arsenal no toy;
But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
Go to the court and see the king,
O 'tis a hopeful boy!

He is, of all his dukes and peers,
Reverenc'd for much wit at 's years,
Nor must you think it much;
For he with little switch doth play,
And make fine dirty pies of clay,
O, never king made such!

A bird that can but kill a fly,
Or prate, doth please his majesty,
'Tis known to every one;
The Duke of Guise gave him a parrot,
And he had twenty cannons for it,
For his new galleön.

O that I e'er might have the hap
To get the bird which in the map
Is call'd the Indian ruck;

I'd give it him, and hope to be
As rich as Guise or Liviné,
Or else I had ill luck.

Birds round about his chamber stand,
And he them feeds with his own hand,
'Tis his humility;
And if they do want any thing,
They need but whistle for their king,
And he comes presently.

But now, then, for these parts he must
Be enstiled Lewis the Just,
Great Henry's lawful heir;
When to his stile to add more words,
They'd better call him king of birds,
Than of the great Navarre.

He hath besides a pretty quirk,
Taught him by nature, how to work
In iron with much ease;
Sometimes to the forge he goes,
There he knocks and there he blows,
And makes both locks and keys;

Which puts a doubt in every one,
Whether he be Mars or Vulcan's son,
Some few believe his mother;
But let them all say what they will,
I came resolv'd, and so think still,
As much th' one as th' other.

The people too dislike the youth,
Alleging reasons, for, in truth,
Mothers should honour'd be;
Yet others say, he loves her rather
As well as ere she lov'd his father,
And that's notoriously——

The queen, a pretty little wench,
Was born in Spain, speaks little French,
She's ne'er like to be mother;
For her incestuous house could not
Have children which were not begot
By uncle or by brother.

Now why should Lewis, being so just,
Content himself to take his lust
With his Lucina's mate,
And suffer his little pretty queen,
From all her race that yet hath been,
So to degenerate.

'Twere charity for to be known
To love other's children as his own,
And why? it is no shame,
Unless that he would greater be
Than was his father Henery,
Who men thought did the same.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

The dates of this author's birth and death are both unknown, though his living reputation, as the literary associate of Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, Dekker, and Rowley, must have been considerable. If Oldys be correct[1], he was alive after Nov. 1627. Middleton was appointed chronologer to the city of London in 1620, and in 1624 was cited before the privy council, as author of The Game of Chess. The verses of Sir W. Lower, quoted by Oldys, allude to the poet's white locks, so that he was probably born as early as the middle of the 16th century. His tragicomedy, The Witch, according to Mr. Malone, was written anterior to Macbeth, and suggested to Shakspeare the witchcraft scenery in the latter play. The songs beginning "Come away," &c. and "Black spirits," &c. of which only the two first words are printed in Macbeth, are found in the Witch. Independent of having afforded a hint to Shakspeare, Middleton's reputation cannot be rated highly for the pieces to which his name is exclusively attached. His principal efforts were in comedy, where he deals pro-

[1] MS. notes on Langbaine.

fusely in grossness and buffoonery. The cheats and debaucheries of the town are his favourite sources of comic intrigue. With a singular effort at the union of the sublime and familiar, he introduces, in one of his coarse drafts of London vice, an infernal spirit prompting a country gentleman to the seduction of a citizen's wife.

LEANTIO APPROACHING HIS HOME.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

How near I am now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not; not another like it.
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth,
The violet bed's not sweeter! Honest wedlock
Is like a banquetting house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.
* * * * Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss, now, that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long.

LEANTIO'S AGONY FOR THE DESERTION OF HIS WIFE.

FROM THE SAME.

Leantio, a man of humble fortune, has married a beautiful wife, who is basely seduced by the Duke of Florence. The duke, with refined cruelty, invites them both to a feast, where he lavishes his undisguised admiration on his mistress. The scene displays the feelings of Leantio, restrained by ceremony and fear, under the insulting hospitality, at the conclusion of which he is left alone with Livia, a lady of the court, who has fallen in love with him, and wishes to attach his affections.

Leantio. *(Without noticing Livia.)* HAST thou left me then, Brancha, utterly?
O Brancha, now I miss thee! Oh! return,
And save the faith of woman. I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now: 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear;
As if a punishment of after life
Were fall'n upon man here. So new it is
To flesh and blood; so strange, so insupportable;
A torment e'en mistook, as if a body
Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore suffer it
In scalding oil.

Livia. Sweet sir!

Lean. *(Without noticing her.)* As long as mine eye saw thee,
I half enjoyed thee.

Liv. Sir!

Lean. (Without noticing her.) Canst thou forget
The dear pains my love took? how it has watch'd
Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
That sung about mine ears, like dangerous flatterers,
That can set all their mischiefs to sweet tunes,
And then receiv'd thee from thy father's window,
Into these arms, at midnight; when we embrac'd
As if we had been statues only made for't,
To shew art's life, so silent were our comforts;
And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together.

Liv. This makes me madder to enjoy him now.

Lean. (Without noticing her.) Canst thou forget all this, and better joys
That we met after this, which then new kisses
Took pride to praise?

Liv. I shall grow madder yet:—Sir!

Lean. (Without noticing her.) This cannot be but of some close bawd's working:—
Cry mercy, lady! What would you say to me?
My sorrow makes me so unmannerly,
So comfort bless me, I had quite forgot you.

Liv. Nothing, but e'en in pity to that passion
Would give your grief good counsel.

Lean. Marry, and welcome, lady,
It never could come better.

Liv. Then first, sir,
To make away all your good thoughts at once of her,
Know, most assuredly, she is a strumpet.

Lean. Ha! *most assuredly?* Speak not a thing
So vile so certainly, leave it more doubtful.
Liv. Then I must leave all truth, and spare my knowledge,
A sin which I too lately found and wept for.
Lean. Found you it?
Liv. Ay, with wet eyes.
Lean. Oh, perjurious friendship!
Liv. You miss'd your fortunes when you met with her, sir.
Young gentlemen, that only love for beauty,
They love not wisely; such a marriage rather
Proves the destruction of affection;
It brings on want, and want's the key of whoredom.
I think you'd small means with her?
Lean. Oh, not any, lady.
Liv. Alas, poor gentleman! what mean'st thou, sir,
Quite to undo thyself with thine own kind heart?
Thou art too good and pitiful to woman:
Marry, sir, thank thy stars for this bless'd fortune,
That rids the summer of thy youth so well
From many beggars, that had lain a sunning
In thy beams only else, till thou hadst wasted
The whole days of thy life in heat and labour.
What would you say now to a creature found
As pitiful to you, and as it were
E'en sent on purpose from the whole sex general,
To requite all that kindness you have shown to't?

Lean. What's that, madam?

Liv. Nay, a gentlewoman, and one able
To reward good things; ay, and bears a conscience
to't:
Couldst thou love such a one, that (blow all fortunes)
Would never see thee want?
Nay more, maintain thee to thine enemy's envy,
And shalt not spend a care for't, stir a thought,
Nor break a sleep? unless love's music waked thee,
No storm of fortune should: look upon me,
And know that woman.

Lean. Oh, my life's wealth, Brancha!

Liv. Still with her name? will nothing wear it
out?
That deep sigh went but for a strumpet, sir.

Lean. It can go for no other that loves me.

Liv. (*Aside*) He's vex'd in mind; I came too soon
to him:
Where's my discretion now, my skill, my judgment?
I'm cunning in all arts but my own, love.
'Tis as unseasonable to tempt him now
So soon, as [for] a widow to be courted
Following her husband's corse; or to make bargain
By the grave side, and take a young man there:
Her strange departure stands like a hearse yet
Before his eyes; which time will take down shortly.
[*Exit.*

Lean. Is she my wife till death, yet no more
mine?

That's a hard measure: then what's marriage good
for?
Methinks by right I should not now be living,
And then 'twere all well. What a happiness
Had I been made of had I never seen her;
For nothing makes man's loss grievous to him,
But knowledge of the worth of what he loses;
For what he never had, he never misses:
She's gone for ever, utterly; there is
As much redemption of a soul from hell,
As a fair woman's body from his palace.
Why should my love last longer than her truth?
What is there good in woman to be lov'd,
When only that which makes her so has left her?
I cannot love her now, but I must like
Her sin, and my own shame too, and be guilty
Of law's breach with her, and mine own abusing;
All which were monstrous! then my safest course
For health of mind and body, is to turn
My heart, and hate her, most extremely hate her;
I have no other way: those virtuous powers
Which were chaste witnesses of both our troths,
Can witness she breaks first!

SCENE FROM THE ROARING GIRL.

Persons —*Mr. and Mrs. Gallipot.*

Mrs. Gallipot, the apothecary's wife, having received a letter from her friend Laxton that he is in want of money, thus bethinks her how to raise it.

ALAS, poor gentleman! troth, I pity him.
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
'Tis 30, sure, a 3 before an O;
I know his 3's too well. My childbed linen,
Shall I pawn that for him? then, if my mark
Be known, I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrupt: which way shall I turn?
Laxton, betwixt my own fears and thy wants
I'm like a needle 'twixt two adamants.

Enter Mr. GALLIPOT, *hastily.*

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. G. What letter 's that? I'll see't.
[*She tears the letter.*

Mrs. G. Oh! would thou hadst no eyes to see the downfall
Of me and of thyself—I'm for ever, ever undone!

Mr. G. What ails my Prue? What letter's that thou tear'st?

Mrs. G. Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces! for my soul
Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.

Mr. G. What means this?

Mrs. G. Had you no other vengeance to throw down,
But even in height of all my joys——

Mr. G. Dear woman!

Mrs. G. When the full sea of pleasure and delight
Seem'd to flow over me—

Mr. G. As thou desir'st to keep me out of Bedlam
Tell what troubles thee.—Is not thy child at nurse fall'n
Sick or dead?

Mrs. G. Oh, no!

Mr. G. Heavens bless me!—Are my barns and houses,
Yonder at Hockley Hole, consumed with fire?—
I can build more, sweet Prue.

Mrs. G. 'Tis worse! 'tis worse!

Mr. G. My factor broke? or is the Jonas sunk?

Mrs. G. Would all we had were swallowed in the waves,
Rather than both should be the scorn of slaves!

Mr. G. I'm at my wit's end.

Mrs. G. O, my dear husband!
Where once I thought myself a fixed star,
Plac'd only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer.
O Laxton! Laxton! is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown?

Mr. G. Defend me, wisdom,
From falling into phrenzy! On my knees,

Sweet Prue, speak—what's that Laxton, who so heavily
Lies on thy bosom?

Mrs. G. I shall sure run mad!

Mr. G. I shall run mad for company then: speak to me—
I'm Gallipot, thy husband. Prue—why, Prue,
Art sick in conscience for some villanous deed
Thou wert about to act?—didst mean to rob me?
Tush, I forgive thee.—Hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?—
I'll wink at all faults, Prue—'Las! that's no more
Than what some neighbours near thee have done before.
Sweet honey—Prue—what's that Laxton?

Mrs. G. Oh!

Mr. G. Out with him.

Mrs. G. Oh! he—he's born to be my undoer!
This hand, which thou call'st thine, to him was given;
To him was I made sure i'the sight of heaven.

Mr. G. I never heard this—thunder!

Mrs. G. Yes, yes—before
I was to thee contracted to him I swore.
Since last I saw him twelve months three times old
The moon hath drawn through her light silver bow;
But o'er the seas he went, and it was said—
But rumour lies—that he in France was dead:
But he's alive—oh, he's alive!—he sent
That letter to me, which in rage I rent,

Swearing, with oaths most damnably, to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom.—Oh, heavens save me!
Mr. G. My heart will break—Sham'd and undone for ever!
Mrs. G. So black a day, poor wretch, went o'er thee never.
Mr. G. If thou shouldst wrestle with him at the law,
Thou'rt sure to fall; no odd slight, no prevention.
I'll tell him th' art with child.
Mrs. G. Umph.
Mr. G. Or give out, that one of my men was ta'en abed with thee.
Mrs. G. Worse and worse still;
You embrace a mischief to prevent an ill.
Mr. G. I'll buy thee of him—stop his mouth with gold—
Think'st thou 'twill do?
Mrs. G. Oh me! heav'ns grant it would!
Yet now my senses are set more in tune;
He writ, as I remember, in his letter
That he, in riding up and down, had spent,
Ere he could find me, thirty pound.—Send that;
Stand not on thirty with him.
Mr. G. Forty, Prue—say thou the word, 'tis done.
We venture lives for wealth, but must do more
To keep our wives.—Thirty or forty, Prue?
Mrs. G. Thirty, good sweet!
Of an ill bargain let's save what we can:
I'll pay it him with tears. He was a man,

When first I knew him, of a meek spirit;
All goodness is not yet dried up, I hope.
Mr. G. He shall have thirty pound, let that stop all;
Love's sweets taste best when we have drunk down gall.

FATHERS COMPARING SONS.

BENEFIT OF IMPRISONMENT TO A WILD YOUTH.

FROM THE ROARING GIRL.

Persons.—*Sir Davy Dapper, Sir Alex. Wengrave, and Sir Adam Appleton.*

Sir Dav. My son, Jack Dapper, then, shall run with him,
All in one pasture.
Sir Alex. Proves your son bad too, sir?
Sir Dav. As villany can make him: your Sebastian
Dotes but on one drab, mine upon a thousand.
A noise of fiddlers, tobacco, wine, and a ——,
A mercer, that will let him take up more—
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a duck—Oh,
Bring him a bed with these when his purse gingles,
Roaring boys follow at his tail, fencers and ningles,
(Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to); these horse-leeches suck
My son, till he being drawn dry, they all live on smoke.
Sir Alex. Tobacco?

Sir Dav. Right, sir; but I have in my brain
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my son, and make him wise
Or a stark fool.—Pray lend me your advice.
Both. That shall you, good Sir Davy.
Sir Dav. Here's the springe
That's set to catch this woodcock—An action,
In a false name, unknown to him, is enter'd
In the Counter to arrest Jack Dapper.
Both. Ha, ha, ha!
Sir Dav. Think you the Counter cannot break him?
Sir Alex. Break him? yes, and break his heart too, if he be there long.
Sir Dav. I'll make him sing a counter-tenor, sure.
Sir Alex. No way to tame him like it: there shall he learn
What money is indeed, and how to spend it.
Sir Dav. He's bridled there.
Sir Alex. Ay, yet knows not how to mend it.
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a year
Than one of the Counters does. Men pay more dear
There for their wit than any where. A Counter!
Why 'tis an university —Who not sees?
As scholars there, so here men take degrees,
And follow the same studies, all alike.
Scholars learn first logic and rhetorick,
So does a prisoner; with fine honied speech,
At his first coming in, he doth persuade, beseech
He may be lodg'd— * * *

To lie in a clean chamber. * * *
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtle logic and quaint sophistry,
To make the keepers trust him.
Sir Adam. Say they do.
Sir Alex. Then he's a graduate.
Sir Dav. Say they trust him not.
Sir Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And never shall commence, but being still barr'd
Be expuls'd from the master's side to the twopenny yard,
Or else i'the hole-beg plac'd.
Sir Ad. When then, I pray, proceeds a prisoner?
Sir Alex. When, money being the theme,
He can dispute with his hard creditors' hearts,
And get out clear, he's then a master of arts.
Sir Davy, send your son to Woodstreet college;
A gentleman can no where get more knowledge.
Sir Dav. These gallants study hard.
Sir Alex. True, to get money.
Sir Dav. Lies by the heels, i'faith! thanks—thanks—thanks—I ha' sent
A couple of bears to paw him.

DEVOTION TO LOVE.

FROM THE PLAY OF BLURT MASTER CONSTABLE.

O, HAPPY persecution, I embrace thee
With an unfetter'd soul; so sweet a thing

It is to sigh upon the rack of love,
Where each calamity is groaning witness
Of the poor martyr's faith. I never heard
Of any true affection but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
Love, bred on earth, is often nurs'd in hell;
By rote it reads woe ere it learn to spell.
* * * * * * * *

When I call back my vows to Violetta,
May I then slip into an òbscure grave,
Whose mould, unpress'd with stony monument,
Dwelling in open air, may drink the tears
Of the inconstant clouds to rot me soon!
* * * * * * * *

He that truly loves
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
And when the lamb, bleating, doth bid good night
Unto the closing day, then tears begin
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
Shrieks like the bell-man in the lover's ear.
Love's eye the jewel of sleep, oh, seldom wears!
The early lark is waken'd from her bed,
Being only by love's pains disquieted;
But, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
Being deep in love, at lover's broken sleeps:
But say, a golden slumber chance to tie,
With silken strings, the cover of love's eye,
Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading, leaves more discontent.

INDIGNATION AT THE SALE OF A WIFE'S HONOUR.

FROM THE PHŒNIX.

Of all deeds yet this strikes the deepest wound
Into my apprehension,
Reverend and honourable matrimony,
Mother of lawful sweets, unshamed mornings,
Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful, without thee
All the whole world were soiled bastardy;
Thou art the only and the greatest form
That put'st a difference betwixt our desires
And the disorder'd appetites of beasts.
* * * But, if chaste and honest,
There is another devil that haunts marriage,
(None fondly loves but knows it), jealousy,
That wedlock's yellow sickness,
That whispering separation every minute,
And thus the curse takes his effect or progress.
The most of men, in their first sudden furies,
Rail at the narrow bounds of marriage,
And call 't a prison; then it is most just
That the disease of the prison, jealousy,
Should thus affect 'em—but, oh! here I'm fixt
To make sale of a wife! monstrous and foul!
An act abhorred in nature, cold in soul!

LAW.

FROM THE PHŒNIX.

Thou angel sent amongst us, sober Law,
Made with meek eyes, persuading action;

No loud immodest tongue—voic'd like a virgin,
And as chaste from sale,
Save only to be heard, but not to rail—
How has abuse deform'd thee to all eyes!
Yet why so rashly for one villain's fault
Do I arraign whole man? Admired Law!
Thy upper parts must needs be wholly pure
And incorruptible—th'are grave and wise;
'Tis but the dross beneath them, and the clouds
That get between thy glory and their praise,
That make the visible and foul eclipse;
For those that are near to thee are upright,
As noble in their conscience as their birth;
Know that damnation is in every bribe,
And rarely put it from them—rate the presenters,
And scourge 'em with five years imprisonment
For offering but to tempt 'em:
This is true justice, exercis'd and us'd;
Woe to the giver, when the bribe's refus'd.
'Tis not their will to have law worse than war,
Where still the poorest die first,
To send a man without a sheet to his grave,
Or bury him in his papers;
'Tis not their mind it should be, nor to have
A suit hang longer than a man in chains,
Let him be ne'er so fasten'd.

RICHARD NICCOLS.

BORN 1584.

The plan of the Mirror for Magistrates, begun by Ferrers and Sackville, was followed up by Churchyard, Phayer, Higgins, Drayton, and many others. The last contributor of any note was Niccols, in his Winter Night's Vision. Niccols was the author of the Cuckow, and several poems of temporary popularity, and of a drama, entitled The Twynne's Tragedy. He was a Londoner, and having studied (says Wood) at Oxford, obtained some employment worthy of his faculties; but of what kind we are left to conjecture.

FROM THE LEGEND OF ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, on his return from the crusades was imprisoned by Henry I. in Cardiff castle. He thus describes a walk with his keeper, previous to his eyes being put out.

As bird in cage debarr'd the use of wings,
Her captiv'd life as nature's chiefest wrong,
In doleful ditty sadly sits and sings,
And mourns her thralled liberty so long,
Till breath be spent in many a sithful song:
So here captiv'd I many days did spend
In sorrow's plaint, till death my days did end.

Where as a prisoner though I did remain;
Yet did my brother grant this liberty,
To quell the common speech, which did complain
On my distress, and on his tyranny,
That in his parks and forests joining by,
When I did please I to and fro might go,
Which in the end was cause of all my woe.

For on a time, when as Aurora bright
Began to scale heaven's steepy battlement,
And to the world disclose her cheerful light,
As was my wont, I with my keeper went
To put away my sorrow's discontent:
Thereby to ease me of my captive care,
And solace my sad thoughts in th' open air.

Wand'ring through forest wide, at length we gain
A steep cloud-kissing rock, whose horned crown
With proud imperial look beholds the main,
Where Severn's dangerous waves run rolling down,
From th' Holmes into the seas, by Cardiff town,
Whose quick devouring sands so dangerous been
To those, that wander Amphitrite's green:

As there we stood, the country round we ey'd
To view the workmanship of nature's hand,
There stood a mountain, from whose weeping side
A brook breaks forth into the low-lying land,
Here lies a plain, and there a wood doth stand,

Here pastures, meads, corn-fields, a vale do crown.
A castle here shoots up, and there a town.

Here one with angle o'er a silver stream
With baneful bait the nibbling fish doth feed,
There in a plough'd-land with his painful team,
The ploughman sweats, in hope for labour's meed:
* * * * * * * *
Here sits a goatherd on a craggy rock,
And there in shade a shepherd with his flock.

The sweet delight of such a rare prospect
Might yield content unto a careful eye;
Yet down the rock descending in neglect
Of such delight, the sun now mounting high,
I sought the shade in vale, which low did lie,
Where we repos'd us on a green wood side,
A'front the which a silver stream did glide.

There dwelt sweet Philomel, who never more
May bide the abode of man's society,
Lest that some sterner Tereus than before,
Who cropt the flower of her virginity,
'Gainst her should plot some second villany;
Whose doleful tunes to mind did cause me call
The woful story of her former fall.

The redbreast, who in bush fast by did stand
As partner of her woes, his part did ply,
For that the gifts, with which Autumnus' hand

Had grac'd the earth, by winter's wrath should die,
From whose cold cheeks bleak blasts began to fly,
Which made me think upon my summer past
And winter's woes, which all my life should last.

My keeper, with compassion mov'd to see
How grief's impulsions in my breast did beat,
Thus silence broke, "Would God (my Lord), quoth he,
This pleasant land, which nature's hand hath set
Before your eyes, might cause you to forget
Your discontent, the object of the eye
Ofttimes gives ease to woes which inward lie.

Behold upon that mountain's top so steep,
Which seems to pierce the clouds and kiss the sky,
How the grey shepherd drives his flock of sheep
Down to the vale, and how on rocks fast by
The goats frisk to and fro for jollity;
Give ear likewise unto these birds' sweet songs,
And let them cause you to forget your wrongs."

To this I made reply: "Fond man," said I,
"What under heav'n can slack th' increasing woe,
Which in my grieved heart doth hidden lie?
Of choice delight what object canst thou show,
But from the sight of it fresh grief doth grow?
What thou didst whilome point at to behold,
The same the sum of sorrow doth enfold.

That grey-coat shepherd, whom from far we see,
I liken unto thee, and those his sheep
Unto my wretched self compar'd may be:
And though that careful pastor will not sleep,
When he from ravenous wolves his flock should keep;
  Yet here, alas! in thrall thou keepest me,
  Until that wolf, my brother, hungry be.

Those shag-hair'd goats upon the craggy hill,
Which thou didst show, see how they frisk and play,
And every where do run about at will:
Yea, when the lion marks them for his prey,
They over hills and rocks can fly away:
  But when that lion fell shall follow me
  To shed my blood, O whither shall I flee?

Those sweet-voic'd birds, whose airs thou dost commend,
To which the echoing woods return reply,
Though thee they please, yet me they do offend:
For when I see, how they do mount on high
Waving their out-stretch'd wings at liberty,
  Then do I think how bird-like in a cage
  My life I lead, and grief can never suage."

CHARLES FITZGEFFRAY.

DIED 1636.

CHARLES FITZGEFFRAY was rector of the parish of St. Dominic, in Cornwall.

TO POSTERITY.

FROM ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS.

DAUGHTER of Time, sincere Posterity,
Always new born, yet no man knows thy birth,
The arbitress of pure sincerity,
Yet changeable (like Proteus) on the earth,
Sometime in plenty, sometime join'd with dearth;
  Always to come, yet always present here,
  Whom all run after, none come after near.

Unpartial judge of all, save present state,
Truth's idioma of the things are past,
But still pursuing present things with hate,
And more injurious at the first than last,
Preserving others, while thine own do waste:
  True treasurer of all antiquity,
  Whom all desire, yet never one could see.

FROM FITZGEFFRAY'S LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

* * * * * * *

LOOK how th' industrious bee in fragrant May,
When Flora gilds the earth with golden flowers,
Invelop'd in her sweet perfum'd array,
Doth leave his honey-lim'd delicious bowers,
More richly wrought than prince's stately towers,
Waving his silken wings amid the air,
And to the verdant gardens makes repair.

First falls he on a branch of sugar'd thyme,
Then from the marygold he sucks the sweet,
And then the mint, and then the rose doth climb,
Then on the budding rosemary doth light,
Till with sweet treasure having charg'd his feet,
Late in the evening home he turns again,
Thus profit is the guerdon of his pain.

So in the May-tide of his summer age
Valour enmov'd the mind of ventrous Drake
To lay his life with winds and waves in gage,
And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,
Leaving his country for his country's sake;
Loathing the life that cowardice doth stain,
Preferring death, if death might honour gain.

* * * * * * *

BEN JONSON.

BORN 1574.—DIED 1637.

Till Mr. Gilchrist and Mr. Gifford stood forward in defence of this poet's memory, it had become an established article of literary faith that his personal character was a compound of spleen, surliness, and ingratitude. The proofs of this have been weighed and found wanting. It is true that he had lofty notions of himself, was proud even to arrogance in his defiance of censure, and in the warmth of his own praises of himself was scarcely surpassed by his most zealous admirers; but many fine traits of honour and affection are likewise observable in the portrait of his character, and the charges of malice and jealousy, that have been heaped on his name for an hundred years, turn out to be without foundation. In the quarrel with Marston and Dekker his culpability is by no means evident. He did not receive benefits from Shakspeare; and did not sneer at him in the passages that have been taken to prove his ingratitude; and instead of envying that great poet, he gave him his noblest praise; nor did he trample on his contemporaries, but liberally commended them [1].

[1] The names of Shakspeare, Drayton, Donne, Chapman, Fletcher, Beaumont, May, and Browne, which almost exhaust the poetical catalogue of the time, are the separate and distinct subjects of his praise. His unkindness to Daniel seems to be the only exception.

With regard to Inigo Jones, with whom he quarrelled, it appears to have been Jonson's intention to have consigned his satires on that eminent man to oblivion; but their enmity, as his editor has shewn, began upon the part of the architect, who, when the poet was poor and bed-ridden, meanly resented the fancied affront of Jonson's name being put before his own to a masque, which they had jointly prepared, and used his influence to do him an injury at court. As to Jonson's envying Shakspeare, men, otherwise candid and laborious in the search of truth, seem to have had the curse of the Philistines imposed on their understandings and charities the moment they approached the subject. The fame of Shakspeare himself became an heirloom of traditionary calumnies against the memory of Jonson; the fancied relics of his envy were regarded as so many pious donations at the shrine of the greater poet, whose admirers thought they could not dig too deeply for trophies of his glory among the ruins of his imaginary rival's reputation. If such enquirers as Reid and Malone went wrong upon this subject, it is too severe to blame the herd of literary labourers for plodding in their footsteps; but it must excite regret as well as wonder that a man of pre-eminent living genius should have been one of those

quos de tramite recto
Impia sacrilegæ flexit contagio turbæ,

and should have gravely drawn down Jonson to a

parallel with Shadwell, for their common traits of low society, vulgar dialect, and intemperance. Jonson's low society comprehended such men as Selden, Camden, and Cecil. Shadwell (if we may trust to Rochester's account of him) was probably rather profligate than vulgar; while either of Jonson's vulgarity or indecency in his recorded conversations there is not a trace. But they both wore great coats—Jonson drank canary, and Shadwell swallowed opium. "*There is a river in Macedon, and there is, also, moreover, a river at Monmouth.*"

The grandfather of Ben Jonson was originally of Annandale, in Scotland, from whence he removed to Carlisle, and was subsequently in the service of Henry VIII. The poet's father, who lost his estate under the persecution of Queen Mary, and was afterwards a preacher, died a month before Benjamin's birth, and his widow married a master-bricklayer of the name of Fowler. Benjamin, through the kindness of a friend, was educated at Westminster, and obtained an exhibition to Cambridge; but it proved insufficient for his support. He therefore returned from the university to his father-in-law's house and humble occupation; but disliking the latter, as may be well conceived, he repaired as a volunteer to the army in Flanders, and in the campaign which he served there distinguished himself, though yet a stripling, by killing an enemy in single combat, in the presence of both armies.

From thence he came back to England, and betook himself to the stage for support; at first, probably, as an actor, though undoubtedly very early as a writer. At this period he was engaged in a second single combat, which threatened to terminate more disastrously than the former, for having been challenged by some player to fight a duel with the sword, he killed his adversary indeed, but was severely wounded in the encounter, and thrown into prison for murder. There the assiduities of a catholic priest made him a convert to popery, and the miseries of a gaol were increased to him by the visitation of spies; sent, no doubt, in consequence of his change to a faith of which the bare name was at that time nearly synonymous with the suspicion of treason. He was liberated, however, after a short imprisonment, without a trial. At the distance of twelve years, he was restored to the bosom of his mother church. Soon after his release, he thought proper to marry, although his circumstances were far from promising, and he was only in his twentieth year. In his two and twentieth year he rose to considerable popularity, by the comedy of Every Man in his Humour, which, two years after, became a still higher favourite with the public, when the scene and names were shifted from Italy to England, in order to suit the manners of the piece, which had all along been native. It is at this renovated appearance of his play (1598) that his fancied obligations to Shakspeare for drawing him out of obscurity, have been

dated; but it is at this time that he is pointed out by Meres as one of the most distinguished writers of the age.

The fame of his *Every Man out of his Humour* drew Queen Elizabeth to its representation, whose early encouragement of his genius is commemorated by Lord Falkland. It was a fame, however, which, according to his own account, had already exposed him to envy—Marston and Dekker did him this homage. He lashed them in his Cynthia's Revels, and anticipated their revenge in the Poetaster. Jonson's superiority in the contest can scarcely be questioned; but the Poetaster drew down other enemies on its author than those with whom he was at war. His satire alluded to the follies of soldiers, and the faults of lawyers. The former were easily pacified, but the lawyers adhered to him with their wonted tenacity; and it became necessary for the poet to clear himself before the lord chief justice. In our own days, the fretfulness of resenting professional derision has been deemed unbecoming even the magnanimity of tailors.

Another proof of the slavish subjection of the stage in those times is to be found soon after the accession of King James, when the authors of Eastward Hoe were committed to prison for some satirical reflections on the Scotch nation, which that comedy contained. Only Marston and Chapman, who had framed the offensive passages, were seized, but Jonson, who had taken a share in some other

part of the composition, conceived himself bound in honour to participate their fate, and voluntarily accompanied them to prison. It was on this occasion that his mother, deceived by the rumour of a barbarous punishment being intended for her son, prepared a lusty poison, which she meant to have given him, and to have drank along with him. This was maintaining in earnest the consanguinity of heroism and genius.

The imagined insult to the sovereign being appeased, James's accession proved, altogether, a fortunate epoch in Jonson's history. A peaceable reign gave encouragement to the arts and festivities of peace; and in those festivities, not yet degraded to mere sound and shew, poetry still maintained the honours of her primogeniture among the arts. Jonson was therefore congenially employed, and liberally rewarded, in the preparation of those masques for the court, which filled up the intervals of his more properly dramatic labours, and which allowed him room for classical impersonations, and lyrical trances of fancy, that would not have suited the business of the ordinary stage. The reception of his Sejanus, in 1603, was at first unfavourable, but it was remodelled, and again presented with better success, and kept possession of the theatre for a considerable time. Whatever this tragedy may want in the agitating power of poetry, it has a strength and dramatic skill that might have secured it, at least, from the petulant contempt with which it has been

too often spoken of. Though collected from the dead languages, it is not a lifeless mass of antiquity, but the work of a severe and strong imagination, compelling shapes of truth and consistency to rise in dramatic order from the fragments of Roman eloquence and history; and an air not only of life but of grandeur is given to those curiously adjusted materials. The arraignment of Caius Silius before Tiberius, is a great and poetical cartoon of Roman characters; and if Jonson has translated from Tacitus, who would not thank him for embodying the pathos of history in such lines as these, descriptive of Germanicus:

O that man!
If there were seeds of the old virtue left,
They liv'd in him. * * * *
* * * * * * * *
What his funerals lack'd
In images and pomp, they had supplied
With honourable sorrow. Soldiers' sadness,
A kind of silent mourning, such as men
Who know no tears, but from their captives, use
To shew in so great losses.

By his three succeeding plays, Volpone (in 1605), the Silent Woman (in 1609), and the Alchymist (in 1610), Jonson's reputation in the comic drama rose to a pitch which neither his own nor any other pen could well be expected to surpass. The tragedy of Catiline appeared in 1611, prefaced by an address

to the ordinary reader, as remarkable for the strength of its style, as for the contempt of popular judgments which it breathes. Such an appeal from ordinary to extraordinary readers ought at least to have been made without insolence; as the difference between the few and the many, in matters of criticism, lies more in the power of explaining their sources of pleasure than in enjoying them. Catiline, it is true, from its classical sources, was chiefly to be judged of by classical readers; but its author should have still remembered, that popular feeling is the great basis of dramatic fame. Jonson lived to alter his tone to the public, and the lateness of his humility must have made it more mortifying. The haughty preface, however, disappeared from later editions of the play, while its better apology remained in the high delineation of Cicero's character, and in passages of Roman eloquence which it contains; above all, in the concluding speech of Petreius. It is said, on Lord Dorset's authority, to have been Jonson's favourite production.

In 1613 he made a short trip to the continent, and, being in Paris, was introduced to the Cardinal du Perron, who, in compliment to his learning, shewed him his translation of Virgil. Ben, according to Drummond's anecdotes, told the cardinal that it was nought: a criticism, by all accounts, as just as it was brief.

Of his two next pieces, Bartholomew Fair (in 1614), and the Devil's an Ass (in 1616), the former

was scarcely a decline from the zenith of his comic excellence, the latter certainly was: if it was meant to ridicule superstition, it effected its object by a singular process of introducing a devil upon the stage. After this he made a long secession of nine years from the theatre, during which he composed some of his finest masques for the court, and some of those works which were irrecoverably lost in the fire that consumed his study. Meanwhile he received from his sovereign a pension of 100 marks, which, in courtesy, has been called making him poet laureat. The title, till then gratuitously assumed, has been since appropriated to his successors in the pension.

The poet's journey to Scotland (1617), awakens many pleasing recollections, when we conceive him anticipating his welcome among a people who might be proud of a share in his ancestry, and setting out, with manly strength, on a journey of 400 miles, on foot. We are assured, by one who saw him in Scotland, that he was treated with respect and affection among the nobility and gentry, nor was the romantic scenery of Scotland lost upon his fancy. From the poem which he meditated on Lochlomond, it is seen that he looked on it with a poet's eye. But, unhappily, the meager anecdotes of Drummond have made this event of his life too prominent by the over-importance which have been attached to them. Drummond, a smooth and sober gentleman, seems to have disliked Jonson's indulgence in that conviviality which Ben had shared with his Fletcher

and Shakspeare at the Mermaid. In consequence of those anecdotes, Jonson's memory has been damned for brutality, and Drummond's for perfidy. Jonson drank freely at Hawthornden, and talked big—things neither incredible nor unpardonable. Drummond's perfidy amounted to writing a letter, beginning Sir, with one very kind sentence in it, to the man whom he had described unfavourably in a private memorandum, which he never meant for publication. As to Drummond's decoying Jonson under his roof with any premeditated design on his reputation, no one can seriously believe it.

By the continued kindness of King James, our poet was some years after presented with the reversionary grant of the mastership of the revels, but from which he derived no advantage, as the incumbent, Sir John Astley, survived him. It fell, however, to the poet's son, by the permission of Charles I. King James, in the contemplation of his laureat's speedy accession to this office, was desirous of conferring on him the rank of knighthood; but Jonson was unwilling to accept the distinction, and prevailed on some of his friends about the court to dissuade the monarch from his purpose. After the death of his patron James, necessity brought him again upon the theatre, and he produced the Staple of News, a comedy of no ordinary merit. Two evils were at this time rapidly gaining on him,

"Disease and poverty, fell pair."

He was attacked by the palsy in 1625, and had also a tendency to dropsy, together with a scorbutic affection inherent from his youth, which pressed upon the decaying powers of his constitution. From the first stroke of the palsy he gradually recovered so far as to be able to write, in the following year, the antimasque of Sophiel. For the three succeeding years his biographer suspects that the court had ceased to call upon him for his customary contributions, a circumstance which must have aggravated his poverty, and his salary, it appears, was irregularly paid. Meanwhile his infirmities increased, and he was unable to leave his room. In these circumstances he produced his New Inn, a comedy that was driven from the stage with violent hostility. The epilogue to this piece forms a melancholy contrast to the tone of his former addresses to the audience. He "whom the morning saw so great and high[1]," was now so humble as to speak of his "faint and faultering tongue, and of his brain set round with pain." An allusion to the king and queen in the same epilogue, awoke the slumbering kindness of Charles, who instantly sent him 100*l.* and, in compliance with the poet's request, also converted the 100 marks of his salary into pounds, and added, of his own accord, a yearly tierce of canary, Jonson's favourite wine. His majesty's injunctions for the preparation of masques for the court were also renewed till they were discontinued at the suggestion of Inigo

[1] Sejanus.

Jones, who preferred the assistance of one Aurelian Townsend to that of Jonson, in the furnishing of those entertainments. His means of subsistence were now, perhaps, both precariously supplied and imprudently expended. The city, from whom he had always received a yearly allowance of 100 nobles, by way of securing his assistance in their pageants, withdrew their pension. He was compelled by poverty to supplicate the Lord Treasurer Weston for relief. On the rumour of his necessities, assistance came to him from various quarters, and from none more liberally than from the Earl of Newcastle. On these and other timely bounties his sickly existence was propt up to accomplish two more comedies, the Magnetic Lady, which appeared in 1632, and the Tale of a Tub, which came out in the following year. In the last of these, the last, indeed, of his dramatic career, he endeavoured to introduce some ridicule on Inigo Jones, through the machinery of a puppet-shew. Jones had distinguished himself at the representation of the Magnetic Lady, by his boisterous derision. The attempt at retaliation was more natural than dignified, but the court prevented it, and witnessed the representation of the play at Whitehall with coldness. Whatever humour its manners contain, was such as courtiers were not likely to understand.

In the spring of 1634 Charles visited Scotland, and on the road was entertained by the Earl of

Newcastle with all the luxury and pageantry of loyal hospitality. To grace the entertainment, Jonson sent, in grateful obedience to his benefactor the Earl, a little interlude, entitled, Love's Welcome at Welbeck, and another of the same kind for the king and queen's reception at Bolsover. In dispatching the former of these to his noble patron, the poet alludes to his past bounties, which had "fallen, like the dew of Heaven, on his necessities."

In his unfinished pastoral drama of the Sad Shepherd, his biographer traces one bright and sunny ray that broke through the gloom of his setting days. Amongst his papers were found the plot and opening of a domestic tragedy on the story of Mortimer Earl of March, together with the Discoveries and Grammar of the English Tongue, works containing, no doubt, the philological and critical reflections of more vigorous years, but which, it is probable, that he must have continued to write till he was near his dissolution. That event took place on the 6th of August, 1637.

SONG OF HESPERUS.

IN CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

QUEEN, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:

Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

SONG.

IN THE SILENT WOMAN.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:

Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

SPEECH OF MAIA.

IN THE PENATES.

Mai. If all the pleasures were distill'd
Of every flower in every field,
And all that Hybla's hives do yield,
Were into one broad mazer fill'd;
If, thereto, added all the gums,
And spice that from Panchaia comes,
The odour that Hydaspes lends,
Or Phœnix proves before she ends;
If all the air my Flora drew,
Or spirit that Zephyre ever blew;
Were put therein; and all the dew
That ever rosy morning knew;
Yet all diffused upon this bower,
To make one sweet detaining hour,
Were much too little for the grace,
And honour, you vouchsafe the place.
But if you please to come again,
We vow, we will not then, with vain
And empty pastimes entertain
Your so desired, tho' grieved pain
For we will have the wanton fawns,
That frisking skip about the lawns,

The Panisks, and the Sylvans rude,
Satyrs, and all that multitude,
To dance their wilder rounds about,
And cleave the air, with many a shout,
As they would hunt poor Echo out
Of yonder valley, who doth flout
Their rustic noise. To visit whom
You shall behold whole bevies come
Of gaudy nymphs, whose tender calls
Well-tuned unto the many falls
Of sweet, and several sliding rills,
That stream from tops of those less hills,
Sound like so many silver quills,
When Zephyre them with music fills.
For these, Favonius here shall blow
New flowers, which you shall see to grow,
Of which each hand a part shall take,
And, for your heads, fresh garlands make.
Wherewith, whilst they your temples round,
An air of several birds shall sound
An Io Pæan, that shall drown
The acclamations, at your crown.—
All this, and more than I have gift of saying,
May vows, so you will oft come here a maying.

SONG.

IN THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY.

So Beauty on the waters stood,
When Love had sever'd earth from flood!

So when he parted air from fire,
He did with concord all inspire!
And then a motion he them taught,
That elder than himself was thought.
Which thought was, yet, the child of earth,
For Love is elder than his birth.

SONG OF NIGHT.

IN THE MASQUE OF THE VISION OF DELIGHT

Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm:
And though it be a waking dream,

Cho. Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

CHORUS.

IN THE SAME.

In curious knots and mazes so,
The Spring at first was taught to go:

And Zephyr, when he came to woo
His Flora, had their motions too:
    And thence did Venus learn to lead
    The Idalian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

FROM HIS EPIGRAMS.

THIS morning, timely wrapt with holy fire,
  I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
  To honour, serve, and love; as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
  Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
  Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
  Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
  Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soul
  I purposed her; that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
  Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,
My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she!

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

WOULD'ST thou hear what man can say
In a little? reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

TO CELIA.

FROM THE FOREST.

KISS me, sweet: the wary lover
Can your favours keep, and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again: no creature comes.
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums
On my lips thus hardly sundred,
While you breathe. First give a hundred,
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the other

Add a thousand, and so more :
Till you equal with the store,
All the grass that Rumney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars that gild his streams,
In the silent summer-nights,
When youths ply their stolen delights ;
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
So court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even shades are longest ;
At noon they are or short, or none :
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styl'd but the shadows of us men ?

SONG TO CELIA.

FROM THE SAME.

Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
   And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
   And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
   Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
   I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
   Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
   It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
   And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
   Not of itself but thee.

FROM THE CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater blood;
Titles, I confess, do take me,
And a woman God did make me:

French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.
  Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man; with crisped hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For love's fingers, and his wings:
Chestnut colour, or more slack,
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise.
  Eyebrows bent, like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheek withal,
Smooth as is the billiard-ball:
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lips should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And made Love or me afeard.
  He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and shew it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it, ere it came;
All his blood should be a flame,
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In love's school, and yet no sinners.
  'Twere too long to speak of all:
What we harmony do call,
In a body, should be there.
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,

Yet no tailor help to make him;
Drest, you still for man should take him,
And not think he'd eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.
Valiant he should be as fire,
Shewing danger more than ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth;
All his actions to be such,
As to do no thing too much:
Nor o'er-praise, nor yet condemn,
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive.
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

SONG.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;

Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn:
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged air,
And looks as lilies do

That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shewn.

But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though hate had put them out:
But then, t' increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

THE PICTURE OF THE BODY.

SITTING, and ready to be drawn,
What make these velvets, silks, and lawn,
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
Where every limb takes like a face?

Send these suspected helps to aid
Some form defective, or decay'd;
This beauty, without falsehood fair,
Needs nought to clothe it but the air.

Yet something to the painter's view,
Were fitly interposed; so new:
He shall, if he can understand,
Work by my fancy, with his hand.

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
And, out of that, make day to break;
Till like her face it do appear,
And men may think all light rose there.

Then let the beams of that disperse
The cloud, and shew the universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, than spy.

FROM THE FOX.

Volpone, aided by his servant Mosca, cheating the visitants who bring him presents, each in the hope of being his heir.

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!—
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.
[Mosca *withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, &c.*
Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour darkening his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Shew'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relic
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth:
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;
Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,

That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all
things;
The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise——

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way; I use no trade, no venture;
I wound no earth with plough-shares, fat no beasts,
To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder:
I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;
I turn no monies in the public bank,
Nor usure private.

Mos. No, sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall have some will swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
May be forth-coming, when the flesh is rotten:
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses;
You lothe the widow's or the orphan's tears

Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.
Volp. Right, Mosca; I do lothe it.
Mos. And besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher that doth stand
With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With Romagnia, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and worms
Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds;
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,
Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
Your pleasure allows maintenance——
Volp. Hold thee, Mosca, [*Gives him money.*
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
And they are envious term thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
And let them make me sport. [*Exit* Mos.] What should I do,
But cocker up my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir; and this makes men observe me:
This draws new clients daily to my house,

Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counterwork the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin them into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.—
How now!

* * * * * * * *

Mos. 'Tis signior Voltore, the advocate;
I know him by his knock.
Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say, my couch is changing;
And let him entertain himself awhile
Without i' the gallery. [*Exit* Mosca.] Now, now my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcase, now they come;
I am not for them yet.—

Re-enter Mosca, *with the gown, &c.*

How now! the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir.
Volp. Of what bigness?
Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscribed,
And arms engraven.
Volp. Good! and not a fox
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca!
Mos. Sharp, sir.
Volp. Give me my furs. [*Puts on his sick dress.*
Why dost thou laugh so, man?
Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow.
What large return would come of all his ventures;
How he should worship'd be, and reverenced;
Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths; waited on
By herds of fools, and clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.
Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.
Mos. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.
Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch him in.
Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes.

Volp. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.
Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.
Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
And hundred such as I am, in succession——
Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.
Mos. You shall live,
Still, to delude these harpies.
Volp. Loving Mosca!
'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.
[*Exit* MOSCA.
Now, my feign'd cough, my phthisic, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forced functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their hopes.
He comes; I hear him—Uh! [*coughing.*] uh! uh! uh! O—

Re-enter MOSCA, *introducing* VOLTORE, *with a piece of Plate.*

Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only you,
Of all the rest, are he commands his love,
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!
Here's signior Voltore is come——
Volp. [*faintly.*] What say you?

Mos. Sir, signior Voltore is come this morning
To visit you.

Volp. I thank him.

Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,
With which he here presents you.

Volp. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.

Mos. Yes.

Volt. What says he?

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.

Volp. Mosca.

Mos. My patron!

Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.

Mos. The plate is here, sir.

Volt. How fare you, sir?

Volp. I thank you, signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.

Volt. [*putting it into his hands.*] I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weak.

Mos. That he's not weaker. [*Aside.*

Volp. You are too munificent.

Volt. No, sir; would to heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that plate!

Volp. You give, sir, what you can; I thank you. Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd:
I pray you see me often.

Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.

Volp. Be not far from me.

Mos. Do you observe that, sir?

Volp. Hearken unto me still; it will concern you.

Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your good.

Volp. I cannot now last long——

Mos. You are his heir, sir.

Volt. Am I?

Volp. I feel me going; Uh! uh! uh! uh!
I'm sailing to my port, Uh! uh! uh! uh!
And I am glad I am so near my haven.

Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must all go——

Volt. But, Mosca——

Mos. Age will conquer.

Volt. 'Pray thee, hear me:
Am I inscribed his heir for certain?

Mos. Are you!
I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me in your family. All my hopes
Depend upon your worship: I am lost,
Except the rising sun do shine on me.

Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.

Mos. Sir,
I am a man, that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers and your caskets lock'd,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate and monies; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.

Volt. But am I sole heir?

Mos. Without a partner, sir; confirm'd this morning:
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.
Volt. Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Mos. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause.
Volt. Thy modesty
Is not to know it; well, we shall requite it.
Mos. He ever liked your course, sir; that first took him.
I oft have heard him say, how he admired
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And return; make knots, and undo them;
Give forked counsel; take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up: these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And, for his part, he thought he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin!—
[*Knocking without.*
Who's that? one knocks; I would not have you seen, sir.
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste;

I'll fashion an excuse——and, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is born up stiff, with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I have not been your worst of clients.

Volt. Mosca!——

Mos. When will you have your inventory brought, sir?
Or see a copy of the will?——Anon!—
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, be gone,
Put business in your face. [*Exit* VOLTORE.

Volp. [*springing up.*] Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.

Mos. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.

Volp. Set the plate away:
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come!

Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.
Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the plate to the rest.*] Now shall we see
A wretch, who is indeed more impotent
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave—

Enter CORBACCIO.

Signior Corbaccio!
You're very welcome, sir.

Corb. How does your patron?

Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.

Corb. What! mends he?

Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.

Corb. That's well. Where is he?

Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.

Corb. Does he sleep well?

Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.

Mos. He will not hear of drugs.

Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by while it was made, saw all the ingredients;
And know, it cannot but most gently work:
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.

Volp. Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it. [*Aside.*

Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.

Corb. Say you, say you?

Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, to escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.

Corb. Not I his heir?

Mos. Not your physician, sir.

Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.

Mos. No, sir, nor their fees

He cannot brook: he says, they flay a man,
Before they kill him.
  Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
  Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve them,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.
  Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much license as a judge.
  Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
  Corb. Ay, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
  Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont——
  Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?
  Mos. No, sir: his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
  Corb. O, good!
  Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
  Corb. Good.
  Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.
  Corb. 'Tis good.
  Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.

Corb. Good symptoms still.

Mos. And from his brain——

Corb. I conceive you; good.

Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.

Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his head?

Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.

Corb. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.

Mos. I was a coming for you, sir.

Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he given me?

Mos. No, sir.

Corb. Nothing! ha?

Mos. He has not made his will, sir.

Corb. Oh, oh, oh!
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?

Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good——

Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.

Corb. To be his heir?

Mos. I do not know, sir.

Corb. True:
I know it too.

Mos. By your own scale, sir. [*Aside.*
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him, yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here, I have brought a bag of bright chequines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. [*taking the bag.*] Yea, marry, sir,
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir!
Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.
Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowl.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessed cordial!
This will recover him.
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my venture:
Give me it again.
Mos. At no hand; pardon me:
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, sir; 'tis your right, your own; no man
Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.

Corb. How, how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And, on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament:
And shew him this. [*Pointing to the money.*
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son!
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but colour?
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your will; where, without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:

He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gratitude——
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir——
Corb. Publish'd me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him——
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man——
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir——
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good—
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow gray withal,) how to work things——
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here.

Corb. Ay, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. [*Going.*

Mos. Rook go with you, raven!

Corb. I know thee honest.

Mos. You do lie, sir! [*Aside.*

Corb. And——

Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir.

Corb. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.

Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.

Corb. I may have my youth restored to me, why not?

Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!

Corb. What say'st thou?

Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.

Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*

Volp. [*leaping from his couch.*] O, I shall burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides—

Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.

Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give them words;
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.

Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!

Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.

Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with them, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
With confident belying it, hopes he may,
With charms, like Æson, have his youth restored:
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! [*knocking within.*] Who's that there, now? a third!

Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his voice:
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.

Volp. [*lies down as before.*] Dead.

Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. [*anointing them.*]—Who's there?

THOMAS CAREW.

BORN 1589.—DIED 1639.

When Mr. Ellis pronounced that Carew certainly died in 1634,[1] he had probably some reasons for setting aside the date of the poet's birth assigned by Lord Clarendon; but as he has not given them, the authority of a contemporary must be allowed to stand. He was of the Carews of Gloucestershire, a family descended from the elder stock of that name in Devonshire, and a younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, who was a zealous adherent of the fortunes of Charles I. He was educated at Oxford, but was neither matriculated nor took any degree. After returning from his travels, he was received with distinction at the court of Charles I. for his elegant manners and accomplishments, and was appointed gentleman of the privy chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty. The rest of his days seem to have passed in affluence and ease, and he died just in time to save him from witnessing the gay and gallant court, to which he had contributed more than the ordinary literature of a courtier, dispersed by the storm of civil war that was already gathering.

[1] Specimens of English Poetry, vol. ii.

The want of boldness and expansion in Carew's thoughts and subjects, excludes him from rivalship with *great* poetical names; nor is it difficult, even within the narrow pale of his works, to discover some faults of affectation, and of still more objectionable indelicacy. But among the poets who have walked in the same limited path, he is pre-eminently beautiful, and deservedly ranks among the earliest of those who gave a cultivated grace to our lyrical strains. His slowness in composition was evidently that sort of care in the poet, which saves trouble to his reader. His poems have touches of elegance and refinement, which their trifling subjects could not have yielded without a delicate and deliberate exercise of the fancy; and he unites the point and polish of later times, with many of the genial and warm tints of the elder muse. Like Waller, he is by no means free from conceit; and one regrets to find him addressing the Surgeon bleeding Celia, in order to tell him, that the blood which he draws proceeds not from the fair one's arm, but from the lover's heart. But of such frigid thoughts he is more sparing than Waller; and his conceptions, compared to that poet's, are like fruits of a richer flavour that have been cultured with the same assiduity.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

Think not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y' are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning-star,
That you are so;—or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem:
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun:
Most fleeting, when it is most dear;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?

Like swallows, when your summer's done
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
* * * * * * *
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

SONG.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,
  The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain;
  The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
  Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
  Disdain, that torrent will devour

My vulture-hopes; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd:
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

TO MY MISTRESS SITTING BY A RIVER'S SIDE.

AN EDDY.

Mark how yon eddy steals away
From the rude stream into the bay;
There lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channel's course,
And scorns the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring.
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.
Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they
As amorously their arms display,
T' embrace and clip her silver waves:
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat she frowns, threatening to fly
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the channel's brim
Smiling returns into the creek,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.
  Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take

Secure repose, and never dream
Of the quite forsaken stream:
Let him to the wide ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name, and taste;
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these arms for ever swim.

SONG.

PERSUASIONS TO ENJOY.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
  Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
  Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd still must grow.
  Thus, either Time his sickle brings
  In vain, or else in vain his wings.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
  'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:

Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
  Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
  I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine:
  Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
  Lest what I made I uncreate:
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
  I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,

Hearts with equal love combin'd,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
  And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

When you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
  Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;
Mark how at first with bended knee
  He courts the crystal nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.
But when his sweaty face is drench'd
  In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd;
  Then mark how with disdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, fair maid,
When by the sated lover tasted;
What first he did with tears invade,
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted;
When all the virgin springs grow dry,
When no streams shall be left but in thine eye.

SONG.

THE WILLING PRISONER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As *he* brings ruin, *that* repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds, themselves have made, discover.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Shepherd, Nymph, Chorus.

Shepherd.

THIS mossy bank they prest. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.
Cho. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

Shep. See, love, the blushes of the morn appear:
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Robb'd from the eastern shore)
I' th' cowslip's bell and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nym. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But shew my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return:
The yellow planets, and the grey
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nym.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

Cho. They kissed, and wept; and from their lips and eyes,
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet,
Their joys and sorrows meet;

But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep. The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace:
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chace
The day for ever from this place.

Shep. Hark! *Nym.* Ah me, stay! *Shep.* For ever.
Nym. No, arise;
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nym. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.
Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their
eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLERS.

The Lady Mary Villers lies
Under this stone: With weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear:
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy darling in an urn.

FEMININE HONOUR.

In what esteem did the gods hold
   Fair innocence and the chaste bed,
When scandal'd virtue might be bold,
   Bare-foot upon sharp culters, spread
O'er burning coals, to march; yet feel
Nor scorching fire nor piercing steel!

Why, when the hard-edged iron did turn
   Soft as a bed of roses blown,
When cruel flames forgot to burn
   Their chaste, pure limbs, should man alone
'Gainst female innocence conspire,
Harder than steel, fiercer than fire?

Oh hapless sex! unequal sway
   Of partial honour! who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
   When malice can on vestals throw
Disgrace, and fame fix high repute
On the loose shameless prostitute?

Vain Honour! thou art but disguise,
   A cheating voice, a juggling art;
No judge of Virtue, whose pure eyes
   Court her own image in the heart,
More pleas'd with her true figure there,
Than her false echo in the ear.

UPON MR. W. MONTAGUE'S RETURN FROM TRAVEL.

LEAD the black bull to slaughter, with the boar
And lamb: then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea-gods for their careful waftage pay:
Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
To those mild spirits that cast a curbing yoke
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Montague:
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their darling's safe return,
The Muse's quire shall thus, with voice and hand,
Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air,
That with kind warmth dost repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing;
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:

If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canst stroke great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THE MISTAKE.

When on fair Celia I did spy
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry,
Sure this heart was my own:

But when I saw it was enthron'd
In her celestial breast,
O then! I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne'er so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens do shine
Each constant martyr's heart;
Then she may well give rest to mine,
That for her sake doth smart:

Where, seated in so high a bliss,
Though wounded it shall live:
Death enters not in Paradise;
The place free life doth give.

Or, if the place less sacred were,
Did but her saving eye
Bathe my kind heart in one kind tear,
Then should I never die.

Slight balms may heal a slighter sore;
  No med'cine less divine
Can ever hope for to restore
  A wounded heart like mine.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

BORN 1568.—DIED 1639.

SIR HENRY WOTTON was born at Broughton Place, in Kent. Foreseeing the fall of the Earl of Essex, to whom he was secretary, he left the kingdom, but returned upon the accession of James, and was appointed ambassador to the court of Venice. Towards the close of his life he took deacon's orders, and was nominated provost of Eton.

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies! pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day,
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin,
State but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;

And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected while the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass;
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envy'd more.
I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair—poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me "the fair,"
Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels[1] with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice
dumb
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue

[1] *Angels*—pieces of money.

To stones by epitaphs; be call'd great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives:
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves'
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring;
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face;
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to affect a holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in heav'n again.

ON THE SUDDEN RESTRAINT OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET (THE FAVOURITE OF JAMES I.) THEN FALLING FROM FAVOUR.

DAZZLED thus with height of place,
Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
'Twixt a prison and a smile.

Yet since fortune's favours fade,
You that in her arms do sleep
Learn to swim and not to wade,
For the hearts of kings are deep.

But if greatness be so blind
As to trust in towers of air,
Let it be with goodness lined,
That at least the fall be fair.

Then though dark and you shall say,
When friends fail and princes frown
Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a bed of down.

A MEDITATION.

FROM SANSCROFT'S COLLECTION.

[Mr. Malone, from whose handwriting I copy this, says, "not, I think, printed."]

O, THOU great Power! in whom we move,
By whom we live, to whom we die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire;

One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire:
O, precious ransom! which once paid,
That *Consummatum est* was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath:
Thou then, that has dispurged our score,
And dying wert the death of death,
Be now, whilst on thy name we call,
Our life, our strength, our joy, our all!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

EARL OF STERLING.

BORN 1580.—DIED 1640.

William Alexander, of Menstrie, travelled on the continent as tutor to the Earl of Argyle; and after his return to his native country (Scotland), having in vain solicited a mistress, whom he celebrates in his poetry by the name of Aurora, he married the daughter of Sir Wm. Erskine. Having repaired to the court of James the First, he obtained the notice of the monarch, was appointed gentleman usher to Prince Charles, and was knighted by James. Both of those sovereigns patronized his scheme for colonizing Nova Scotia, of which the

latter made him lord lieutenant. Charles the First created him Earl of Sterling in 1633, and for ten years he held the office of secretary of state for Scotland, with the praise of moderation, in times that were rendered peculiarly trying by the struggles of Laud against the Scottish presbyterians.

He wrote some very heavy tragedies; but there is elegance of expression in a few of his shorter pieces.

SONNETS.

FROM HIS AURORA.

Some men delight huge buildings to behold,
Some theatres, mountains, floods, and famous springs,
Some monuments of monarchs, and such things
As in the books of fame have been enroll'd,
Those stately towns that to the stars were raised;
Some would their ruins see (their beauty's gone),
Of which the world's three parts each boasts of one:
Though none of those, I love a sight as rare,
Even her that o'er my life as queen doth sit;
Juno in majesty, Pallas in wit,
As Phœbe chaste, than Venus far more fair;
And though her looks even threaten death to me,
Their threat'nings are so sweet I cannot flee.

I chanced, my dear, to come upon a day
Whilst thou wast but arising from thy bed,
And the warm snows, with comely garments cled,
More rich than glorious, and more fine than gay.

Then, blushing to be seen in such a case,
O how thy curled locks mine eyes did please;
And well become those waves thy beauty's seas,
Which by thy hairs were fram'd upon thy face;
Such was Diana once, when being spied
By rash Actæon, she was much commoved:
Yet, more discreet than th' angry goddess proved,
Thou knew'st I came through error, not of pride,
And thought the wounds I got by thy sweet sight
Were too great scourges for a fault so light.

AWAKE, my muse, and leave to dream of loves,
Shake off soft fancy's chains—I must be free;
I'll perch no more upon the myrtle tree,
Nor glide through th' air with beauty's sacred doves;
But with Jove's stately bird I'll leave my nest,
And try my sight against Apollo's rays.
Then, if that ought my vent'rous course dismays,
Upon th' olive's boughs I'll light and rest;
I'll tune my accents to a trumpet now,
And seek the laurel in another field.
Thus I that once (as Beauty's means did yield)
Did divers garments on my thoughts bestow,
Like Icarus, I fear, unwisely bold,
Am purpos'd other's passions now t' unfold

NATHAN FIELD.

NATHAN FIELD had the honour of being connected with Massinger in the Fatal Dowry, the play from which Rowe stole the plot of his Fair Penitent. The date of his birth and death are unknown.

SONG.

FROM AMENDS FOR LADIES. 1618.

RISE, lady! mistress, rise!
  The night hath tedious been,
No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,
  Nor slumbers made me sin:
Is not she a saint then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, madam! rise, and give me light,
  Whom darkness still will cover,
And ignorance, darker than night,
  Till thou smile on thy lover:
All want day till thy beauty rise,
For the gray morn breaks from thine eyes.

THOMAS DEKKER.

At the close of the sixteenth century we find that the theatres, conducted by Henslowe and Alleyn, chiefly depended on Jonson, Heywood, Chettle, and this poet, for composing or retouching their pieces. Marston and Dekker had laboured frequently in conjunction with Jonson, when their well-known hostility with him commenced. What grounds of offence Marston and Dekker alleged, cannot now be told; but Jonson affirms, that after the appearance of his comedy, "Every Man in his Humour," they began to provoke him on every stage with their "*petulant styles*," as if they wished to single him out for their adversary. When Jonson's Cynthia's Revels appeared, they appropriated the two characters of Thedon and Anaides to themselves, and were brooding over their revenge when the Poetaster came forth, in which Dekker was recognized as Demetrius. Either that his wrath made him more willing, or that he was chosen the champion of the offended host, for his rapid powers and popularity, he furnished the Satiromastix; not indeed a despicable reply to Jonson, but more full of rage than of ridicule. The little that is known of Dekker's history, independent of his quarrel with Jonson, is unfortunate. His

talents were prolific, and not contemptible; but he was goaded on by want to hasty productions—acquainted with spunging houses, and an inmate of the King's Bench prison[1]. Oldys thinks that he was alive in 1638.

FORTUNE GIVING FORTUNATUS HIS CHOICE OF GOODS.

For. Six gifts I spend upon mortality,
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches;
Out of my bounty, one of these is thine,
Choose then which likes thee best.
Fort. Oh, most divine!
Give me but leave to borrow wonder's eye,

[1] He was there at one time for three years, according to Oldys. No wonder poor Dekker could rise a degree above the level of his ordinary genius in describing the blessings of Fortunatus's inexhaustible purse: he had probably felt but too keenly the force of what he expresses in the misanthropy of Ampedo.

I'm not enamour'd of this painted idol,
This strumpet world; for her most beauteous looks
Are poison'd baits, hung upon golden hooks.
When fools do swim in wealth, her Cynthian beams
Will wantonly dance on the silver streams;
But when this squint-ey'd age sees virtue poor,
And by a little spark set shivering,
Begging of all, reliev'd at no man's door,
She smiles on her as the sun shines on fire,
To kill that little heat.

To look (amaz'd) at thy bright majesty,
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and
riches?

For. Before thy soul (at this deep lottery)
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny,
Know that here's no recanting a first choice:
Choose then discreetly, (for the laws of fate
Being graven in steel, must stand inviolate.)

Fort. Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd
Night,
Most righteous Parcæ, guide my genius right!
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and
riches?

For. Stay, Fortunatus, once more hear me speak;
If thou kiss wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou (like Phœbus) shalt speak oracle;
Thy heaven-inspired soul, on wisdom's wings,
Shall fly up to the parliament of Jove,
And read the statutes of eternity,
And see what's past, and learn what is to come:
If thou lay claim to strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown; as kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery:
Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong
proof,
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting;
Be ever merry, ever revelling:
Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,

And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee:
Are thy desires long life? thy vital thread
Shall be stretch'd out; thou shalt behold the change
Of monarchies; and see those children die
Whose great great grandsires now in cradles lie:
If through gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine,
Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run,
To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet;
As those are, so shall these be infinite.
Awaken then thy soul's best faculties,
And gladly kiss this bounteous hand of fate,
Which strives to bless thy name of Fortunate.
Fort. Oh, whither am I rapt beyond myself?
More violent conflicts fight in every thought,
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought
Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love?
Then I lose riches; and a wise man poor,
Is like a sacred book that's never read,
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead:
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a thread-bare saint in wisdom's school.
I will be strong: then I refuse long life;
And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
The greatest strength expires with loss of breath;

The mightiest (in one minute) stoop to death.
Then take long life, or health: should I do so.
I might grow ugly; and that tedious scroll
Of months and years, much misery may inroll;
Therefore I'll beg for beauty; yet I will not,
The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
Lep'rous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
The wisdom of this world is idiotism;
Strength a weak reed; health sickness' enemy,
(And it at length will have the victory;)
Beauty is but a painting; and long life
Is a long journey in December gone,
Tedious and full of tribulation.
Therefore, dread sacred empress, make me rich;
[*Kneels down.*
My choice is store of gold; the rich are wise:
He that upon his back rich garments wears,
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears:
Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative;
Oh, therefore, make me rich! not as the wretch
That only serves lean banquets to his eye,
Has gold, yet starves; is famish'd in his store;
No, let me ever spend, be never poor.
For. Thy latest words confine thy destiny;
Thou shall spend ever, and be never poor:
For proof receive this purse; with it this virtue;
Still when thou thrust'st thy hand into the same,
Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright gold,

Current in any realm where then thou breathest:
If thou canst dribble out the sea by drops,
Then shalt thou want; but that can ne'er be done,
Nor this grow empty.

Fort. Thanks, great deity!

For. The virtue ends when thou and thy sons end.
This path leads thee to Cyprus, get thee hence:
Farewell, vain covetous fool, thou wilt repent,
That for the love of dross thou hast despised
Wisdom's divine embrace; she would have borne thee
On the rich wings of immortality;
But now go dwell with cares, and quickly die.

FROM THE HONEST WHORE.

Hipolito's thoughts on his mistress's picture, from which he turns to look on a scull, that lies before him on a table.

My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las! now I see,
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion; here 'tis read;
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the musick set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence

In her white bosom; look, a painted board,
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford:
Nothing of her, but this! This cannot speak;
It has no lap for me to rest upon;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence then, idle art!
True love's best pictur'd in a true-love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead!
So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there.

JOHN WEBSTER.

Langbaine only informs us of this writer, that he was clerk of St. Andrew's parish, Holborn, and esteemed by his contemporaries. He wrote his two comedies, the Thracian Wonder, and the Cure for a Cuckold, in conjunction with Rowley, Dekker, and Marston. Four other pieces, entirely his own, are Vittoria Corombona, the tragedy of Appius, the Devil's Law Case, and the Duchess of Malfy. From the advertisement prefixed to his Duchess of Malfy, the piece seems not to have been successful in the representation. The author says, "that it wanted that which is the only grace and setting out of a tragedy, a full and understanding auditory." The auditory, it may be suspected, were not quite so much struck with the beauty of Webster's horrors, as Mr. Lambe seems to have been in writing the notes to his Specimens of our old Dramatic Poetry. In the same

preface Webster deprives himself of the only apology that could be offered for his absurdities as a dramatist, by acknowledging that he wrote slowly, a circumstance in which he modestly compares himself to Euripides. In his tragedy of the Duchess of Malfy, the duchess is married and delivered of several children in the course of the five acts.

VITTORIA, THE MISTRESS OF BRACHIANO, RELATING HER DREAM TO HIM.

FROM VITTORIA COROMBONA, THE VENETIAN COURTEZAN.

Persons —*Vittoria Corombona; Duke of Brachiano; Corombona, the mother, and Flamineo, the brother of Vittoria.*

Vittoria. To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace
A dream I had last night.
Brachiano. Most wishedly.
Vit. A foolish idle dream:
Methought I walk'd, about the mid of night,
Into a churchyard, where a goodly yew tree
Spread her large root in ground; under that yew.
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave,
Chequer'd with cross sticks, there came stealing in
Your duchess and my husband; one of them
A pick-axe bore, th' other a rusty spade,
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me
About this yew.
Bra. That tree?
Vit. This harmless yew.
They told me my intent was to root up

That well-grown yew, and plant i'th' stead of it
A wither'd black-thorn, and for that they vow'd
To bury me alive: my husband straight
With pick-axe 'gan to dig, and your fell duchess,
With shovel, like a fury, voided out
The earth, and scatter'd bones: Lord, how me-
thought
I trembled, and yet for all this terror
I could not pray.

Fla. No, the devil was in your dream.

Vit. When to my rescue there arose methought
A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm
From that strong plant,
And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,
In that base shallow grave that was their due.

Fla. Excellent devil!
She hath taught him, in a dream,
To make away his duchess, and her husband.

Bra. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream.
You are lodg'd within his arms who shall protect
you
From all the fevers of a jealous husband,
From the poor envy of our phlegmatic duchess;
I'll seat you above law and above scandal.
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight
And the fruition, nor shall government
Divide me from you longer than a care
To keep you great: you shall to me at once
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and all.

Cor. Woe to light hearts, they still forerun our
fall.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF MALFY.

The Duchess of Malfy having privately married Antonio, her own steward, is unhumanly persecuted by her brother Ferdinand, who confines her in a house of mad-men, and in concert with his creature Bosola murders her and her attendant Cariola.

Scene.—*A Mad-house.*

Persons.—*Duchess of Malfy; Cariola, her faithful attendant; Ferdinand, her cruel brother; Bosola, his creature and instrument of cruelty; Madmen, Executioners, Servant.*

Duch. WHAT hideous noise is that?
Car. 'Tis the wild concert
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging: this tyranny
I think was never practis'd till this hour.
Duch. Indeed I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Cari. Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy.
Duch. Thou art deceived;
To hear of greater grief, would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
Duch. Thou art a fool;
The robin-red-breast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Cari. Pray dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?

Duch. Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleep.
Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open.
Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
Cari. Yes; out of question.
Duch. Oh that it were possible we might
But hold some two days conference with the dead;
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle:
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
The heav'n o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur; yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery.
A deal of life in shew, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument,
Whose ruins are even pitied.
Duch. Very proper;
And fortune seems only to have her eye-sight
To behold my tragedy. How now,
What noise is that?
Serv. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport:
A great physician, when the pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him

With several sorts of mad-men, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke: the self-same cure
The Duke intends on you.

[*The Mad-men enter, and whilst they dance to suitable music, the* DUCHESS, *perceiving* BOSOLA *among them, says.*

Duch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray question him. I'll leave you.

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed
Gasping for breath. Dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad sure! Dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed. * *
* * * * * * * *

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living:
I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou com'st to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry—
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?
Bos. Nay, resolve me first of what fashion?
Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?
Bos. Most ambitiously: princes' images on their tombs
Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray,
Up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks
(As if they died of the tooth-ache); they are not carved
With their eyes fix'd upon the stars: but as
Their minds were wholly bent upon the world,
The self-same way they seem to turn their faces.
Duch. Let me know fully, therefore, the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel?
Bos. Now I shall.
Here is a present from your princely brothers,
[*A coffin, cords, and a bell.*
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
Duch. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
Bos. This is your last presence chamber.
Cari. O my sweet lady!
Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.
Duch. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker?
Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen:
" Hark, now every thing is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill.
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in clay's now competent;
A long war disturbed your mind,
Here your perfect peace is sign'd;
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping·
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet;
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day,
End your groan and come away."
Cari. Hence villains, tyrants, murderers! Alas!
What will you do with my lady? call for help.
Duch. To whom, to our next neighbours? they are mad folks.
Bos. Remove that noise.

Duch. Farewel, Cariola;
In my last will I have not much to give—
A many hungry guests have fed upon me—
Thine will be a poor reversion.
Cari. I will die with her.
Duch. I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep. Now what you please.
What death?
Bos. Strangling: here are your executioners.
Duch. I forgive them:
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o'th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
Bos. Doth not death fright you?
Duch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?
Bos. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you
This cord should terrify you.
Duch. Not a whit:
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way (for heaven's sake),
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers

That I perceive death (now I am well awake),
Best gift is they can give, or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault:
I'll not be tedious to you.

Exec. We are ready.

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?

Exec. Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly; for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me:—
Yet stay, heaven's gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*They strangle her.*

Bos. Where's the waiting-woman?
Fetch her: some other strangle the children.
Look you, there sleeps your mistress.

Cari. Oh, you are damn'd
Perpetually for this. My turn is next,
Is't not so ordered?

Bos. Yes; and I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for't.

Cari. You are deceiv'd, sir,
I am not prepar'd for't; I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.

Bos. Come, dispatch her!
You kept her counsel, now you shall keep ours.
Cari. I will not die; I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.
Exec. Here's your wedding ring.
Cari. Let me but speak with the duke: I'll discover
Treason to his person.
Bos. Delays? throttle her!
Exec. She bites and scratches.
Cari. If you kill me now
I am damn'd; I have not been at confession
This two years.
Bos. When?
Cari. I am quick with child.
Bos. Why then
Your credit's sav'd: bear her in to th' next room.
Let this lie still
Ferd. Is she dead?
Bos. She is what
You'll have her. But here begin your pity:
[*Shews the children strangled.*
Alas, how have these offended?
Ferd. The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.
Bos. Fix your eye here.
Ferd. Constantly.
Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak, murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle. She
died young.
Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.
Ferd. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd
Her time to a minute.
Bos. It seems she was born first.
You have bloodily approv'd the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.
Ferd. Let me see her face again.
Why didst not thou pity her? what an excellent
Honest man might'st thou have been,
If thou hadst born her to some sanctuary,
Or, bold in a good cause, opposed thyself,
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Between her innocence and my revenge!
I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast don't.
For let me but examine well the cause:
What was the meanness of her match to me?
Only I must confess I had a hope,
Had she continu'd widow, to have gain'd
An infinite mass of treasure by her death;
And that was the main cause. Her marriage!
That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart.
For thee, (as we observe in tragedies,
That a good actor many times is curs'd
For playing a villain's part,) I hate thee for't:
And, for my sake, say thou hast done much ill well.

Bos. Let me quicken your memory, for I perceive
You are falling into ingratitude: I challenge
The reward due to my service.
Ferd. I'll tell thee
What I'll give thee.
Bos. Do.
Ferd. I'll give thee a pardon
For this murder.
Bos. Ha!
Ferd. Yes: and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloody sentence?
Bos. By yours.
Ferd. Mine? was I her judge?
Did any ceremonial form of law
Doom her to not-being? did a complete jury
Deliver her conviction up i'th' court?
Where shalt thou find this judgment register'd,
Unless in hell? See: like a bloody fool,
Thou hast forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die
for't.
Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite,
When one thief hangs another: who shall dare
To reveal this?
Ferd. Oh, I'll tell thee:
The wolf shall find her grave and scrape it up:
Not to devour the corse, but to discover
The horrid murder.
Bos. You, not I, shall quake for't.

Ferd. Leave me!
Bos. I will first receive my pension.
Ferd. You are a villain!
Bos. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.
Ferd. O horror!
That not the fear of Him which binds the devils
Can prescribe man obedience!
Never look upon me more.
Bos. Why, fare thee well:
Your brother and yourself are worthy men;
You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,
Rotten, and rotting others; and your vengeance,
Like two chain'd bullets, still goes arm in arm.
You may be brothers: for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream.
I am angry with myself, now that I wake.
Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o'th' world,
That I may never see thee.
Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected? Sir,
I serv'd your tyranny, and rather strove
To satisfy yourself than all the world;
And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd
You that did counsel it, and rather sought
To appear a true servant than an honest man.
Ferd. I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light:
'Tis a deed of darkness. [*Exit.*

Bos. He's much distracted. Off, my painted honour!
While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in ice, and freeze in fire;
What would I do, were this to do again?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe. She stirs! here's life!
Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell. She's warm; she breathes.
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour. Who's there?
Some cordial drink. Alas! I dare not call:
So pity would destroy pity. Her eye opes,
And heaven in it seems to hope, that late was shut,
To take me up to mercy.

Duch. Antonio.

Bos. Yes, madam, he is living:
The dead bodies you saw were but feign'd statues;
He's reconcil'd to your brother; the Pope hath wrought
The atonement.

Duch. Mercy. [*She dies.*

Bos. Oh, she's gone again: there the cords of life broke.
Oh, sacred innocence! that sweetly sleeps
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register, wherein is writ
All our good deeds, and bad; a perspective
That shows us hell, that we cannot be suffer'd
To do good when we have a mind to it.
This is manly sorrow:

These tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my mother's milk. My estate is sunk
Below the degree of fear: where were
These penitent fountains while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up. Here is a sight
As direful to my soul as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slain his father. Come, I'll
bear thee hence,
And execute thy last will; that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women; that the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me: then I'll post to Milan,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection.

FROM THE SAME.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Persons.—*Antonio, Delio, Echo from the Duchess' grave.*

Delio. YOND's the cardinal's window. This for-
tification
Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
And to yond side o'th' river lies a wall,
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you ever heard;
So hollow and so dismal, and withal
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have supposed it is a spirit
That answers.

Antonio. I do love these ancient ruins:
We never tread upon them but we set

Our foot upon some reverend history;
And, questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interr'd
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday. But all things have their end:
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to
men,
Must have like death that we have.

Echo. Like death that we have.

Del. Now the echo hath caught you.

Ant. It groan'd, methought, and gave
A very deadly accent.

Echo. Deadly accent.

Del. I told you 'twas a pretty one. You may
make it
A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
Or a thing of sorrow.

Echo. A thing of sorrow.

Ant. Ay, sure: that suits it best.

Echo. That suits it best.

Ant. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.

Echo. I, wife's voice.

Del. Come, let's walk farther from't:
I would not have you, too, to th' cardinal's to-night:
Do not.

Echo. Do not.

Del. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting
sorrow
Than time; take time for't: be mindful of thy safety.

Echo. Be mindful of thy safety.
Ant. Necessity compels me:
Make scrutiny throughout the passes
Of your own life; you'll find it impossible
To fly your fate.
Echo. O, fly your fate.
Del. Hark: the dead stones seem to have pity on
you,
And give you good counsel.
Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a dead thing.
Echo. Thou art a dead thing.
Ant. My duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly: Oh, heaven!
Shall I never see her more?
Echo. Never see her more.
Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the Echo
But that, and on the sudden a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.
Del. Your fancy, merely.
Ant. Come, I'll be out of this ague;
For to live thus, is not indeed to live;
It is a mockery and abuse of life:
I will not henceforth save myself by halves,
Loose all or nothing.
Del. Your own virtue save you.
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you:
It may be that the sight of his own blood,
Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget
The more compassion.
However, fare you well!

Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,
Yet, in our noble suff'rings, she hath none;
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own.

JOHN FORD.

It is painful to find the name of Ford a barren spot in our poetical biography, marked by nothing but a few dates and conjectures, chiefly drawn from his own dedications. He was born of a respectable family in Devonshire; was bred to the law, and entered of the Middle Temple at the age of seventeen. At the age of twenty, he published a poem, entitled Fame's Memorial, in honour of the deceased Earl of Devonshire; and from the dedication of that piece it appears that he chiefly subsisted upon his professional labours, making poetry the solace of his leisure hours. All his plays were published between the years 1629 and 1639; but before the former period he had for some time been known as a dramatic writer, his works having been printed a considerable time after their appearance on the stage; and, according to the custom of the age, had been associated in several works with other composers. With Dekker he joined in dramatizing a story, which reflects more disgrace upon the age than all its genius could redeem, namely, the fate of Mother Sawyer, the witch of Edmonton, an aged woman, who had

been recently the victim of legal and superstitious murder—

Nil adeo fœdum quod non exacta vetustas
Ediderit.

The time of his death is unknown. The story of his dispute with Jonson, upon the success of the Lover's Melancholy, that was forged by Macklin, and supported by Steevens, is utterly unworthy of credit.

FROM THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.[1]

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Palador, Prince of Cyprus, having fallen into melancholy from the disappointment of losing Eroclea, to whom he was attached, a masque is prepared to divert his thoughts, at the representation of which he sees a youth, passing by the name of Parthenophill, whose resemblance to his mistress strikes him.

Scene.—*A Room at the Palace.*

Persons.—*Palador, prince of Cyprus; Aretus, his tutor; Sophronos, uncle to Eroclea; Pelias, a courtier; Menaphon, son of Sophronos; Amethus, cousin to the prince; Rhetias, servant to Eroclea.*

Enter Aretus *and* Sophronos.

Are. The prince is th'roughly mov'd.
Soph. I never saw him
So much distemper'd.

[1] I have declined obtruding on the reader some passages in Ford's plays which possess a superior power to the present scene, because they have been anticipated by Mr. Lambe in his Dramatic Specimens, and have been made still better known to the public by being quoted in a popular review. Even if this had not been the case, I should have felt reluctant to give a place to one dread-

Arc. What should this young man be,
And whither can he be convey'd?
Soph. It is to me
A mystery; I understand it not.
Arc. Nor I.

Enter PALADOR *and* PELIAS.

Pal. Ye have consented all to work upon
The softness of my nature; but take heed:
Tho' I can sleep in silence, and look on
The mockery ye make of my dull patience
Yet ye shall know, the best of ye, that in me
There is a masculine, a stirring spirit,
Which [once] provoked, shall, like a bearded comet,
Set ye at gaze, and threaten horror.
Pel. Good sir.
Pal. Good sir! 'tis not your active wit or language,
Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall dare
To check-mate and controul my just demands.

Enter MENAPHON.

Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found yet?
Men. Not to be heard of.
Pal. Fly then to the desart,
Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic,

fully beautiful specimen of his affecting powers, in the tragedy of the Brother and Sister. Better that poetry should cease, than have to do with such subjects. The Lover's Melancholy has much of the grace and sweetness that distinguishes the genius of Ford.

This airy apparition: come no more
In sight! Get ye all from me! He that stays
Is not my friend.

Are. 'Tis strange.

Are. and Soph. We must obey.

[*Exeunt all but* PALADOR.

Pal. Some angry power cheats, with rare delusions,
My credulous sense: the very soul of reason
Is troubled in me.—The physician
Presented a strange mask, the view of it
Puzzled my understanding: but the boy——

Enter RHETIAS.

Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs;
Parthenophill is lost, and I would see him:
For he is like to something I remember
A great while since, a long, long time ago.

Rhe. I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him. There is some trick, I am confident.

Pal. There is, there is some practice, slight, or plot.

Rhe. I have apprehended a fair wench, in an odd private lodging in the city, as like the youth in face as can by possibility be discerned.

Pal. How, Rhetias?

Rhe. If it be not Parthenophill in long coats, 'tis a spirit in his likeness; answer I can get none from her: you shall see her.

Pal. The young man in disguise, upon my life,
To steal out of the land.
Rhe. I'll send him to you.
[*Exit* RHETIAS.

Enter EROCLEA *in woman's attire, and listens.*

Pal. Do, do, my Rhetias. As there is by nature,
In every thing created, contrariety:
So likewise is there unity and league
Between them in their kind; but man, the abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heaven hath modell'd, in himself contains
Passions of sev'ral qualities; the music
Of man's fair composition best accords
When 'tis in concert, not in single strains.
My heart has been untun'd these many months,
Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
True harmony consisted; living here,
We are heav'n's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.
Ero. Minutes are numb'red by the fall of sands,
As by an hour-glass; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it.
An age of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow: but the life,
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down;
So to conclude calamity in rest.
Pal. What echo yields a voice to my complaints?
Can I be nowhere private?
Ero. Let the substance
As suddenly be hurried from your eyes,

As the vain sound can pass your ear,
If no impression of a troth vow'd your's
Retain a constant memory. [*Kneels*.

Pal. Stand up!
'Tis not the figure, stamp'd upon thy cheeks,
The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
Can draw from me a secret, that hath been
The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

Ero. I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
That the bright sun of your life-quick'ning presence
Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once
Apparel'd in fresh looks.

Pal. Cunning impostor!
Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade:
If any neighb'ring greatness hath seduc'd
A free-born resolution, to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting
My weary days off; wherefore, (cruel mercy!)
Hast thou assum'd a shape, that would make treason
A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

Ero. The incense of my love-desires are flam'd
Upon an altar of more constant proof.
Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world,
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My father's sadness, and my death alive,
If all remembrance of my faith hath found
A burial, without pity, in your scorn.

Pal. My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon unweave

The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off;
Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex,
And so I may be gentle: as thou art,
There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,
In thy demeanours. Turn! turn from me, pr'ythee:
For my belief is arm'd else. Yet, fair subtilty,
Before we part (for part we must), be true;
Tell me thy country.

Ero. Cyprus.

Pal. Ha! thy father?

Ero. Meleander.

Pal. Hast a name?

Ero. A name of misery;
Th' unfortunate Eroclea.

Pal. There is danger
In this seducing counterfeit. Great goodness!
Hath honesty and virtue left the time?
Are we become so impious, that, to tread
The path of impudence, is law and justice?
Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,
Give me thy name!

Ero. Whilst I was lost to memory,
Parthenophill did shrowd my shame in change
Of sundry rare misfortunes: but, since now
I am, before I die, return'd to claim
A convoy to my grave, I must not blush
To let prince Palador, if I offend,
Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea.
I am that woful maid.

Pal. Join not too fast
Thy penance with the story of thy suff'rings:—

So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth;
So martyrdom and holiness are twins,
As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue;
But, let me by degrees collect my senses;
I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air
Hast thou perfum'd, since tyranny first ravished
The contract of our hearts.

Ero. Dear sir, in Athens
Have I been buried.

Pal. Buried? Right, as I
In Cyprus.—Come! to trial, if thou beest
Eroclea; in my bosom I can find thee.

Ero. As I, prince Palador, in mine: this gift
[*She shows him a tablet.*
His bounty bless'd me with, the only physic
My solitary cares have hourly took
To keep me from despair.

Pal. We are but fools
To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle
With that eternal mercy which protects us.
Come home, home to my heart, thou banish'd peace!
My ecstasy of joys would speak in passion,
But that I would not lose that part of man,
Which is reserv'd to entertain content.
Eroclea, I am thine: O, let me seize thee
As my inheritance. Hymen shall now
Set all his torches burning, to give light
Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

BORN 15—. DIED 16—.

Of Wm. Rowley nothing more is known than that he was a player by profession, and for several years at the head of the Prince's company of comedians. Though his name is found in one instance affixed to a piece conjointly with Shakspeare's, he is generally classed only in the third rank of our dramatists. His Muse is evidently a plebeian nymph, and had not been educated in the school of the Graces. His most tolerable production is the "New Wonder, or a Woman never vext." Its drafts of citizen life and manners have an air of reality and honest truth—the situations and characters are forcible, and the sentiments earnest and unaffected. The author seems to move in the sphere of life which he imitates, with no false fears about its dignity, and is not ashamed to exhibit his broken merchant hanging out the bag for charity among the debtors of a prison-house.

SCENE FROM THE COMEDY OF A NEW WONDER, OR A WOMAN NEVER VEXT.

Persons.—*The Widow and Doctor.*

Doct. You sent for me, gentlewoman?
Wid. Sir, I did; and to this end:

I have some scruples in my conscience;
Some doubtful problems which I cannot answer
Nor reconcile; I'd have you make them plain.
Doct. This is my duty: pray speak your mind.
Wid. And as I speak, I must remember heaven,
That gave those blessings which I must relate:
Sir, you now behold a wond'rous woman;
You only wonder at the epithet;
I can approve it good: guess at mine age.
Doct. At the half way 'twixt thirty and forty.
Wid. 'Twas not much amiss; yet nearest to the last.
How think you then, is not this a wonder?
That a woman lives full seven-and-thirty years
Maid to a wife, and wife unto a widow,
Now widow'd, and mine own, yet all this while
From the extremest verge of my remembrance,
Even from my weaning hour unto this minute,
Did never taste what was calamity?
I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
An hundred ways for its acquaintance: with me
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That even those things that I have meant a cross,
Have that way turn'd a blessing. Is it not strange?
Doct. Unparallel'd; this gift is singular,
And to you alone belonging: you are the moon,
For there's but one, all women else are stars,
For there are none of like condition.
Full oft, and many, have I heard complain
Of discontents, thwarts, and adversities,

But a second to yourself I never knew:
To groan under the superflux of blessings,
To have ever been alien unto sorrow.
No trip of fate? Sure it is wonderful.
Wid. Ay, sir, 'tis wonderful: but is it well?
For it is now my chief affliction.
I have heard you say, that the child of heaven
Shall suffer many tribulations;
Nay, kings and princes share them with their subjects:
Then I that know not any chastisement,
How may I know my part of childhood?
Doct. 'Tis a good doubt; but make it not extreme.
'Tis some affliction, that you are afflicted
For want of affliction; cherish that:
Yet wrest it not to misconstruction;
For all your blessings are free gifts from heaven;
Health, wealth, and peace; nor can they turn to curses,
But by abuse. Pray let me question you:
You lost a husband, was it no grief to you?
Wid. It was; but very small: no sooner I
Had given it entertainment as a sorrow,
But straight it turn'd unto my treble joy:
A comfortable revelation prompts me then,
That husband (whom in life I held so dear)
Had chang'd a frailty to unchanging joys;
Methought I saw him stellified in heaven,
And singing hallelujahs 'mongst a quire

Of white-sainted souls: then again it spake,
And said; it was a sin for me to grieve
At his best good, that I esteemed best:
And thus this slender shadow of a grief
Vanish'd again.

Doct. All this was happy; nor can you wrest it from
A heavenly blessing: do not appoint the rod;
Leave still the stroke unto the magistrate:
The time is not past, but you may feel enough.

Wid. One taste more I had, although but little,
Yet I would aggravate to make the most on't;
Thus 'twas: the other day it was my hap,
In crossing of the Thames,
To drop that wedlock ring from off my finger,
That once conjoin'd me and my dead husband;
It sunk; I priz'd it dear; the dearer, 'cause it kept
Still in mine eye the memory of my loss;
Yet I griev'd the loss; and did joy withal,
That I had found a grief: and this is all
The sorrow I can boast of.

Doct. This is but small.

Wid. Nay, sure I am of this opinion,
That had I suffer'd a draught to be made for it,
The bottom would have sent it up again,
I am so wondrously fortunate.

Doct. You would not suffer it?

STEPHEN, A RECLAIMED GAMESTER, NEWLY MARRIED TO THE OVER-FORTUNATE WIDOW.

Persons.—*Stephen, Robert his nephew, and Widow.*

Enter STEPHEN *with bills and bonds.*

Wife. How now, sweetheart? what hast thou there?
Steph. I find much debts belonging to you, sweet;
And my care must be now to fetch them in.
Wife. Ha! ha! prithee do not mistake thyself,
Nor my true purpose; I did not wed to thrall,
Or bind thy large expense, but rather to add
A plenty to that liberty; I thought by this,
Thou wouldst have stuff'd thy pockets full of gold,
And thrown it at a hazard; made ducks and drakes,
And baited fishes with thy silver flies;
Lost, and fetch'd more: why, this had been my joy!
Perhaps at length thou wouldst have wast'd my store;
Why, this had been a blessing too good for me.
Steph. Content thee, sweet, those days are gone,
Ay, even from my memory;
I have forgot that e'er I had such follies,
And I'll not call 'em back: my cares are bent
To keep your state, and give you all content.
Roger, go, call your fellow-servants up to me,
And to my chamber bring all books of debt;
I will o'erlook, and cast up all accounts,

That I may know the weight of all my cares,
And once a year give up my stewardship.

Enter ROBERT.

Steph. Oh, nephew, are you come! the welcom'st wish
That my heart has; this is my kinsman, sweet.
Wife. Let him be largely texted in your love,
That all the city may read it fairly:
You cannot remember me, and him forget;
We were alike to you in poverty.
Steph. I should have begg'd that bounty of your love,
Though you had scanted me to have given't him;
For we are one, I an uncle nephew,
He a nephew uncle. But, my sweet self,
My slow request you have anticipated
With proffer'd kindness; and I thank you for it.
But how, kind cousin, does your father use you?
Is your name found again within his books?
Can he read son there?
Rob. 'Tis now blotted quite:
For by the violent instigation
Of my cruel stepmother, his vows and oaths
Are stamp'd against me, ne'er to acknowledge me,
Never to call, or bless me as a child;
But in his brow, his bounty and behaviour
I read it all most plainly.

Steph. Cousin, grieve not at it; that father lost at home,
You shall find here; and with the loss of his inheritance,
You meet another amply proffer'd you;
Be my adopted son, no more my kinsman:
(*To his Wife.*) So that this borrowed bounty do not stray
From your consent.
Wife. Call it not borrowed, sir; 'tis all your own;
Here 'fore this reverend man I make it known,
Thou art our child as free by adoption,
As deriv'd from us by conception,
Birth, and propinquity; inheritor
To our full substance.
Rob. You were born to bless us both;
My knee shall practise a son's duty
Even beneath a son's; giving you all
The comely dues of parents; yet not
Forgetting my duty to my father:
Where'er I meet him he shall have my knee,
Although his blessing ne'er return to me.
Steph. Come then, my dearest son, I'll now give thee
A taste of my love to thee: be thou my deputy,
The factor and disposer of my business;
Keep my accounts, and order my affairs;
They must be all your own: for you, dear sweet,
Be merry, take your pleasure at home, abroad;
Visit your neighbours; aught that may seem good

To your own will; down to the country ride;
For cares and troubles lay them all aside,
And I will take them up; it's fit that weight
Should now lie all on me: take thou the height
Of quiet and content, let nothing grieve thee;
I brought thee nothing else, and that I'll give thee.
[*Exit* STEPHEN *and* ROBERT.

Wife. Will the tide never turn? was ever woman
Thus burden'd with unhappy happiness?
Did I from riot take him, to waste my goods,
And he strives to augment it? I did mistake him.

Doct. Spoil not a good text with a false comment;
All these are blessings, and from heaven sent;
It is your husband's good, he's now transform'd
To a better shade, the prodigal's return'd.
Come, come, know joy, make not abundance scant;
You 'plain of that which thousand women want.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

BORN 1584.—DIED 1640.

THE father of this dramatic poet was attached to the family of Henry, the second Earl of Pembroke, and died in the service of that honourable house. The name of a servant carried with it no sense of degradation in those times, when the great lords and officers of the court numbered inferior nobles among their followers. On one occasion the poet's father was the bearer of letters from the Earl of Pembroke

to Queen Elizabeth, a circumstance which has been justly observed to indicate that he could be no mean person, considering the punctilious respect which Elizabeth exacted from her courtiers.

Massinger was born at Salisbury, or probably at Wilton, in its neighbourhood, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, in whose family he also appears to have been educated. That nobleman died in the poet's sixteenth year, who thus unfortunately lost whatever chance he ever had of his protecting kindness. His father continued indeed in the service of the succeeding earl[1], who was an accomplished man, a votary of the muses, and one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Elizabeth and James; but he withheld his patronage from a man of genius, who had claims to it, and would have done it honour, for reasons that have not been distinctly explained in the scanty and sorrowful history of the poet. Mr. Gifford, dissatisfied with former reasons alleged for this neglect, and convinced from the perusal of his writings that Massinger was a catholic, conjectures that it may be attributed to his having offended the earl by having apostatised while at the university to that obnoxious faith. He was entered as a commoner of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in his eighteenth year, where he continued only four years. Wood and Davies conclude that he missed a degree, and was suddenly withdrawn from the university, in con-

[1] William, the third Earl of Pembroke.

sequence of Pembroke's disapprobation of his attachment to poetry and romances, instead of logic and philosophy. Mr. Gifford prefers the authority of Langbaine, that he was not supported at all at Oxford by the Earl of Pembroke, but by his own father, and concludes that he was withdrawn from it solely by the calamitous event of his death. Whatever was the cause, he left the university abruptly, and coming to London, without friends, or fortune, or profession, was, as he informs us himself, driven by his necessities to the stage for support.

From the period of his arrival in London in 1606 till the year 1622, when his Virgin Martyr appeared in print, it is sufficiently singular that we should have no notice of Massinger, except in one melancholy relic that was discovered by Mr. Malone in Dulwich college, namely, a letter subscribed by him and two other dramatic poets[1], in which they solicit the advance of five pounds from a theatrical manager, to save them from the horrors of a gaol. The distressful document accidentally discovers the fact of Massinger having assisted Fletcher in one of his dramas, and thus entitles Sir Aston Cokayne's assertion to belief, that he assisted him in more than one. Though Massinger therefore did not appear in print during the long period already mentioned, his time may be supposed to have been partly employed in those confederate undertakings which were so com-

[1] Nathan Field and Robert Daborne.

mon during the early vigour of our stage; and there is the strongest presumptive evidence that he was also engaged in plays of his own composition, which have been lost to the world among those literary treasures that perished by the neglect of Warburton, the Somerset herald, and the unconscious sacrilege of his cook. Of Massinger's fame for rapidity in composition Langbaine has preserved a testimony in the lines of a contemporary poet: after the date of his first printed performance those of his subsequent works come in thick succession, and there can be little doubt that the period preceding it was equally prolific.

Of his private life literally nothing can be said to be known, except that his dedications bespeak incessant distress and dependance, while the recommendatory poems prefixed to his plays address him with attributes of virtue, which are seldom lavished with flattery or falsehood on those who are poor. In one of his dedications he acknowledges the bounty of Philip, Earl of Montgomery, the brother to that Earl of Pembroke who so unaccountably neglected him; but warm as Massinger's acknowledgements are, the assistance appears to have been but transitory. On the 17th of March, 1640, having gone to bed in apparent health the preceding night, he was found dead in the morning, in his own house, in the Bank-side. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Saviour's, and his fellow comedians attended him to the grave; but it does not appear from the strict-

est search that a stone or inscription of any kind marked the place where his dust was deposited; even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble circumstances of his life—"March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger;" and of all his admirers only Sir Aston Cokayne dedicated a line to his memory. Even posterity did him long injustice: Rowe, who had discovered his merits in the depth of their neglect, forbore to be his editor, in the hopes of concealing his plagiarism from the Fatal Dowry[1]; and he seemed on the eve of oblivion, when Dodsley's reprint of our old plays brought him faintly into that light of reputation, which has been made perfectly distinct by Mr. Gifford's edition of his works.

FROM THE DUKE OF MILAN, A TRAGEDY.

Sforza, Duke of Milan, in his passionate attachment to his wife Marcelia, cannot endure the idea of her surviving him, and being called out to war, leaves an order to his favourite Francisco, that in the event of his falling in the contest he should put the duchess to death. Marcelia's discovery of this frantic order brings on the jealousy and deaths that form the catastrophe of the piece.

MARCELIA TEMPTED BY FRANCISCO.

Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you are
To be served and honour'd; which, when they confess,

[1] In the Fair Penitent.

You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will shew nobly.
Marc. With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.
Fran. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair acceptance;
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks,
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men;
So, any service done to so much sweetness,
However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction, in your favour finds
A wish'd, and glorious end.
Marc. From you, I take this
As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.
Fran. Flattery, madam!
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you; who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?
Marc. Whither will this fellow?
Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope, and though it be not in
The power of man to merit such a blessing,

My piety, for it is more than love,
May find reward.
Marc. You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take
A full possession of it: but, take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.
Fran. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.
Marc. As a subject;
And 'twill become you.
Fran. Farewell circumstance!
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and usual form of speech;
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a man, and, as a man,
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful: favours of this nature,
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest;
And, therefore, lady——
Marc. Keep off. O you Powers!——
Libidinous beast! and, add to that, unthankful!
A crime, which creatures wanting reason, fly from
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days absence buried? Hath he made thee,

A thing obscure, almost without a name,
The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,
Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as
A friend, and not a servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours!

Fran. Hear my excuse.

Marc. The devil may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one.
Burns lust so hot in thee? or is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that, but a princess,
No woman can content thee; and, add to it,
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour;
And, what's the worst mine enemies could wish me,
I'll be thy strumpet.

Fran. 'Tis acknowledged, madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,
[illegible] your heavenly mind, clear and untainted;
[illegible] while the duke did prize you to your value,
[illegible]ld it have been in man to pay that duty,
[illegible]ell might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,

And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.
Marc. Unheard-of impudence!
Fran. You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,
That have received some worldly trifles from him,
For being ungrateful; when he, that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet embraces,
In which all blessings that our frail condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver
Of his felicity! and, as he reach'd not
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate!—You think he loves you
With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the dead;—and I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your preserver.
Marc. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,
False and accurs'd! Thy soul, if thou hast any,

Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
That the earth moves; the sun and stars stand still;
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs: or that
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young;
Or any thing that is averse to nature:
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

Fran. O innocence abused! simplicity cozen'd!*
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.
Read his affection here;—[*Gives her a paper.*]—and then observe
How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolv'd of it. I'll try
What the inscription is.

Fran. Pray you, do so.

[illegible]*rc.* (*reads.*) *You know my pleasure, and the*
Of [illegible] *Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute,*
A[illegible] *will answer the contrary, not with your head*
T[illegible] *but with the ruin of your whole family. And*
[illegible] *written with mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet, shall be your sufficient warrant.*

Lodovico Sforza.

I do obey it; every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. [*She swoons.*
Fran. What have I done!
Madam! for heaven's sake, madam!—O my fate!
I'll bend her body: this is, yet, some pleasure:
I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady!—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—
Marc. Sforza's! stand off; though dead, I will be his,
And even my ashes shall abhor the touch
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel!
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another;
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,
False to Marcelia!
Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance you had, being his,
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,
And look with cheerful beams on your new creature;
And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand; my wife, that is his heir,
Shall quickly follow:—then we reign alone!
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of b
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of m
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women!

Marc. Thou art a villain!
All attributes of archvillains made into one,
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him:
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't, and tremble.

Marc. No, though thou wert now
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be
My executioner, and art only fit
For such employment; but ne'er hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of men: so, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee;
And, making haste to make my peace with heaven,
Expect thee as my hangman.

Of wi

PARTING SCENE OF LEOSTHENES, A YOUNG NOBLEMAN OF SYRACUSE, AND CLEORA, DAUGHTER TO THE PRÆTOR OF THE CITY.

FROM THE BONDMAN.

Leost. We are alone;
But how I should begin, or in what language
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,
I am yet to learn.
Cleo. And still continue ignorant;
For I must be most cruel to myself,
If I should teach you.
Leost. Yet it must be spoken,
Or you will chide my slackness. You have fired me
With the heat of noble action to deserve you;
And the least spark of honour that took life
From your sweet breath, still fann'd by it and cherish'd,
Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I
Am much unworthy.
Cleo. May it yet burn here,
And, as a seamark, serve to guide true lovers,
Toss'd on the ocean of luxurious wishes,
Safe from the rocks of lust, into the harbour
Of pure affection! rising up an example
Which aftertimes shall witness to our glory,
First took from us beginning.
Leost. 'Tis a happiness
My duty to my country, and mine honour

Cannot consent to; besides, add to these,
It was your pleasure, fortified by persuasion,
And strength of reason, for the general good,
That I should go.
Cleo. Alas! I then was witty
To plead against myself; and mine eye, fix'd
Upon the hill of honour, ne'er descended
To look into the vale of certain dangers,
Through which you were to cut your passage to it.
Leost. I'll stay at home, then.
Cleo. No, that must not be;
For so, to serve my own ends, and to gain
A petty wreath myself, I rob you of
A certain triumph, which must fall upon you,
Or Virtue's turn'd a handmaid to blind Fortune.
How is my soul divided! to confirm you
In the opinion of the world, most worthy
To be beloved, (with me you're at the height,
And can advance no further,) I must send you
To court the goddess of stern war, who, if
She see you with my eyes, will ne'er return you,
But grow enamour'd of you.
Leost. Sweet, take comfort!
[illegible]what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,
[illegible]n wretched: All the dangers that
[illegible]encounter in the war, are trifles;
[illegible]nemies abroad to be contemn'd;
[illegible] dreadful foes, that have the power to hurt me,
I leave at home with you.
Cleo. With me?

Leost. Nay, in you,
In every part about you, they are arm'd
To fight against me.

Cleo. Where?

Leost. There's no perfection
That you are mistress of, but musters up
A legion against me, and all sworn
To my destruction.

Cleo. This is strange!

Leost. But true, sweet;
Excess of love can work such miracles!
Upon this ivory forehead are intrench'd
Ten thousand rivals, and these suns command
Supplies from all the world, on pain to forfeit
Their comfortable beams; these ruby lips,
A rich exchequer to assure their pay;
This hand, Sibylla's golden bough to guard them
Through hell, and horror, to the Elysian springs;
Which who'll not venture for? and, should I name
Such as the virtues of your mind invite,
Their numbers would be infinite.

Cleo. Can you think
I may be tempted?

Leost. You were never proved.
For me, I have conversed with you no further
Than would become a brother. I ne'er tuned
Loose notes to your chaste ears; or brought presents
For my artillery, to batter down
The fortress of your honour; nor endeavour'd

To make your blood run high at solemn feasts
With viands that provoke; the speeding philtres:
I work'd no bawds to tempt you; never practised
The cunning and corrupting arts they study,
That wander in the wild maze of desire;
Honest simplicity and truth were all
The agents I employ'd; and when I came
To see you, it was with that reverence
As I beheld the altars of the gods:
And Love, that came along with me, was taught
To leave his arrows and his torch behind,
Quench'd in my fear to give offence.
Cleo. And 'twas
That modesty that took me and preserves me,
Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness;
Which, sullied with the touch of impure hands,
Loses both scent and beauty.
Leost. But, Cleora,
When I am absent, as I must go from you,
(Such is the cruelty of my fate,) and leave you,
Unguarded, to the violent assaults
Of loose temptations; when the memory
Of my so many years of love and service
[illegible] in other objects; when you are courted
[illegible]ch as keep a catalogue of their conquests,
A[illegible] upon credulous virgins; when nor father
T[illegible]ere to owe you, brother to advise you,
Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off,
By lust instructed how to undermine,
And blow your chastity up; when your weak senses,

At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,
And play the traitors to your soul, your virtue;
How can you stand? 'Faith, though you fall, and I
The judge, before whom you then stood accused,
I should acquit you.

Cleo. Will you then confirm
That love and jealousy, though of different natures,
Must of necessity be twins; the younger
Created only to defeat the elder,
And spoil him of his birthright? 'tis not well.
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;
Nor with one syllable or tear, express
How deeply I am wounded with the arrows
Of your distrust: but when that you shall hear,
At your return, how I have borne myself,
And what an austere penance I take on me,
To satisfy your doubts; when, like a vestal,
I shew you, to your shame, the fire still burning,
Committed to my charge by true affection,
The people joining with you in the wonder;
When, by the glorious splendour of my sufferings,
The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind,
The monster too that feeds on fears, e'en starved
For want of seeming matter to accuse me;
Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof
From my just anger.

Leost. What will you do?

Cleo. Obey me,
Or from this minute you are a stranger to me;
And do't without reply. All-seeing sun,

Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close
Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,
'Till the return of this distrustful man!
Now bind them sure;—nay, do't: [*He binds her eyes.*] If, uncompell'd,
I loose this knot, until the hands that made it
Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues
Fall heavy on me! pray you guide me to your lips.
This kiss, when you come back, shall be a virgin
To bid you welcome; nay, I have not done yet:
I will continue dumb, and, you once gone,
No accent shall come from me. Now to my chamber,
My tomb, if you miscarry: there I'll spend
My hours in silent mourning, and thus much
Shall be reported of me to my glory,
And you confess it, whether I live or die,
My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy.

PISANDER DECLARING HIS PASSION FOR CLEORA, IN THE INSURRECTION OF THE SLAVES OF SYRACUSE.

FROM THE SAME.

Enter PISANDER, *speaking, at the door, to the Insurgents.*

Pisander. HE that advances
A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword:
You have had your ways, disturb not mine.
Timandra. Speak gently,
Her fears may kill her else.

Pisan. Now Love inspire me!
Still shall this canopy of envious night
Obscure my suns of comfort? and those dainties
Of purest white and red, which I take in at
My greedy eyes, denied my famish'd senses?—
The organs of your hearing yet are open;
And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe
To give them warrant to convey unto
Your understanding parts, the story of
A tortured and despairing lover, whom
Not fortune but affection marks your slave:—
Shake not, best lady! for believe't, you are
As far from danger as I am from force:
All violence I shall offer, tends no further
Than to relate my sufferings, which I dare not
Presume to do, till, by some gracious sign,
You shew you are pleased to hear me.
Timand. If you are,
Hold forth your right hand.
[*Cleora holds forth her right hand.*
Pisan. So, 'tis done; and I
With my glad lips seal humbly on your foot,
My soul's thanks for the favour: I forbear
To tell you who I am, what wealth, what hono
I made exchange of, to become your servant.
And, though I knew worthy Leosthenes
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love
You have endured so much) to be my rival;
When rage and jealousy counsell'd me to kill him,
Which then I could have done with much more ease,

Than now, in fear to grieve you, I dare speak it,
Love, seconded with duty, boldly told me
The man I hated, fair Cleora favour'd:
And that was his protection. [*Cleora bows.*
Timand. See, she bows
Her head in sign of thankfulness.
Pisan. He removed by
The occasion of the war, (my fires increasing
By being closed and stopp'd up,) frantic affection
Prompted me to do something in his absence,
That might deliver you into my power,
Which you see is effected; and, even now,
When my rebellious passions chide my dulness,
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes,
Now it is in my power to bear you hence,
[*Cleora starts.*
Or take my wishes here, (nay, fear not, madam,
True love's a servant, brutish lust a tyrant,)
I dare not touch those viands that ne'er taste well,
But when they're freely offer'd: only thus much,
Be pleased I may speak in my own dear cause,
And think it worthy your consideration,
(I have loved truly, cannot say deserved,
Since duty must not take the name of merit,)
That I so far prize your content, before
All blessings that my hope can fashion to me,
That willingly I entertain despair,
And, for your sake, embrace it: for I know,
This opportunity lost, by no endeavour
The like can be recover'd. To conclude,

Forget not that I lose myself to save you:
For what can I expect but death and torture,
The war being ended? and, what is a task
Would trouble Hercules to undertake,
I do deny you to myself, to give you,
A pure unspotted present, to my rival.
I have said: If it distaste not, best of virgins,
Reward my temperance with some lawful favour,
Though you contemn my person.

[*Cleora kneels, then pulls off her glove, and offers her hand to Pisander.*

Timand. See, she kneels;
And seems to call upon the gods to pay
The debt she owes your virtue: to perform which,
As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you
Her fair right hand.

Pisan. I am paid for all my sufferings.
Now, when you please, pass to your private chamber;
My love and duty, faithful guards, shall keep you
From all disturbance; and when you are sated
With thinking of Leosthenes, as a fee
Due to my service, spare one sigh for me.

PISANDER HOLDING A PARLEY WITH THE CHIEF SYRACUSE, AT THE HEAD OF THE INSURGENT

FROM THE SAME.

Pisan. Briefly thus, then,
Since I must speak for all; your tyranny

Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times
When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters! when they number'd
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them! when their labours
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings; when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance! all things order'd
With such decorum as wise lawmakers,
From each well-govern'd private house derived
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided
For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded,
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;
Since pride stepp'd in and riot, and o'erturn'd
This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters
To glory in the abuse of such as are
Brought under their command; who, grown unuseful,

Are less esteem'd than beasts.—This you have practised,
Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us
To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress
Of these just grievances be not granted us,
We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend
What we are now possess'd of.

LEOSTHENES'S RETURN TO CLEORA.

FROM THE SAME.

Timandra (the attendant of Cleora). You are welcome, sir.

Leost. Thou giv'st it in a heavy tone.

Timand. Alas! sir,
We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,
Made loathsome too by our continued fears.
Comfort's a stranger to us.

Leost. Fears! your sufferings:—
For which I am so overgone with grief,
I dare not ask, without compassionate tears,
The villain's name that robb'd thee of thy honour
For being train'd up in chastity's cold school,
And taught by such a mistress as Cleora,
'Twere impious in me to think Timandra
Fell with her own consent.

Timand. How mean you, fell, sir?
I understand you not.

Leost. I would thou did'st not,

Or that I could not read upon thy face,
In blushing characters, the story of
Libidinous rape: confess it, for you stand not
Accountable for a sin, against whose strength
Your o'ermatch'd innocence could make no resistance;
Under which odds, I know, Cleora fell too,
Heaven's help in vain invoked; the amazed sun
Hiding his face behind a mask of clouds,
Not daring to look on it! In her sufferings
All sorrow's comprehended: what Timandra,
Or the city, has endured, her loss consider'd,
Deserves not to be named.
  Timand. Pray you, do not bring, sir,
In the chimeras of your jealous fears,
New monsters to affright us.
  Leost. O, Timandra,
That I had faith enough but to believe thee!
I should receive it with a joy beyond
Assurance of Elysian shades hereafter,
Or all the blessings, in this life, a mother
Could wish her children crown'd with;—but I must not
Credit impossibilities; yet I strive
To find out that whose knowledge is a curse,
And ignorance a blessing. Come, discover
What kind of look he had that forced thy lady,
(Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure,)
That when, hereafter, I behold a stranger
But near him in aspéct, I may conclude,

Though men and angels should proclaim him honest,
He is a hell-bred villain.

Timand. You are unworthy
To know she is preserved, preserved untainted:
Sorrow, but ill bestow'd, hath only made
A rape upon her comforts in your absence.
Come forth, dear madam. [*Leads in Cleora.*

Leost. Ha! [*Kneels.*

Timand. Nay, she deserves
The bending of your heart; that, to content you,
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a vestal,
Though the infringing it had call'd upon her
A living funeral, must of force have shrunk at.
No danger could compel her to dispense with
Her cruel penance, though hot lust came arm'd
To seize upon her; when one look or accent
Might have redeem'd her.

Leost. Might! O do not shew me
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.
The means by which she was freed? speak, O speak quickly;
Each minute of delay's an age of torment;
O speak, Timandra.

Timand. Free her from her oath;
Herself can best deliver it.

Leost. O blest office! [*Unbinds her.*
Never did galley-slave shake off his chains,
Or look'd on his redemption from the oar,
With such true feeling of delight, as now
I find myself possess'd of.—Now I behold

True light indeed; for, since these fairest stars,
Cover'd with clouds of your determinate will,
Denied their influence to my optic sense,
The splendour of the sun appear'd to me
But as some little glimpse of his bright beams
Convey'd into a dungeon, to remember
The dark inhabitants there, how much they wanted.
Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine ears
With music more harmonious than the spheres
Yield in their heavenly motions: and if ever
A true submission for a crime acknowledged,
May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue,
In the first sweet articulate sounds it utters,
To sign my wish'd-for pardon.

Cleo. I forgive you.

Leost. How greedily I receive this! Stay, best lady,
And let me by degrees ascend the height
Of human happiness! all at once deliver'd,
The torrent of my joys will overwhelm me:—
So now a little more; and pray excuse me,
If, like a wanton epicure, I desire
The pleasant taste these cates of comfort yield me,
[illegible] not too soon be swallow'd. Have you not,
[illegible]ur unspotted truth I do conjure you
[illegible]swer truly, suffer'd in your honour,
[illegible]orce, I mean, for in your will I free you,
Since I left Syracusa?

Cleo. I restore

This kiss, so help me goodness! which I borrow'd,
When I last saw you.
Leost. Miracle of virtue!
One pause more, I beseech you; I am like
A man whose vital spirits consumed and wasted
With a long and tedious fever, unto whom
Too much of a strong cordial, at once taken,
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot
Fix here; but must enquire the man to whom
I stand indebted for a benefit,
Which to requite at full, though in this hand
I grasp all sceptres the world's empire bows to,
Would leave me a poor bankrupt. Name him, lady.
If of a mean estate, I'll gladly part with
My utmost fortunes to him; but if noble,
In thankful duty study how to serve him;
Or if of higher rank, erect him altars,
And as a god adore him.
Cleo. If that goodness,
And noble temperance, the queen of virtues,
Bridling rebellious passions, to whose sway
Such as have conquer'd nations have lived slaves,
Did ever wing great minds to fly to heaven,
He, that preserved mine honour, may hope br' '
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake off
Our frail corruption.
Leost. Forward.
Cleo. Or if ever
The Powers above did mask in human shape
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts

Forgot as soon as told, but by examples,
To imitate their pureness, and draw near
To their celestial natures, I believe
He's more than man.

Leost. You do describe a wonder.

Cleo. Which will increase, when you shall under-
stand
He was a lover.

Leost. Not yours, lady?

Cleo. Yes;
Loved me, Leosthenes: nay more, so doated,
(If e'er affections scorning gross desires
May without wrong be styled so,) that he durst not
With an immodest syllable or look,
In fear it might take from me, whom he made
The object of his better part, discover
I was the saint he sued to.

Leost. A rare temper!

Cleo. I cannot speak it to the worth: all praise
I can bestow upon it will appear
Envious detraction. Not to rack you further,
Yet make the miracle full, though, of all men,
He hated you, Leosthenes, as his rival;
So high yet he prized my content, that, knowing
You were a man I favour'd, he disdain'd not,
Against himself, to serve you.

Leost. You conceal still
The owner of these excellencies.

Cleo. 'Tis Marullo,
My father's bondman.

Leost. Ha, ha, ha!
Cleo. Why do you laugh?
Leost. To hear the labouring mountain of your praise
Deliver'd of a mouse.
Cleo. The man deserves not
This scorn, I can assure you.
Leost. Do you call
What was his duty, merit?
Cleo. Yes, and place it
As high in my esteem, as all the honours
Descended from your ancestors, or the glory,
Which you may call your own, got in this action,
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly:
And I could add, as I desired, but that
I fear 'twould make you proud.
Leost. Why, lady, can you
Be won to give allowance, that your slave
Should dare to love you?
Cleo. The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars, that are raised
By pure devotions; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gums,
Offer'd in ostentation.—Are you sick
Of your old disease? I'll fit you. [*Asi*
Leost. You seem moved.
Cleo. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue.
Why, good Leosthenes, though I endured
A penance for your sake, above example:

I have not so far sold myself, I take it,
To be at your devotion, but I may
Cherish desert in others, where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of
That which is only yours in expectation,
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?

Leost. One kiss, and I am silenced.

Cleo. I vouchsafe it;
Yet, I must tell you 'tis a favour that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,
Durst not presume to ask: no; when the city
Bow'd humbly to licentious rapes and lust,
And when I was, of men and gods forsaken,
Deliver'd to his power, he did not press me
To grace him with one look or syllable,
Or urged the dispensation of an oath
Made for your satisfaction:—the poor wretch
Having related only his own sufferings,
And kiss'd my hand, which I could not deny him,
Defending me from others, never since
Solicited my favours.

Leost. Pray you, end;
The story does not please me.

Cleo. Well, take heed
Of doubts and fears;—for know, Leosthenes,
A greater injury cannot be offer'd
To innocent chastity, than unjust suspicion.
I love Marullo's fair mind, not his person;
Let that secure you. And I here command you,
If I have any power in you, to stand

Between him and all punishment, and oppose
His temperance to his folly; if you fail——
No more; I will not threaten.

FROM THE BONDMAN.

ACT V. SCENE III.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, CLEORA, *and* Officers.

Timol. 'Tis wonderous strange! nor can it fall within
The reach of my belief, a slave should be
The owner of a temperance which this age
Can hardly parallel in freeborn lords,
Or kings proud of their purple.
Archid. 'Tis most true;
And, though at first it did appear a fable,
All circumstances meet to give it credit;
Which works so on me, that I am compell'd
To be a suitor, not to be denied,
He may have equal hearing.
Cleo. Sir, you graced me
With the title of your mistress; but my fortune
Is so far distant from command, that I
Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly
For the preserver of my fame and honour.
And pray you, sir, in charity believe,
That, since I had ability of speech,
My tongue has been so much inured to truth,
I know not how to lie.
Timol. I'll rather doubt

The oracles of the gods, than question what
Your innocence delivers; and, as far
As justice and mine honour can give way,
He shall have favour. Bring him in unbound:
[*Exeunt Officers.*
And though Leosthenes may challenge from me,
For his late worthy service, credit to
All things he can allege in his own cause,
Marullo, so, I think, you call his name,
Shall find I do reserve one ear for him,

Enter CLEON, ASOTUS, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, *and* CORISCA.

To let in mercy. Sit, and take your places;
The right of this fair virgin first determined,
Your bondmen shall be censured.
Cleon. With all rigour,
We do expect.
Coris. Temper'd, I say, with mercy.

Enter at one door, LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS; *at the other,* Officers *with* PISANDER *and* TIMANDRA.

Timol. Your hand, Leosthenes: I cannot doubt,
You, that have been victorious in the war,
Should, in a combat fought with words, come off
But with assured triumph.
Leost. My deserts, sir,
If, without arrogance, I may style them such,
Arm me from doubt and fear.
Timol 'Tis nobly spoken.

Nor be thou daunted (howsoe'er thy fortune
Has mark'd thee out a slave) to speak thy merits:
For virtue, though in rags, may challenge more
Than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness.

Pisan. I had rather fall under so just a judge,
Than be acquitted by a man corrupt
And partial in his censure.

Archid. Note his language;
It relishes of better breeding than
His present state dares promise.

Timol. I observe it.
Place the fair lady in the midst, that both,
Looking with covetous eyes upon the prize
They are to plead for, may, from the fair object,
Teach Hermes eloquence.

Leost. Am I fallen so low?
My birth, my honour, and, what's dearest to me,
My love, and witness of my love, my service,
So undervalued, that I must contend
With one, where my excess of glory must
Make his o'erthrow a conquest? Shall my fulness
Supply defects in such a thing, that never
Knew any thing but want and emptiness,
Give him a name, and keep it such, from this
Unequal competition? If my pride,
Or any bold assurance of my worth,
Has pluck'd this mountain of disgrace upon me,
I am justly punish'd, and submit; but if
I have been modest, and esteem'd myself
More injured in the tribute of the praise,

Which no desert of mine, prized by self-love,
Ever exacted, may this cause and minute
For ever be forgotten. I dwell long
Upon mine anger, and now turn to you,
Ungrateful fair one; and, since you are such,
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,
And what I have deserved.
Cleo. Neglect and scorn
From me, for this proud vaunt.
Leost. You nourish, lady,
Your own dishonour in this harsh reply,
And almost prove what some hold of your sex;
You are all made up of passion: for if reason,
Or judgment could find entertainment with you,
Or that you would distinguish of the objects
You look on, in a true glass, not seduced
By the false light of your too violent will,
I should not need to plead for that which you
With joy should offer. Is my high birth a blemish
Or does my wealth, which all the vain expense
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you,
The honours I can call mine own thoughts, scandal-
Am I deform'd, or, for my father's sins,
Mulcted by nature? If you interpret these
As crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself
Most miserably guilty. But, perhaps,
(Which yet I would not credit,) you have seen
This gallant pitch the bar, or bear a burthen
Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bondman;
Or any other boisterous exercise,

Assuring a strong back to satisfy
Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave.
Cleo. You are foul-mouth'd.
Archid. Ill-manner'd too.
Leost. I speak
In the way of supposition, and entreat you,
With all the fervour of a constant lover,
That you would free yourself from these aspersions,
Or any imputation black-tongued slander
Could throw on your unspotted virgin whiteness:
To which there is no easier way, than by
Vouchsafing him your favour; him, to whom
Next to the general, and the gods and fautors,
The country owes her safety.
Timag. Are you stupid?
'Slight, leap into his arms, and there ask pardon—
Oh! you expect your slave's reply; no doubt
We shall have a fine oration: I will teach
My spaniel to howl in sweeter language,
And keep a better method.
Archid. You forget
The dignity of the place.
Diph. Silence!
Timol. [*To Pisander.*] Speak boldly.
Pisan. 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue,
I should be dumb else; and I am secure,
I cannot clothe my thoughts, and just defence,
In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appear
Equal, if not above my low condition.
I need no bombast language, stolen from such

As make nobility from prodigious terms
The hearers understand not; I bring with me
No wealth to boast of, neither can I number
Uncertain fortune's favours with my merits;
I dare not force affection, or presume
To censure her discretion, that looks on me
As a weak man, and not her fancy's idol.
How I have loved, and how much I have suffer'd,
And with what pleasure undergone the burthen
Of my ambitious hopes, (in aiming at
The glad possession of a happiness,
The abstract of all goodness in mankind
Can at no part deserve,) with my confession
Of mine own wants, is all that can plead for me.
But if that pure desires, not blended with
Foul thoughts, that, like a river, keeps his course,
Retaining still the clearness of the spring
From whence it took beginning, may be thought
Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise up,
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never
Durst doubt her constancy, that, like a rock,
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury
Of the proud waves; nor, from my jealous fears,
Question that goodness to which, as an altar
Of all perfection, he that truly loved
Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,
Than raze it with the engines of suspicion:
Of which, when he can wash an Æthiop white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himself;
But, till then, never.

Timag. Bold, presumptuous villain!
Pisan. I will go further, and make good upon him,
I' the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,
He's more unworthy than myself.
Leost. Thou liest.
Timag. Confute him with a whip, and, the doubt decided,
Punish him with a halter.
Pisan. O the gods!
My ribs, though made of brass, cannot contain
My heart, swollen big with rage. The lie!—a whip!—
Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which
I long have march'd disguised! [*Throws off his disguise.*] that, when they know
Whom they have injured, they may faint with horror
Of my revenge, which, wretched men, expect,
As sure as fate, to suffer.
Leost. Ha! Pisander!
Timag. 'Tis the bold Theban!
Asot. There's no hope for me then:
I thought I should have put in for a share,
And born Cleora from them both; but now
This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not
So much as look on her.
Pisan. Now as myself,
Thy equal at thy best, Leosthenes.
For you, Timagoras, praise heaven you were born

Cleora's brother, 'tis your safest armour.
But I lose time.—The base lie cast upon me,
I thus return: Thou art a perjured man,
False, and perfidious, and hast made a tender
Of love and service to this lady, when
Thy soul, if thou hast any, can bear witness,
That thou were not thine own: for proof of this,
Look better on this virgin, and consider,
This Persian shape laid by, and she appearing
In a Greekish dress, such as when first you saw her.
If she resemble not Pisander's sister,
One call'd Statilia?

Leost. 'Tis the same! my guilt
So chokes my spirits, I cannot deny
My falsehood, nor excuse it.

Pisan. This is she,
To whom thou wert contracted: this the lady,
That, when thou wert my prisoner, fairly taken
In the Spartan war, that begg'd thy liberty,
And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!

Statil. No more, sir, I entreat you: I perceive
True sorrow in his looks, and a consent
To make me reparation in mine honour;
And then I am most happy.

Pisan. The wrong done her
Drew me from Thebes, with a full intent to kill thee:
But this fair object met me in my fury,
And quite disarm'd me. Being denied to have her,

By you, my lord Archidamus, and not able
To live far from her; love, the mistress of
All quaint devices, prompted me to treat
With a friend of mine, who, as a pirate, sold me
For a slave to you, my lord, and gave my sister
As a present to Cleora.

Timol. Strange meanders!

Pisan. There how I bare myself, needs no relation;
But, if so far descending from the height
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest
Condition of a man, to have means only
To feed my eye with the sight of what I honoured;
The dangers too I underwent, the sufferings:
The clearness of my interest, may deserve
A noble recompense in your lawful favour;
Now 'tis apparent that Leosthenes
Can claim no interest in you, you may please
To think upon my service.

Cleo. Sir, my want
Of power to satisfy so great a debt,
Makes me accuse my fortune; but if that,
Out of the bounty of your mind, you think
A free surrender of myself full payment,
I gladly tender it.

FROM THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.

GIOVANNI, NEPHEW TO THE DUKE OF FLORENCE, TAKING LEAVE OF LIDIA, THE DAUGHTER OF HIS TUTOR CHAROMONTE.

Persons.— *Charomonte; Contarino, the duke's secretary; Giovanni, and Lidia.*

Char. This acknowledgment

Enter Lidia.

Binds me your debtor ever.—Here comes one
In whose sad looks you easily may read
What her heart suffers, in that she is forced
To take her last leave of you.
Cont. As I live,
A beauty without parallel!
Lid. Must you go, then,
So suddenly?
Giov. There's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean! had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd
Or to be groveling on the earth, or raised

So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.
Lid. Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.
Giov. O, Lidia.
Cont. So passionate!
Giov. For, had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others; I might still,
And without observation, or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society: we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship, and wonders:
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a choir
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of time:—
And all this I must part from.
Cont. You forget
The haste upon us.
Giov. One word more,

And then I come. And after this, when, with
Continued innocence of love and service,
I had grown ripe for hymeneal joys,
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.
Lid. Sir, I was,
And ever am, your servant ; but it was,
And 'tis, far from me in a thought to cherish
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserved me : as I am,
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
A princess equal to you ; such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid !
Giov. I am dumb,
And can make no reply.
Cont. Your excellence
Will be benighted.
Giov. This kiss, bathed in tears
May learn you what I should say

FROM THE FATAL DOWRY[1].

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter PONTALIER, MALOTIN, *and* BEAUMONT

Mal. 'TIS strange.
Beau. Methinks so.
Pont. In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theorick and practick
In all humanity, and, to increase the wonder,
Religious, yet a soldier; that he should
Yield his free-living youth a captive for
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,
And rather choose to want life's necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.
Mal. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,
To let strong nature have the better hand,
In such a case, of all affected reason.
What years sit on this Charalois?
Beau. Twenty-eight:
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appear'd his father's father,
And never less than's son; the old man's virtues
So recent in him, as the world may swear,
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.

[1] Mr. Gifford, in his edition of Massinger, has few doubts that it was written by Field.

Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law,
And men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his soft disposition,
That he had rather die alive for debt
Of the old man, in prison, than they should
Rob him of sepulture: considering
These monies borrow'd bought the lenders peace,
And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused
In any impious or licentious path?

Beau. True! for my part, were it my father's trunk,
The tyrannous ram-heads with their horns should gore it,
Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,
Ere prey on me so with their lion-law,
Being in my free will, as in his, to shun it.

Pont. Alas! he knows himself in poverty lost
For in this partial avaricious age
What price bears honour? virtue? long ago
It was but praised, and freezed; but now-a-days
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise:
The very praise now freezeth too; for nature
Did make the heathen far more Christian then,
Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian

Mal. This morning is the funeral?

Pont. Certainly,
And from this prison,—'twas the son's request,
That his dear father might interment have,
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!

Beau. They come:—observe their order.

Solemn Music. Enter the Funeral Procession. The Coffin borne by four, preceded by a Priest. *Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, and Soldiers; Mourners, Scutcheons, &c. and very good order.* ROMONT *and* CHARALOIS, *followed by the* Gaolers *and Officers, with* Creditors, *meet it.*

Charal. How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
Tears, sighs, and blacks filling the simile;
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe [*To the Bearers.*
To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death!
Here stands thy poor exécutor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death;
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories; for they
Remember best forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love: [*To the Soldiers.*
And though this country, like a viperous mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself.

Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath;
Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.

Pont. Sir.

Charal. Peace! O, peace! this scene is wholly mine.
What! weep ye, soldiers? blanch not.—Romont weeps.——
Ha! let me see! my miracle is eased,
The gaolers and the creditors do weep;
Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves.
Be these thy body's balm! these and thy virtue
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive stinks in his vices, and, being vanish'd,
The golden calf, that was an idol deck'd
With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry,
Shall quickly, both in bone and name, consume,
Though wrapt in lead, spice, searcloth, and perfume!

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

Priest. On.

Charal. One moment more,
But to bestow a few poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's rights,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,
That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie

Thy valour and thy honesty together!
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,
Your general's necklace once. You, gentle bearers,
Divide this purse of gold; this other, strew
Among the poor; 'tis all I have. Romont——
Wear thou this medal of himself——that, like
A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,
Even in the wildest wilderness of war,
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired themselves:
Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.
For me, my portion provide in heaven!——
My root is earth'd, and I, a desolate branch,
Left scatter'd in the highway of the world,
Trod under foot, that might have been a column
Mainly supporting our demolish'd house.
This[1] would I wear as my inheritance——
And what hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are both here prisoners!

[1] His father's sword.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

BORN 1608.—DIED 1641.

SUCKLING, who gives levity its gayest expression, was the son of the comptroller of the household to Charles I. Langbaine tells us that he spoke Latin at five years of age; but with what correctness or fluency we are not informed. His versatile mind certainly acquired many accomplishments, and filled a short life with many pursuits, for he was a traveller, a soldier, a lyric and dramatic poet, and a musician. After serving a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, he returned to England, was favoured by Charles I. and wrote some pieces, which were exhibited for the amusement of the court with sumptuous splendour. When the civil wars broke out he expended 1200*l.* on the equipment of a regiment for the king, which was distinguished however only by its finery and cowardice. A brother poet crowned his disgrace with a ludicrous song. The event is said to have affected him deeply with shame; but he did not live long to experience that most incurable of the heart's diseases. Having learnt that his servant had robbed him, he drew on his boots in great haste; a rusty nail, that was concealed in one of them, pierced his heel, and produced a mortifica-

tion, of which he died. His poems, his five plays, together with his letters, speeches, and tracts, have been collected into one volume.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:—
The devil take her.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

ELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen:
Oh things without compare!

Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs:
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him,
Shou'd he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale——
For such a maid no Whitson ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in sight;
And then she look'd as who shou'd say
I will do what I list to day;
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)

For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely:
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion o'me! how I run on!
There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow; besides the bride.
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated:
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:

But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay
Like new-fal'n snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd say,
Good b'ye, with all my heart.

But just as heav'ns wou'd have to cross it,
In came the bridemaids with the posset.
The bridegroom eat in spite;
For had he left the women to't
It wou'd have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

* * * * * * *

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

BORN 1610.—DIED 1642.

Sidney Godolphin, who is highly praised by Lord Clarendon, was the brother of the treasurer Godolphin. He flourished and perished in the civil wars.

THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE FOUND IN MS. IN MR. MALONE'S COLLECTION.

'Tis affection but dissembled,
Or dissembled liberty,
To pretend thy passion changed
With changes of thy mistress' eye,
Following her inconstancy.

Hopes, which do from favour flourish,
May perhaps as soon expire
As the cause which did them nourish,
And, disdain'd, they may retire;
But love is another fire.

For if beauty cause thy passion,
If a fair resistless eye
Melt thee with its soft expression,
Then thy hopes will never die,
Nor be cured by cruelty.

'Tis not scorn that can remove thee,
For thou either wilt not see
Such lov'd beauty not to love thee,
Or will else consent that she
Judge not as she ought of thee.

Thus thou either canst not sever
Hope from what appears so fair,
Or, unhappier, thou canst never
Find contentment in despair,
Nor make love a trifling care.

There are seen but few retiring
Steps in all the paths of love,
Made by such who in aspiring
Meeting scorn their hopes remove;
Yet ev'n these ne'er change their love.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

BORN 1611.—DIED 1643.

William Cartwright was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester, who had been reduced to that situation by spending a good estate. He was a king's scholar at Westminster, and took orders at Oxford, where he became, says Wood, "a most florid and seraphic preacher." Bishop Duppa, his intimate

friend, appointed him succentor of the church of Salisbury in 1642. In the same year he was one of the council of war, or delegacy, appointed by the University of Oxford, for providing troops sent by the king to protect, or as the opposite party alleged, to overawe the universities. His zeal in this service occasioned his being imprisoned by the parliamentary forces on their arrival; but he was speedily released on bail. Early in the year 1643 he was appointed junior proctor of his university, and also reader in metaphysics. The latter office we may well suppose him to have filled with ability, as, according to Lloyd's account, he studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day: but he survived his appointment to it for a very short time, being carried off by a malignant fever, called the camp-disease, which was then epidemical at Oxford. Cartwright died in his thirty-second year; but he lived long enough to earn the distinguishing praise of Ben Jonson, who used to say of him, "My son, Cartwright, writes all like a man."

LOVE'S DARTS.

Where is that learned wretch that knows
What are those darts the veil'd god throws?
O let him tell me ere I die
When 'twas he saw or heard them fly;
  Whether the sparrow's plumes, or dove's,
  Wing them for various loves;

And whether gold, or lead,
Quicken, or dull the head:
I will anoint and keep them warm,
And make the weapons heal the harm.

Fond that I am to ask! whoe'er
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of human eye
These arrows (as their ways are) fly:
The flights of angels part
Not air with so much art;
And snows on streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.
So hopeless I must now endure,
And neither know the shaft nor cure.

A sudden fire of blushes shed
To dye white paths with hasty red;
A glance's lightning swiftly thrown,
Or from a true or seeming frown;
A subtle taking smile
From passion, or from guile;
The spirit, life, and grace
Of motion, limbs, and face;
These misconceit entitles darts,
And tears the bleedings of our hearts.

But as the feathers in the wing
Unblemish'd are, and no wounds bring,
And harmless twigs no bloodshed know,
Till art doth fit them for the bow;

So lights of flowing graces
Sparkling in several places,
Only adorn the parts,
Till that we make them darts;
Themselves are only twigs and quills:
We give them shape, and force for ills.

Beauty's our grief, but in the ore,
We mint, and stamp, and then adore;
Like heathen we the image crown,
And indiscreetly then fall down:
Those graces all were meant
Our joy, not discontent;
But with untaught desires
We turn those lights to fires
Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
And out of cures do poisons make.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE

Not to be wrought by malice, gain, or pride,
To a compliance with the thriving side;
Not to take arms for love of change, or spite,
But only to maintain afflicted right;
Not to die vainly in pursuit of fame,
Perversely seeking after voice and name;
Is to resolve, fight, die, as martyrs do,
And thus did he, soldier and martyr too.
* * * * * * * *

When now th' incensed legions proudly came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam:

When undeserv'd success urg'd on their force;
That thunder must come down to stop their course,
Or Grenville must step in; then Grenville stood,
And with himself oppos'd, and check'd the flood.
Conquest or death was all his thought. So fire
Either o'ercomes, or doth itself expire:
His courage work'd like flames, cast heat about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out;
Not any pike in that renowned stand,
But took new force from his inspiring hand:
Soldier encourag'd soldier, man urg'd man,
And he urg'd all; so much example can;
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did call,
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all:
His soul this while retir'd from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell.
But the devoted stand enraged more
From that his fate, ply'd hotter than before,
And proud to fall with him, sworn not to yield,
Each sought an honour'd grave, so gain'd the field.
Thus he being fall'n, his action fought anew:
And the dead conquer'd, whiles the living slew.
  This was not nature's courage, not that thing
We valour call, which time and reason bring;
But a diviner fury, fierce and high,
Valour transported into ecstacy,
Which angels, looking on us from above,
Use to convey into the souls they love.
You now that boast the spirit, and its sway,
Shew us his second, and we'll give the day:

We know your politic axiom, lurk, or fly;
Ye cannot conquer, 'cause you dare not die:
And though you thank God that you lost none
there,
'Cause they were such who liv'd not when they
were;
Yet your great general (who doth rise and fall,
As his successes do, whom you dare call,
As fame unto you doth reports dispense,
Either a ——— or his excellence)
Howe'er he reigns now by unheard-of laws,
Could wish his fate together with his cause.
And thou (blest soul) whose clear compacted
fame,
As amber bodies keeps, preserves thy name,
Whose life affords what doth content both eyes,
Glory for people, substance for the wise,
Go laden up with spoils, possess that seat
To which the valiant, when they've done, retreat:
And when thou seest an happy period sent
To these distractions, and the storm quite spent,
Look down and say, I have my share in all,
Much good grew from my life, much from my fall.

A VALEDICTION.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor show'rs
Do make or cherish flowers;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And nature grieves as I.

When I am parted from those eyes,
From which my better day doth rise,
Though some propitious power
Should plant me in a bower,
Where amongst happy lovers I might see
How show'rs and sunbeams bring
One everlasting spring,
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me;
Nature herself to him is lost,
Who loseth her he honours most.
Then, fairest, to my parting view display
Your graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep till when
I do return and view again:
So by this art fancy shall fortune cross,
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

GEORGE SANDYS.

BORN 1577.—DIED 1643.

George Sandys, to whose translations Pope declared that English poetry owed much of its beauty, was the youngest son of the Archbishop of York. After leaving the university, he set out upon an extensive tour, comprehending Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, which is described in his well known and well written book of travels. After his return to England he published a translation of the Meta-

morphoses of Ovid, and a Paraphrase of the Psalms of David. He translated also the Christus Patiens of Grotius. Few incidents of his life are recorded. For the most part of his latter days he lived with Sir Francis Wenman, of Caswell, near Witney, in Oxfordshire, a situation near to Burford, the retirement of his intimate friend Lucius Lord Falkland, who has addressed several poems to him.

PARAPHRASE UPON THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM LXVIII.

Let God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter his proud enemies:
O let them flee before his face,
Like smoke which driving tempests chase;
As wax dissolves with scorching fire,
So perish in his burning ire.
But let the just with joy abound;
In joyful songs his praise resound,
Who, riding on the rolling spheres,
The name of great Jehovah bears.
Before his face your joys express,
A father to the fatherless;
He wipes the tears from widow's eyes,
The single plants in families;
Enlarging those who late were bound,
While rebels starve on thirsty ground.

When he our numerous army led,
And march'd through deserts full of dread,

Heav'n melted, and earth's centre shook,
With his majestic presence struck.
When Israel's God in clouds came down,
High Sinai bow'd his trembling crown;
He, in th' approach of meagre dearth,
With show'rs refresh'd the fainting earth.
Where his own flocks in safety fed,
The needy unto plenty led.
By him we conquer.—Virgins sing
Our victories, and timbrels ring:
He kings with their vast armies foils,
While women share their wealthy spoils.

When he the kings had overthrown,
Our land like snowy Salmon shone.
God's mountain Bashan's mount transcends,
Though he his many heads extends.
Why boast ye so, ye meaner hills?
God with his glory Zion fills,
This his beloved residence,
Nor ever will depart from hence.
His chariots twenty thousand were,
Which myriads of angels bear,
He in the midst, as when he crown'd
High Sinai's sanctified ground.
Lord, thou hast rais'd thyself on high,
And captive led captivity.
* * * * * * *

O praised be the God of Gods,
Who with his daily blessings loads;

The God of our salvation,
On whom our hopes depend alone;
The controverse of life and death
Is arbitrated by his breath.

Thus spoke Jehovah: Jacob's seed
I will from Bashan bring again,
And through the bottom of the main,
That dogs may lap their enemies' blood,
And they wade through a crimson flood.
We, in thy sanctuary late,
My God, my King, beheld thy state;
The sacred singers march'd before,
Who instruments of music bore,
In order follow'd—every maid
Upon her pleasant timbrel play'd.
His praise in your assemblies sing,
You who from Israel's fountain spring,
Nor little Benjamin alone,
But Judah, from his mountain-throne;
The far-removed Zebulon,
And Napthali, that borders on
Old Jordan, where his stream dilates,
Join'd all their powers and potentates.
For us his winged soldiers fought;
Lord, strengthen what thy hand hath wrought!
He that supports a diadem
To thee, divine Jerusalem!
Shall in devotion treasure bring,
To build the temple of his King.

* * * * * * *

Far off from sun-burnt Meroë,
From falling Nilus, from the sea
Which beats on the Egyptian shore,
Shall princes come, and here adore.
Ye kingdoms through the world renown'd,
Sing to the Lord, his praise resound;
He who heaven's upper heaven bestrides,
And on her aged shoulders rides;
Whose voice the clouds asunder rends,
In thunder terrible descends.
O praise his strength, whose majesty
In Israel shines—his power on high!
He from his sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on his foes,
While us his power and strength invest;
O Israel, praise the ever-blest!



ANONYMOUS.

THE OXFORD RIDDLE ON THE PURITANS.

FROM A SINGLE SHEET PRINTED AT OXFORD IN 1643

There dwells a people on the earth,
That reckons true allegiance treason,
That makes sad war a holy mirth,
Calls madness zeal, and nonsense reason;
That finds no freedom but in slavery,
That makes lies truth, religion knavery,

That rob and cheat with yea and nay:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

They hate the flesh, yet kiss their dames,
That make kings great by curbing crowns,
That quench the fire by kindling flames,
That settle peace by plund'ring towns,
That govern with implicit votes,
That 'stablish truth by cutting throats,
That kiss their master and betray:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

That make Heaven speak by their commission,
That stop God's peace and boast his power,
That teach bold blasphemy and sedition,
And pray high treason by the hour,
That damn all saints but such as they are,
That wish all common, except prayer,
That idolize Pym, Brooks, and Say:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

That to enrich the commonwealth,
Transport large gold to foreign parts;
That house't in Amsterdam by stealth,
Yet lord it here within our gates;
That are staid men, yet only stay
For a light night to run away;
That borrow to lend, and rob to pay:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

FRANCIS QUARLES.

BORN 1592.—DIED 1644.

This voluminous saint was bred at Cambridge and Lincoln's-inn, and was appointed cup-bearer to Elizabeth, Electress of Bohemia, after quitting whose service he went to Ireland, and was secretary to Archbishop Usher. On the breaking out of the rebellion in that kingdom he was a considerable sufferer, and was obliged to fly, for safety, to England. He had already been pensioned by Charles, and made chronologer to the city of London; but in the general ruin of the royal cause his property was confiscated, and his books and manuscripts, which he valued more, were plundered. This reverse of fortune is supposed to have accelerated his death.

The charitable criticism of the present age has done justice to Quarles, in contrasting his merits with his acknowledged deformities. That his perfect specimens of the bathos should have been laughed at in the age of Pope, is not surprising[1]. His Em-

[1] Of his absurdity one example may suffice from his Emblems.

Man is a tennis-court, his flesh the wall,
The gamesters God and Satan,—the heart's the ball;
The higher and the lower hazards are
Too bold presumption and too base despair:
The rackets which our restless balls make fly,
Adversity and sweet prosperity.

blems, whimsical as they are, have not the merit of originality, being imitated from Herman Hugo. A considerable resemblance to Young may be traced in the blended strength and extravagance, and ill-assorted wit and devotion of Quarles. Like Young, he wrote vigorous prose—witness his Enchiridion. In the parallel, however, it is due to the purity of Young to acknowledge, that he never was guilty of such indecency as that which disgraces the Argalus and Parthenia of our pious author.

FAITH.

THE proudest pitch of that victorious spirit
Was but to win the world, whereby t' inherit
The airy purchase of a transitory
And glozing title of an age's glory;

The angels keep the court, and mark the place
Where the ball falls, and chalk out every chase.
The line's a civil life we often cross,
O'er which the ball, not flying, makes a loss.
Detractors are like standers-by, and bet
With charitable men, our life's the set.
Lord, in these conflicts, in these fierce assaults,
Laborious Satan makes a world of faults.
Forgive them, Lord, although he ne'er implore
For favour, they'll be set upon our score.
O take the ball before it come to the ground,
For this base court has many a false rebound;
Strike, and strike hard, and strike above the line,
Strike where thou please, so as the set be thine.

Would'st thou by conquest win more fame than he,
Subdue thyself! thyself's a world to thee.
Earth's but a ball, that heaven hath quilted o'er
With Wealth and Honour, banded on the floor
Of fickle Fortune's false and slippery court,
Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,
Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights supplying,
To still the fondlings of the world from crying;
And he, whose merit mounts to such a joy,
Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.
But would'st thou conquer, have thy conquest crown'd
By hands of Seraphims, triumph'd with the sound
Of heaven's loud trumpet, warbled by the shrill
Celestial choir, recorded with a quill
Pluck'd from the pinion of an angel's wing,
Confirm'd with joy by heaven's eternal king;
Conquer thyself, thy rebel thoughts repel,
And chase those false affections that rebel.
Hath heaven despoil'd what his full hand hath given thee?
Nipp'd thy succeeding blossoms? or bereaven thee,
Of thy dear latest hope, thy bosom friend?
Doth sad Despair deny these griefs an end?
Despair's a whisp'ring rebel, that within thee,
Bribes all thy field, and sets thyself again' thee:
Make keen thy faith, and with thy force let flee,
If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee:
Advance thy shield of Patience to thy head,
And when Grief strikes, 'twill strike the striker dead.

In adverse fortunes, be thou strong and stout,
And bravely win thyself, heaven holds not out
His bow for ever bent; the disposition
Of noblest spirit doth, by opposition,
Exasperate the more: a gloomy night
Whets on the morning to return more bright;
Brave minds, oppress'd, should in despite of Fate,
Look greatest, like the sun, in lowest state.
But, ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and blood?
Receives he glory from, or reaps he good
In mortals' ruin, that he leaves man so
To be o'erwhelm'd by this unequal foe?
May not a potter, that, from out the ground,
Hath fram'd a vessel, search if it be sound?
Or if, by furbishing, he take more pain
To make it fairer, shall the pot complain?
Mortal, thou art but clay; then shall not he,
That fram'd thee for his service, season thee?
Man, close thy lips; be thou no undertaker
Of God's designs: dispute not with thy Maker.

EMBLEM I. BOOK III.

My soul hath desired thee in the night.—ISAIAH xxvi 6

GOOD God! what horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades; and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd lamp of heaven can set and rise,
And with his morning glory fill the eyes

Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows and restore the day:
Night's bashful empress, tho' she often wane,
As oft repents her darkness, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But, ah! my sun, deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.
Falls have their risings; wanings have their primes,
And desperate sorrows wait their better times:
Ebbs have their floods; and autumns have their
springs;
All states have changes, hurried with the swings
Of chance and time, still riding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With lengthen'd arms, to find a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
And bathe my soul in these celestial fires!
Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew,
To scour her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t' overlook
The timorous mallard at the sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from stock to ground,
From ground to window, thus surveying round
Her dove-befeathered prison, till at length
Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength

Whereto her wing was born, her ragged beak
Nips off her jangling jesses, strives to break
Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
At every glimpse, and darts at every grate:
E'en so my weary soul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now suns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at thee, that only art
The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These dusky clouds that make so dark a night:
Shine forth, great glory, shine; that I may see,
Both how to loath myself, and honour thee:
But if my weakness force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye!
If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant
That I at least may wish those beams I want.

SONG.

To the tune of—*Cuckolds all a-row.*

Know then, my brethren, heaven is clear,
  And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous now shall flourish, and
  Good days are coming on:
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
  And eke rejoice with me;

Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
  And hey! then up go we!

We'll break the windows which the Whore
  Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the popish saints are down,
  Then Barrow shall be sainted.
There's neither cross nor crucifix
  Shall stand for men to see;
Rome's trash and trumperies shall go down,
  And hey! then up go we!
* * * * * * *

We'll down with all the *'Varsities*,
  Where learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
  The language of the beast.
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
  And arts, whate'er they be;
We'll cry both arts and learning down,
  And hey! then up go we!
* * * * * * *

If once that Antichristian crew
  Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to crouch,
  And keep the gentry down.
Good manners have an ill report,
  And turn to pride we see;
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
  And hey! then up go we!

The name of lord shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother;
No reason why, in church or state,
One man should rule another.
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,
And hey! then up go we!

Our cobblers shall translate their *souls*
From caves obscure and shady;
We'll make Tom T * * * as good as my lord,
And Joan as good as my lady.
We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
Into the Roman *see*;
We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
And hey! then up go we!

WILLIAM BROWN.

BORN 1590.—DIED 1645.

William Brown was the son of a gentleman of Tavistock, in Devonshire. He was educated at Oxford, and went from thence to the Inner Temple, but devoted himself chiefly to poetry. In his twenty-third year he published the first part of his Britannia's Pastorals, prefaced by poetical eulogies, which

evince his having been, at that early period of life, the friend and favourite of Selden and Drayton. To these testimonies he afterwards added that of Ben Jonson. In the following year he published the Shepherd's Pipe, of which the fourth eclogue is often said to have been the precursor of Milton's Lycidas. A single simile about a rose constitutes all the resemblance! In 1616 he published the second part of his Britannia's Pastorals. His Masque of the Inner Temple was never printed till Dr. Farmer transcribed it from a MS. of the Bodleian library, for Thomas Davies's edition of Brown's works, more than 120 years after the author's death.

He seems to have taken his leave of the Muses about the prime of his life, and returned to Oxford, in the capacity of tutor to Robert Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon, who fell in the battle of Newbury, 1643. After leaving the university with that nobleman, he found a liberal patron in William, Earl of Pembroke, whose character, like that of Caernarvon, still lives among the warmly coloured and minutely touched portraits of Lord Clarendon. The poet lived in Lord Pembroke's family; and, according to Wood, grew rich in his employment. But the particulars of his history are very imperfectly known, and his verses deal too little with the business of life to throw much light upon his circumstances. His poetry is not without beauty; but it is the beauty of mere landscape and allegory, without the manners and passions that constitute human interest.

SONG.

GENTLE nymphs, be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing,
  They and beauty are but lent you;
Take the one, and keep the other:
Love keeps fresh what age doth smother,
  Beauty gone you will repent you.

'Twill be said, when ye have proved,
Never swains more truly loved:
  O, then fly all nice behaviour!
Pity fain would (as her duty)
Be attending still on Beauty,
  Let her not be out of favour.

SONG.

SHALL I tell you whom I love
  Hearken then a while to me
And if such a woman move
  As I now shall versify;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
  As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
  As e'er yet embrac'd a heart.
So much good so truly try'd,
Some for less were deify'd.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she or none
That I love, and love alone.

POWER OF GENIUS OVER ENVY.

'Tis not the rancour of a canker'd heart
That can debase the excellence of art,
Nor great in titles makes our worth obey,
Since we have lines far more esteem'd than they.
For there is hidden in a poet's name
A spell that can command the wings of Fame,

And maugre all oblivion's hated birth
Begin their immortality on earth,
When he that 'gainst a muse with hate combines
May raise his tomb in vain to reach our lines.

ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE SOIL.

HAIL thou, my native soil! thou blessed plot
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
Shew me who can? so many crystal rills,
Such sweet cloth'd vallies, or aspiring hills,
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy
mines,
Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines:
And if the earth can shew the like again,
Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.
Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
That by their pow'r made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoil
The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

EVENING.

As in an evening when the gentle air
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair,
I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank to hear
My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine ear

When he hath play'd (as well he can) some strain
That likes me, straight I ask the same again,
And he as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have been content if he would play,
In that one strain to pass the night away;
But fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So in this diff'ring key though I could well
A many hours but as few minutes tell,
Yet lest mine own delight might injure you
(Though loth so soon) I take my song anew.

FROM SONG V. OF BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BETWEEN two rocks (immortal, without mother)[1]
That stand as if out-facing one another,
There ran a creek up, intricate and blind,
As if the waters hid them from the wind,
Which never wash'd but at a higher tide
The frizled cotes which do the mountains hide,
Where never gale was longer known to stay
Than from the smooth wave it had swept away
The new divorced leaves, that from each side
Left the thick boughs to dance out with the tide.
At further end the creek, a stately wood
Gave a kind shadow (to the brackish flood)

[1] This description coincides very strikingly with the scenery of the Tamer, in Devonshire. Brown, who was a native of that county, must have studied it from nature.—E.

Made up of trees, not less ken'd by each skiff
Than that sky-scaling peak of Teneriffe,
Upon whose tops the hernshew bred her young,
And hoary moss upon their branches hung;
Whose rugged rinds sufficient were to show,
Without their height, what time they 'gan to grow.
And if dry eld by wrinkled skin appears,
None could allot them less than Nestor's years.
As under their command the thronged creek
Ran lessened up. Here did the shepherd seek
Where he his little boat might safely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beside
Could not outvalue; nor give equal weight
Though in the time when Greece was at her height.
* * * * * * * *

Yet that their happy voyage might not be
Without time's short'ner, heav'n-taught melody
(Music that lent feet to the stable woods
And in their currents turn'd the mighty floods,
Sorrow's sweet nurse, yet keeping joy alive,
Sad discontent's most welcome corrosive,
The soul of art, best lov'd when love is by,
The kind inspirer of sweet poesy,
Least thou shouldst wanting be, when swans would fain
Have sung one song, and never sung again)
The gentle shepherd, hasting to the shore,
Began this lay, and tim'd it with his oar.

Nevermore let holy Dee
  O'er other rivers brave,
Or boast how (in his jollity)
  Kings row'd upon his wave.
But silent be, and ever know
That Neptune for my fare would row.
* * * * * * *

Swell then, gently swell, ye floods,
  As proud of what ye bear,
And nymphs that in low coral woods
  String pearls upon your hair,
Ascend; and tell if ere this day
A fairer prize was seen at sea.

See the salmons leap and bound
  To please us as we pass,
Each mermaid on the rocks around
  Lets fall her brittle glass.
As they their beauties did despise,
And lov'd no mirror but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow, fair wind,
  From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the halcyon kind,
  Till we have ferry'd o'er:
So may'st thou still have leave to blow,
And fan the way where she shall go.

THOMAS NABBES.

DIED 1645.

THIS was an inferior dramatist in the time of Charles I. who, besides his plays, wrote a continuation of Knolles's History of the Turks. He seems to have been secretary or domestic to some nobleman or prelate, at or near Worcester. He had a share in the poetical collection called Fancy's Theatre, with Tatham, Richard Brome, and others.

FROM MICROCOSMUS, A MASQUE. 1637.

SONG BY LOVE AND THE VIRTUES TO PHYSANDER AND BELLANIMA.

WELCOME, welcome, happy pair,
To these abodes, where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence;
Where's no heat, nor cold extreme,
No winter's ice, no summer's scorching beam;
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.
Chorus. All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.

Love. Welcome to Love, my new-lov'd heir,
Elysium's thine, ascend my chair:
For following sensuality
I thought to disinherit thee;
But being now reform'd in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine only daughter, fate allows
That Love with stars should crown your brows.
Join ye that were his guides to this,
Thus I enthrone you both—now kiss;
Whilst you in endless measures move,
Led on to endless joys by Love.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Thomas Heywood was the most prolific writer in the most fertile age of our drama. In the midst of his theatrical labours as an actor and poet, he composed a formidable list of prose works, and defended the stage against the puritans, in a work that is full of learning. One of his projects was to write the lives of all poets that were ever distinguished, from the time of Homer downwards. Yet it has happened to the framer of this gigantic design to have no historian so kind to his own memory as to record either the period of his death, or the spot that covers his remains. His merits entitled him to better remembrance. He composed indeed with a careless ra-

pidity, and seems to have thought as little of Horace's precept of "*sæpe stylum vertas*" as of most of the injunctions in the *Art of Poetry.* But he possesses considerable power of interesting the affections, by placing his plain and familiar characters in affecting situations. The worst of him is, that his common-place sentiments and plain incidents fall not only beneath the ideal beauty of art, but are often more fatiguing than what we meet with in the ordinary and unselected circumstances of life. When he has hit upon those occasions where the passions should obviously rise with accumulated expression, he lingers on through the scene with a dull and level indifference. The term artlessness may be applied to Heywood in two very opposite senses. His pathos is often artless in the better meaning of the word, because its objects are true to life, and their feelings naturally expressed. But he betrays still more frequently an artlessness, or, we should rather call it, a want of art, in deficiency of contrivance. His best performance is, "A Woman killed with Kindness." In that play the repentance of Mrs. Frankford, who dies of a broken heart, for her infidelity to a generous husband, would present a situation consummately moving, if we were left to conceive her death to be produced simply by grief. But the poet most unskilfully prepares us for her death, by her declaring her intention to starve herself; and mars, by the weakness, sin, and horror of suicide, an example of penitence that would otherwise be sublimely

and tenderly edifying. The scene of the death of Mrs. Frankford has been deservedly noticed for its pathos by an eminent foreign critic, Mr. Schlegel[1], who also commends the superior force of its inexorable morality to the reconciling conclusion of Kotzebue's drama on a similar subject. The learned German perhaps draws his inference too rigidly. Mrs. Frankford's crime was recent, and her repentance and death immediately follow it; but the guilt of the other tragic penitent, to whom Mr. S. alludes, is more remote, and less heinous; and to prescribe interminable limits, either in real or imaginary life, to the generosity of individual forgiveness, is to invest morality with terrors, which the frailty of man and the mercy of heaven do not justify.

SCENE IN THE TRAGEDY A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

GRIEF OF FRANKFORD, AFTER DISCOVERING HIS WIFE'S INFIDELITY, AND DISMISSING HER.

Enter CRANWEL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Cran. WHY do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have dispatch'd your wife away?
Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's: I lov'd her dearly,

[1] Mr. Schlegel, however, is mistaken in speaking of him as anterior to Shakspeare, evidently confounding him with an older poet of the name.

And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wier;
Nor any thing that ever was called her's,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about.

Nic. * * * Master, here's her lute flung in a corner.

Fran. Her lute? Oh God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwel,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note; sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung?
Post with it after her; now nothing's left;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

* * * * * * * *

NICHOLAS *overtakes* Mrs. FRANKFORD *with her lute.*

Nic. There.

Anne. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. My master commends him unto ye; there's all he can find that was ever yours: he hath nothing left that ever you could lay 'claim to but his own

heart, and he could not afford you that. All that I have to deliver you is this; he prays you to forget him, and so he bids you farewell.

Anne. I thank him; he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about; and help me, with your tears,
To wash my spotted sins: my lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

FROM THE SAME.

DEATH OF MRS. FRANKFORD.

Persons.—*Mr. Malby, Mrs. Anne Frankford, Frankford, Sir Charles Mountford, Sir Francis Acton.*

Mal. How fare you, Mrs. Frankford?

Anne. Sick, sick, oh sick: Give me some air. I pray
Tell me, oh tell me, where's Mr. Frankford?
Will he not deign to see me ere I die?

Mal. Yes, Mrs. Frankford: divers gentlemen
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have mov'd and told him of your weak estate:
Who, tho' with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.

Anne. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing news:

Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? tell me, gentlemen.

Char. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Anne. Then sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.
Is my husband come? My soul but tarries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.

Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you, but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here's Mr. Frankford now.

Enter FRANKFORD.

Fran. Good-morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen!
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground:
But he that made us, made us to this woe.

Anne. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.

Fran. How do you, woman?

Anne. Well, Mr. Frankford, well; but shall be better,

I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity),
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold!

Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me! my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot: But on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon: Pardon, O pardon me!

Fran. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my Redeemer hath for us given his death,
I pardon thee; I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Acton. O, Mr. Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee;
You are my brother by the nearest way,
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth stay.

Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Tho' thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

Char. Then comfort, mistress Frankford;
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.

Sus. How is it with you?

Acton. How d'ye feel yourself?

Anne. Not of this world.

Fran. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again:
Tho' thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul thou diest.

Anne. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free
Once more! thy wife dies thus embracing thee.

Acton. Peace with thee, Nan. Brothers and gentlemen,
(All we that can plead interest in her grief)
Bestow upon her body funeral tears.
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.

SONG OF NYMPHS TO DIANA.

FROM THE GOLDEN AGE.

Hail, beauteous Dian, queen of shades,
That dwells beneath these shadowy glades,
Mistress of all these beauteous maids
 That are by her allowed;
Virginity we all profess,
Abjure the worldly vain excess,
And will to Dian yield no less
 Than we to her have vowed.
The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
For thee will trip it o'er the lawns.

Come, to the forest let us go,
And trip it like the barren doe,
The fawns and satyrs will do so,
 And freely thus they may do.
The fairies dance, and satyrs sing,
And on the grass tread many a ring,
And to their caves their ven'son bring,
 And we will do as they do.
The shepherds, satyrs, &c.

Our food is honey from the bees,
And mellow fruits that drop from trees;
In chase we climb the high degrees
 Of every steepy mountain;
And when the weary day is past
We at the evening hie us fast,

And after this our field repast,
We drink the pleasant fountain.
The shepherds, satyrs, &c.

A WITLING SET UP BY A POET'S LEGACY.

FROM THE FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE.

Cripple. Why, think'st thou that I cannot write a letter,
Ditty, or sonnet, with judicial phrase,
As pretty, pleasing, and pathetical,
As any Ovid-imitating dunce
In all the town?
Frank. I think thou canst not.
Crip. Yea, I'll swear I cannot:
Yet, sirrah, I could cony-catch the world,
Make myself famous for a sudden wit,
And be admir'd for my dexterity,
Were I dispos'd.
Frank. I prithee how?
Crip. Why thus: there liv'd a poet in this town,
(If we may term our modern writers poets),
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongued, his pen of steel,
His ink was temper'd with the biting juice,
And extracts of the bitterest weeds that grew:
He never wrote but when the elements
Of fire and water tilted in his brain.
This fellow, ready to give up his ghost
To Luciae's bosom, did bequeath to me
His library, which was just nothing

But rolls and scrolls, and bundles of cast wit,
Such as durst never visit Paul's churchyard:
Amongst them all I happen'd on a quire
Or two of paper fill'd with songs and ditties,
And here and there a hungry epigram:
These I reserve to my own proper use,
And, paternoster-like, have conn'd them all.
I could now, when I am in company
At alehouse, tavern, or an ordinary,
Upon a theme make an extemporal ditty,
(Or one at least should seem extemporal),
Out of th' abundance of this legacy,
That all would judge it, and report it too,
To be the infant of a sudden wit;
And then were I an admirable fellow.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

BORN 1585.—DIED 1649.

This poet was born at Hawthornden, his father's estate in Mid-Lothian, took a degree at the university of Edinburgh, studied the civil law in France, and, returning home, entered into possession of his paternal estate, and devoted himself to literature. During his residence at Hawthornden he courted, and was on the eve of marrying, a lady of the name of Cunningham. Her sudden death inspired him with a melancholy which he sought to dissipate by

travelling. He accordingly visited France, Italy, and Germany, and, during a stay of eight years on the continent, conversed with the most polished society, and studied the objects most interesting to curiosity and taste. He collected at the same time a number of books and manuscripts, some of which are still in the library of his native university.

On his second return to Scotland he found the kingdom distracted by political and religious ferment, and on the eve of a civil war. What connection this aspect of public affairs had with his quitting Hawthornden, his biographers have not informed us, but so it was, that he retired to the seat of his brother-in-law, Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, a man of letters, and probably of political sentiments congenial with his own. At his abode he wrote his History of the Five James's, Kings of Scotland, a work abounding in false eloquence and slavish principles. Having returned at length to settle himself at his own seat, he married a lady of the name of Logan, of the house of Restlerig, in whom he fancied a resemblance to his former mistress, and repaired the family mansion of Hawthornden, with an inscription importing his hopes of resting there in honourable ease. But the times were little suited to promote his wishes; and on the civil war breaking out he involved himself with the covenanters, by writing in support of the opposite side, for which his enemies not only called him to a severe account, but compelled him to furnish his quota of men and arms

to support the cause which he detested. His estate lying in different counties, he contributed halves and quarters of men to the forces that were raised; and on this occasion he wrote an epigram, bitterly wishing that the imaginary division of his recruits might be realized on their bodies. His grief for the death of Charles is said to have shortened his days. Such stories of political sensibility may be believed on proper evidence.

The elegance of Drummond's sonnets, and the humour of his Scotch and Latin macaronics, have been at least sufficiently praised · but when Milton has been described as essentially obliged to him, the compliment to his genius is stretched too far. A modern writer, who edited the works of Drummond, has affirmed, that, "perhaps," if we had had no Drummond, we should not have seen the finer delicacies of Milton's Comus, Lycidas, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso. "Perhaps" is an excellent leading-string for weak assertions. One or two epithets of Drummond may be recognised in Milton, though not in the minor poems already mentioned. It is difficult to apply any precise idea to the tautology of "fine delicacies;" but whatever the editor of Drummond meant by it, he may be assured that there is no debt on the part of Milton to the poet of Hawthornden, which the former could be the least impoverished by returning. Phillips, the nephew of Milton, edited and extolled Drummond, and pronounced him equal to Tasso himself. It has been

inferred from some passages of the *Theatrum Poetarum*, that Milton had dictated several critical opinions in that performance; and it has been taken for granted that Phillips's high opinion of Drummond was imbibed from the author of *Paradise Lost.* But the parallel between Drummond and Tasso surely could not have been drawn by Milton. Phillips had a turn for poetry, and in many of his critical opinions in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, shewed a taste that could not be well attributed to his uncle—in none more than in this exaggerated comparison of a smooth sonnetteer to a mighty poet. It is equally improbable that he imbibed this absurdity from Milton, as that he caught from him his admiration of Drummond's prose compositions and arbitrary principles.

SONNETS.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods shall return to nought,
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of sp'rit, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of minds accords,
Where sense and will bring under Reason's power:

Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

Ay me! and I am now the man whose muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy abuse
The noble gifts were given them from above.
What metamorphose strange is this I prove?
Myself now scarce I find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove;
Virtue hath taught with her philosophy
My mind into a better course to move:
Reason may chide her fill, and oft reprove
Affection's power, but what is that to me?
Who ever think, and never think on ought
But that bright cherubim which thralls my thought.

How that vast heaven intitl'd first is roll'd,
If any glancing tow'rs beyond it be,
And people living in eternity,
Or essence pure that doth this all uphold:
What motion have those fixed sparks of gold,
The wand'ring carbuncles which shine from high,
By sp'rits, or bodies cross-ways in the sky,
If they be turn'd, and mortal things behold.
How sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen
With borrow'd beams looks on this hanging round,

What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen
In air's large fields of light, and seas profound,
Did hold my wand'ring thoughts, when thy sweet eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my sp'rit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age;
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that's to be;
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die:
Why seek I to prolong these lothsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
(Become all ear) stars stay to hear thy plight,
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,

May thee importune who like case-pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite.
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamour'd smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I love.

Sweet soul, which in the April of thy years,
For to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now with flaming rays of glory crown'd,
Most blest abides above the sphere of spheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all up-bears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto these tears,
Do not disdain (dear ghost) this sacrifice,
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
My off'rings take, let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I raise:
And whilst king's tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flow'rs be seen.

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

Look, as the flow'r which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,

Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And (blasted) scarce now shews what it hath been
Therefore as doth the pilgrims, whom the night
Haste darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home (my soul) and think aright.
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

The weary mariner so fast not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain,
Nor shepherd hastes (when frays of wolves arise)
So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes.
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
While senses light minds perspective kept blind:
Now, like imagin'd landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:
Or if ought here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life, and silent grave.

The last and greatest herald of heaven's king,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the desarts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild;
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd,
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing,
Made him appear, long since from earth exil'd,
There burst he forth; all ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these desarts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, repent, repent!

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yea, and to angels' lays.

As when it happ'neth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who both by sword and flames himself instals,
And (shameless) it in tears and blood doth drown,
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
But that some statue, pillar of renown,
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wreck,
That time, the world, and death, could bring combin'd,
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:
From this so high transcendent rapture springs,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.

THOMAS MAY.

DIED 1650.

THOMAS MAY, whom Dr. Johnson has pronounced the best Latin poet of England, was the son of Sir Thomas May, of Mayfield, in Sussex. During the earlier part of his public life he was encouraged at the court of Charles the First, inscribed several poems to his majesty, as well as wrote them at his injunction, and received from Charles the appellation of "*his poet.*" During this connexion with royalty he wrote his five dramas[1], translated the Georgics and Pharsalia, continued the latter in English as well as Latin, and by his imitation of Lucan acquired the reputation of a modern classic in foreign countries. It were much to be wished, that on siding with the parliament in the civil wars, he had left a valedictory testimony of regret for the necessity of opposing, on public grounds, a monarch who had been personally kind to him. The change was stigmatised as ungrateful; and it was both sordid and ungrateful, if the account given by his enemies can be relied on, that it was owing to the king's refusal of the laureatship, or of a pension—for the story is told in different ways. All that can be suggested in May's behalf is, that no complimentary dedications

[1] The Heir, T.; Antigone, T.; Julia Agrippina, T.; Cleopatra, T., Old Couple, C.; to which may be added Julius Cæsar, a tragedy, still in manuscript.

could pledge his principles on a great question of public justice, and that the motives of an action are seldom traced with scrupulous truth, where it is the bias of the narrator to degrade the action itself. Clarendon, the most respectable of his accusers, is exactly in this situation. He begins by praising his epic poetry as among the best in our language, and inconsistently concludes by pronouncing that May deserves to be forgotten.

The parliament, from whatever motive he embraced their cause, appointed him their secretary and historiographer. In this capacity he wrote his Breviary, which Warburton pronounces "a just composition, according to the rules of history." It breaks off, much to the loss of the history of that time, just at the period of the Self-denying Ordinance. Soon after this publication he went to bed one night in apparent health, having drank freely, and was found dead in the morning. His death was ascribed to his nightcap being tied too tightly under his chin. Andrew Marvel imputes it to the cheerful bottle. Taken together, they were no bad receipt for suffocation. The vampire revenge of his enemies in digging him up from his grave, is an event too notorious in the history of the Restoration. They gave him honourable company in this sacrilege, namely, that of Blake.

He has ventured in narrative poetry on a similar difficulty to that Shakspeare encountered in the historical drama, but it is unnecessary to shew with how much less success. Even in that department he has scarcely equalled Daniel or Drayton.

THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND.

FAIR Rosamond within her bower of late
(While these sad storms had shaken Henry's state,
And he from England last had absent been)
Retir'd herself; nor had that star been seen
To shine abroad, or with her lustre grace
The woods or walks adjoining to the place.
About those places, while the times were free,
Oft with a train of her attendants she
For pleasure walk'd; and, like the huntress queen,
With her light nymphs, was by the people seen.
Thither the country lads and swains, that near
To Woodstock dwelt, would come to gaze on her.
Their jolly May-games there would they present,
Their harmless sports and rustic merriment,
To give this beauteous paragon delight.
Nor that officious service would she slight;
But their rude pastimes gently entertain.

* * * * * * *

Now came that fatal day, ordain'd to see
Th' eclipse of beauty, and for ever be
Accurs'd by woeful lovers,—all alone
Into her chamber Rosamond was gone;

* * * * * * * *

While thus she sadly mus'd, a ruthful cry
Had pierc'd her tender ear, and in the sound
Was nam'd (she thought) unhappy Rosamond.
(The cry was utter'd by her grieved maid,
From whom that clew was taken, that betray'd

Her lady's life), and while she doubting fear'd,
Too soon the fatal certainty appear'd:
For with her train the wrathful queen was there;
Oh! who can tell what cold and killing fear
Through every part of Rosamond was struck?
The rosy tincture her sweet checks forsook,
And, like an ivory statue did she show
Of life and motion reft. Had she been so
Transform'd in deed, how kind the Fates had been,
How pitiful to her! nay, to the queen!
Even she herself did seem to entertain
Some ruth; but straight revenge return'd again,
And fill'd her furious breast. "Strumpet (quoth she),
I need not speak at all; my sight may be
Enough expression of my wrongs, and what
The consequence must prove of such a hate.
Here, take this poison'd cup" (for in her hand
A poison'd cup she had), "and do not stand
To parley now: but drink it presently,
Or else by tortures be resolv'd to die.
Thy doom is set." Pale trembling Rosamond
Receives the cup, and kneeling on the ground,
When dull amazement somewhat had forsook
Her breast, thus humbly to the queen she spoke:
"I dare not hope you should so far relent,
Great queen, as to forgive the punishment
That to my foul offence is justly due.
Nor will I vainly plead excuse, to show
By what strong arts I was at first betray'd,
Or tell how many subtle snares were laid

To catch mine honour. These, though ne'er so true,
Can bring no recompence at all to you,
Nor just excuse to my abhorred crime.
Instead of sudden death, I crave but time,
* * * * * * *

"No more (replied the furious queen); have done;
Delay no longer, lest thy choice be gone,
And that a sterner death for thee remain."
No more did Rosamond entreat in vain;
But, forc'd to hard necessity to yield,
Drank of the fatal potion that she held.
And with it enter'd the grim tyrant Death:
Yet gave such respite, that her dying breath
Might beg forgiveness from the heavenly throne,
And pardon those that her destruction
Had doubly wrought. "Forgive, oh Lord, (said she,)
Him that dishonour'd, her that murder'd me.
Yet let me speak, for truth's sake, angry queen:
If you had spar'd my life, I might have been
In time to come th' example of your glory;
Not of your shame, as now; for when the story
Of hapless Rosamond is read, the best
And holiest people, as they will detest
My crime, and call it foul, they will abhor,
And call unjust the rage of Eleanor.
And in this act of yours it will be thought
King Henry's sorrow, not his love, you sought."
And now so far the venom's force assail'd
Her vital parts, that life with language fail'd.

That well-built palace where the Graces made
Their chief abode, where thousand Cupids play'd
And couch'd their shafts, whose structure did delight
Ev'n nature's self, is now demolish'd quite,
Ne'er to be rais'd again; th' untimely stroke
Of death that precious cabinet has broke,
That Henry's pleased heart so long had held.
With sudden mourning now the house is fill'd;
Nor can the queen's attendants, though they fear
Her wrath, from weeping at that sight forbear.
By rough north blasts so blooming roses fade;
So crushed falls the lily's tender blade.
* * * * * * * *

RICHARD CRASHAW.

DIED 1650.

THIS poet fell into neglect in his own age. He was however one of the first of our old minor poets that was rescued from oblivion in the following century. Pope borrowed from him, but acknowledged his obligations. Crashaw formed his style on the most quaint and conceited school of Italian poetry, that of Marino; and there is a prevalent harshness and strained expression in his verses; but there are also many touches of beauty and solemnity, and the strength of his thoughts sometimes appears even in their distortion. If it were not grown into a tedious and impertinent fashion to discover the sources of Paradise Lost, one might be tempted to notice some similarity between the speech of Satan in the Sospetto di Herode of Marino (which Crashaw has translated) and Satan's address to the sun in Milton. The little that is known of Crashaw's life exhibits enthusiasm, but it is not that of a weak or selfish mind. His private character was amiable; and we are told by the earliest editor of his "Steps to the Temple," that he was skilled in music, drawing, and engraving. His father, of whose writings an account is given in the tenth volume of the Censura Literaria, was a preacher at the Temple church, London. His son, the poet, was born in London, but at what time is uncertain. He was educated at the Charter-house

through the bounty of two friends, Sir Henry Yelverton, and Sir Francis Crew. From thence he removed to Cambridge, where he became a fellow, and took a degree of master of arts. There he published his Latin poems, in one of which is the epigram from a scripture passage, ending with the line, so well known,

"Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit,"
"The modest water saw its God, and blush'd:"

and also his pious effusions, called "Steps to the Temple." The title of the latter work was in allusion to the church at Cambridge, near his residence, where he almost constantly spent his time. When the covenant, in 1644, was offered to the universities, he preferred ejection and poverty to subscribing it. Already he had been distinguished as a popular and powerful preacher. He soon after embraced the catholic religion, and repaired to France. In austerity of devotion he had no great transition to make to catholicism; and his abhorence at the religious innovations he had witnessed, together with his admiration of the works of the canonized St. Teresa of Spain, still more easily account for his conversion. Cowley found him at Paris in deplorable poverty, and recommended him to his exiled queen, Henrietta Maria. Her majesty gave him letters of recommendation to Italy, where he became a secretary to one of the Roman cardinals, and a canon of the church of Loretto. Soon after the latter appointment he died, about the year 1650.

SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

LIB. I.

* * * * * * * *

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There where one centre reconciles all things;
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischief's old master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks; these loathsome strings
  Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
  Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

* * * * * * * *

From death's sad shades, to the life-breathing air,
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine with so pure a flood;
  There does he fix his eyes, and there detect
  New matter to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending sons of heaven on fire:
Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
Sybils' divining leaves; he does inquire
Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark
How many present prodigies conspire
  To crown their past predictions, both he lays
  Together, in his pond'rous mind both weighs.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
To a poor Galilean virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal flowers to her fair hand present.
He saw th' old Hebrew's womb neglect the law
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
His birth by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour
Of th' icy north, from frost-bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall; green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks, and Lybian sands.
He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands
Of fair Engaddi's honey-sweating fountains,
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the
mountains.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The heav'n-rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels, with new light,
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; mad with spite,
He mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was the great business both of heaven and earth.

He saw a threefold sun, with rich increase,
Make proud the ruby portals of the east.

He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast.
He saw the falling idols all confess
A coming deity. He saw the nest
  Of poisonous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
  Touch'd with the world's true antidote to burst.

He saw Heaven blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd
The golden eyes of night, whose beam made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd
(Nor ask'd leave of the sun), by day as night.
By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious handmaid) rais'd
  Three kings (or what is more) three wise men went
  Westward, to find the world's true orient.

* * * * * * * *

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye.
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie.
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family,
  That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
  Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

That he whom the sun serves, should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he the old
Eternal Word should be a child and weep:
That he who made the fire should fear the cold:

That Heaven's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay cottage, by each blast controll'd:
That glory's self should serve our griefs and fears,
And free eternity submit to years.

And further, that the law's eternal Giver,
Should bleed in his own law's obedience;
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himself, the forfeit of his slave's offence.
That the unblemish'd Lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense.
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
Entangles his lost thoughts past getting out.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,
His gloomy bosom's darkest character
Was in his shady forehead seen exprest.
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,
Is what in sign of joy among the blest,
The face's lightning, or a smile is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart opprest,
A desperate, Oh me! drew from his deep breast.

Oh me! (thus bellow'd he); oh me! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serve my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?
Frown I, and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance;
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?

He has my Heaven (what would he more) whose
bright
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear.
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here
To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheer
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

Dark dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray:
And should we powers of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I; and clomb the north,
Where never wing of angel yet made way.
What though I miss'd my blow? yet I struck
high,
And to dare something, is some victory[1].

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile human nature, means he not t' invest
(O my despite!) with his divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright arms of heav'n rebuke these eyes?
Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

[1] Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. MILTON.—E

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that gild the morn in charge were giv'n?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
The fairest, and the first born smile of Heav'n?
Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
Oppress'd the common people of the skies.

Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shews?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys
Renders thee double to thy present woes.
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
If hell must mourn, heav'n sure shall sympathise.
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
Myself? my strength too with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, heav'n, earth, whate'er dost
boast
A borrow'd being, make thy bold defence.
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths.
Heav'ns saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now shall see, and tremble at the sight.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

BORN 1605.—DIED 1654.

The mother of this poet, who was daughter to Lord Morley, is reported to have written the famous letter of warning, in consequence of which the gunpowder plot was discovered. His father, who had been suspected of a share in Babington's conspiracy, and who had owed his release to his being godson to Queen Elizabeth, was a second time imprisoned, and condemned to death on the charge of having concealed some of the agents in the gunpowder plot; but by Lord Morley's interest was pardoned, on condition of confining himself to Worcestershire, of which county he lived to write a voluminous history.

The family were catholics; and his son, the poet, was sent to St. Omer's, we are told, with a view to make him a Jesuit, which he declined. The same intention never failed to be ascribed to all English families who sent their children to that seminary. On his return from the continent he lived chiefly with his father, who was his preceptor. Of the subsequent course of his life nothing more seems to be on record than his marriage and his literary works. The latter consisted of effusions entitled Castara, the poetical name of his mistress; the Queen of Arra-

gon, a tragedy; a History of Edward IV.; and Observations upon History.

Habington became a poet from the courtship of the lady whom he married, Lucy, daughter to Lord Powis. There is no very ardent sensibility in his lyrics, but they denote a mind of elegant and chaste sentiments. He is free as any of the minor poets of his age from the impurities which were then considered as wit. He is indeed rather ostentatiously platonic, but his love language is far from being so elaborate as the complimentary gallantry of the preceding age. A respectable gravity of thought, and succinct fluency of expression, are observable in the poems of his later life.

TO CASTARA, INQUIRING WHY I LOVED HER.

Why doth the stubborn iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetic stone?
How know you that the orbs do move;
With music too? since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy virtues, each a star
Which in thy soul's bright sphere do shine,
Shooting their beauties from afar,
To make each gazer's heart like thine;
Our virtues often meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spy,
When poets weep some virgin's death,

That Cupid wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne'er
So vain as in that to delight:
Which, balance it, no weight doth bear,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But only fills the vulgar ear.

Nor yet thy fortunes: since I know
They, in their motion like the sea,
Ebb from the good, to the impious flow:
And so in flattery betray,
That raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuel enough t'inflame desire;
But there was something from above,
Shot without reason's guide, this fire.
I know, yet know not, why I love.

CUPIO DISSOLVI.

The soul which doth with God unite,
Those gaieties how doth she slight
Which o'er opinion sway!
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars or on martyrs' shrines,
How doth she burn away!

How violent are her throws till she
From envious earth delivered be,
  Which doth her flight restrain!
How doth she doat on whips and racks,
On fires, and the so dreaded axe,
  And every murd'ring pain!

How soon she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health,
  And fame's more precious breath;
And every gaudy circumstance
That doth the pomp of life advance,
  At the approach of death!

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the stars,
  Placing all knowledge there:
And lovers in their mistress' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
  And seek no higher sphere.

The wand'ring pilot sweats to find
The causes that produce the wind,
  Still gazing on the pole.
The politician scorns all art
But what doth pride and power impart,
  And swells the ambitious soul.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warm,
And 'gainst these powerful follies arm,
  Doth soberly disdain

All these fond human mysteries
As the deceitful and unwise
Distempers of our brain.

He as a burden bears his clay,
Yet vainly throws it not away
On every idle cause:
But with the same untroubled eye
Can or resolve to live or die,
Regardless of th' applause.

My God! if 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
Wherein I breathe this air;
My heart obeys, joy'd to retreat
From the false favours of the great,
And treachery of the fair.

When thou shalt please this soul t'enthrone
Above impure corruption;
What should I grieve or fear,
To think this breathless body must
Become a loathsome heap of dust,
And ne'er again appear.

For in the fire when ore is tried,
And by that torment purified,
Do we deplore the loss?
And when thou shalt my soul refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
Shall I grieve for the dross?

FROM THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

SONG.

Not the phœnix in his death,
  Nor those banks where violets grow,
  And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath.
    But O! marriage makes the spell,
    And 'tis poison if I smell.

The twin-beauties of the skies,
  (When the half-sunk sailors haste
  To rend sail, and cut their mast,)
Shine not welcome, as her eyes.
    But those beams, than storms more black.
    If they point at me, I wrack.

Then for fear of such a fire,
  Which kills worse than the long night
  Which benumbs the Muscovite,
I must from my life retire.
    But O no! for if her eye
    Warm me not, I freeze, and die.

JOHN HALL.

BORN 1627.—DIED 1656.

John Hall was born at Durham, and educated at Cambridge, where he published a volume of verses. He had been some time at the bar when he died in his twenty-ninth year.

THE MORNING STAR.

Still herald of the morn! whose ray,
Being page and usher to the day,
Doth mourn behind the sun, before him play;
Who sett'st a golden signal ere
The bark retire, the lark appear,
The early cocks cry comfort, screech-owls fear.

Who wink'st while lovers plight their troth,
Then falls asleep, while they are loth
To part without a more engaging oath;
Steal in a message to the eyes
Of Julia, tell her that she lies
Too long,—thy lord, the sun, will quickly rise.

Yet it is midnight still with me,
Nay worse, unless that kinder she

Smile day, and in my zenith seated be;
But if she will obliquely run,
I needs a calenture must shun,
And, like an Ethiopian, hate my sun.



WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYN.

DIED 1658.



I BELIEVE the only notice of this poet that is to be found is in Langbaine, who informs us that he was a physician at Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire, in the reigns of Charles I. and II. He wrote a single tragi-comedy, Love's Victory, which was acted after the Restoration under the new title of "Wits led by the Nose, or the Poet's Revenge." His Pharonnida, an heroic poem, in five books, which Langbaine says has nothing to recommend it, is one of the most interesting stories that was ever told in verse, and contained so much amusing matter as to be made into a prose novel in the reign of Charles II. What Dr. Johnson said unjustly of Milton's Comus, that it was like gold hid under a rock, may, unfortunately, be applied with too much propriety to Pharonnida. Never perhaps was so much beautiful design in poetry marred by infelicity of execution: his rug-

gedness of versification, abrupt transitions, and a style that is at once slovenly and quaint, perpetually interrupted in enjoying the splendid figures and spirited passions of this romantic tablet, and make us catch them only by glimpses. I am well aware that from a story so closely interwoven a few selected passages, while they may be more than sufficient to exemplify the faults, are not enough to discover the full worth of Chamberlayn. His sketches, already imperfect, must appear still more so in the shape of fragments, we must peruse the narrative itself to appreciate the rich breadth and variety of its scenes, and we must perhaps accustom our vision to the thick medium of its uncouth style to enjoy the power and pathos of his characters and situations. Under all the defects of the poem the reader will then indeed feel his unfinished hints affect the heart and dilate the imagination. From the fate of Chamberlayn a young poet may learn one important lesson, that he who neglects the subsidiary graces of taste has every chance of being neglected by posterity, and that the pride of genius must not prompt him to disdain the study of harmony and of style.

PHARONNIDA, BOOK II. CANTO III.

Argalia being brought before the Princess Pharonnida on a false accusation of murder, they fall in love with each other, although the Princess is obliged, with a reluctant heart, to condemn him on false evidence.

High mounted on an ebon throne, on which
Th' embellish'd silver shew'd so sadly rich,
As if its varied form strove to delight
Those solemn souls which death-pale fear did fright,
In Tyrian purple clad, the princess sate,
Between two sterner ministers of fate,
Impartial judges, whose distinguish'd tasks
Their various habit to the view unmasks.
One, in whose looks, as pity strove to draw
Compassion in the tablets of the law,
Some softness dwelt, in a majestic vest
Of state-like red was clothed; the other, dress'd
In dismal black, whose terrible aspect
Declared his office, serv'd but to detect
Her slow consent, if, when the first forsook
The cause, the law so far as death did look.
Silence proclaim'd, a harsh command calls forth
Th' undaunted prisoner, whose excelling worth
In this low ebb of fortune did appear
Such as we fancy virtues that come near
The excellence of angels—fear had not
Rifled one drop of blood, nor rage begot
More colour in his cheeks—his soul in state,
Throned in the medium, cònstant virtue sat.

* * * * * * * *

Yet, though now depress'd
Even in opinion, which oft proves the best
Support to those whose public virtues we
Adore before their private guilt we see,
His noble soul still wings itself above
Passion's dark fogs; and like that prosperous dove,
The world's first pilot, for discovery sent,
When all the floods that bound the firmament
O'erwhelm'd the earth, conscience calm joys to increase,
Returns, freight with the olive branch of peace.
Thus fortified from all that tyrant fear
O'erawed the guilty with, he doth appear.
* * * * * Not all
His virtues now protect him, he must fall
A guiltless sacrifice, to expiate
No other crime but their envenom'd hate.
An ominous silence—such as oft precedes
The fatal sentence—while the accuser reads
His charge, possess'd the pitying court, in which
Presaging calm Pharonnida, too rich
In mercy, heav'n's supreme prerogative,
To stifle tears, did with her passion strive
So long, that what at first assaulted in
Sorrow's black armour, had so often been
For pity cherish'd, that at length her eyes
Found there those spirits that did sympathize
With those that warm'd her blood, and, unseen, move
That engine of the world, mysterious love.

* * * * * * * *

The beauteous princess, whose free soul had been
Yet guarded in her virgin ice, and now
A stranger is to what she doth allow
Such easy entrance. By those rays that fall
From either's eyes, to make reciprocal
Their yielding passions, brave Argalia felt,
Even in the grasp of death, his functions melt
To flames, which on his heart an onset make
For sadness, such as weary mortals take
Eternal farewells in. Yet in this high
Tide of his blood, in a soft calm to die,
His yielding spirits now prepare to meet
Death, cloth'd in thoughts white as his winding-sheet.
That fatal doom, which unto heav'n affords
The sole appeal, one of the assisting lords
Had now pronounc'd, whose horrid thunder could
Not strike his laurel'd brow; that voice, which would
Have petrified a timorous soul, he hears
With calm attention. No disorder'd fears
Ruffled his fancy, nor domestic war
Raged in his breast; his every look so far
From vulgar passions, that, unless, amazêd
At beauty's majesty, he sometime gazed
Wildly on that as emblems of more great
Glories than earth afforded, from the seat
Of resolution his fix'd soul had not
Been stirr'd to passion, which had now begot

Wonder, not fear, within him. No harsh frown
Contracts his brow; nor did his thoughts pull down
One fainting spirit, wrapt in smother'd groans,
To clog his heart. From her most eminent thrones
Of sense, the eyes, the lightning of his soul
Flew with such vigour forth, it did control
All weaker passions, and at once include
With Roman valour Christian fortitude.

BOOK III. CANTO II.

The father of Pharonnida, having discovered her attachment to Argalia, breaks into rage and thus threatens her.

Silent with passion, which his eyes inflamed,
The prince awhile beholds her ere he blamed
The frailty of affection; but at length,
Through the quick throng of thoughts, armed with
 a strength,
Which crush'd the soft paternal smiles of love,
He thus begins—" And must, O must that prove
My greatest curse on which my hopes ordained
To raise my happiness? Have I refrain'd
The pleasures of a nuptial bed to joy
Alone in thee, nor trembled to destroy
My name, so that advancing thine I might
Live to behold my sceptre take its flight
To a more spacious empire? Have I spent
My youth till, grown in debt to age, she hath sent
Diseases to arrest me, that impair
My strength and hopes e'er to enjoy an heir,

Which might preserve our name, which only now
Must in our dusty annals live; whilst thou
Transferr'st the glory of our house on one,
Which had not I warmed into life, had gone,
A wretch forgotten of the world, to th' earth
From whence he sprung? But tear this monstrous
birth
Of fancy from thy soul, quick as thou'dst fly
Descending wrath if visible, or I
Shall blast thee with my anger till thy name
Rot in my memory; not as the same
That once thou wert behold thee, but as some
Dire prodigy, which to foreshew should come
All ills which through the progress of my life
Did chance were sent. I lost a queen and wife,
Thy virtuous mother, who for goodness might
Have here supplied, before she took her flight
To heav'n, my better angel's place; have since
Stood storms of strong affliction; still a prince
Over my passions until now, but this
Hath prov'd me coward. Oh! thou dost amiss
To grieve me thus, fond girl."—With that he shook
His reverend head; beholds her with a look
Compos'd of grief and anger, which she sees
With melting sorrow; but resolv'd love frees
Her from more yielding pity—
She falls
Prostrate at's feet; to his remembrance calls
Her dying mother's will, by whose pale dust
She now conjures him not to be unjust

Unto that promise, with which her pure soul
Fled satisfied from earth—as to control
Her freedom of affection.—
She then
Calls to remembrance who reliev'd him when
Distress'd within Aleythius' walls; the love
His subjects bore Argalia, which might prove
Her choice her happiness; with all, how great
A likelihood, it was but the retreat
Of royalty to a more safe disguise
Had shew'd him to their state's deluded eyes
So mean a thing. Love's boundless rhetoric
About to dictate more, he, with a quick
And furious haste, forsakes the room, his rage
Thus boiling o'er—" And must my wretched age
Be thus by thee tormented? but take heed,
Correct thy passions, or their cause must bleed,
Until he quench the flame—"
* * * * Her soul, oppress'd,
Sinks in a pale swoon, catching at the rest
It must not yet enjoy; swift help lends light,
Though faint and glimmering, to behold what night
Of grief o'ershadow'd her. You that have been
Upon the rack of passion, tortured in
The engines of forbidden love, that have
Shed fruitless tears, spent hopeless sighs, to crave
A rigid parent's fair aspect, conceive
What wild distraction seiz'd her. I must leave
Her passions' volume only to be read
Within the breasts of such whose hearts have bled
At the like dangerous wounds.——

BOOK III. CANTO III.

Through the dark path of dusty annals we,
Led by his valour's light, return to see
Argalia's story, who hath, since that night
Wherein he took that strange distracted flight
From treacherous Ardenna, perform'd a course
So full of threat'ning dangers, that the force
Of his protecting angel trembled to
Support his fate, which crack'd the slender clew
Of destiny almost to death: his stars,
Doubting their influence when such horrid wars
The gods proclaim'd, withdrew their languish'd
beams
Beneath heaven's spangled arch; in pitchy streams
The heavy clouds unlade their wombs, until
The angry winds, fearing the floods should fill
The air, the region where they ruled, did break
Their marble lodgings; Nature's self grew weak
With these distemperatures, and seem'd to draw
Tow'rd dissolution—her neglected law
Each element forgot. Th' imprison'd flame,
When the clouds' stock of moisture could not tame
Its violence, in sulph'ry flashes broke
Thorough the glaring air; the swoln clouds spoke
In the loud voice of thunder; the sea raves
And foams with anger, hurls his troubled waves
High as the moon's dull orb, whose waning light
Withdrew to add more terror to the night.

ARGALIA TAKEN PRISONER BY THE TURKS.

. * * * The Turks had ought
Made desperate onslaughts on the isle, but brought
Nought back but wounds and infamy ; but now,
Wearied with toil, they are resolv'd to bow
Their stubborn resolutions with the strength
Of not-to-be-resisted want: the length
Of the chronical disease extended had
To some few months, since to oppress the sad
But constant islanders, the army lay,
Circling their confines. Whilst this tedious stay
From battle rusts the soldier's valour in
His tainted cabin, there had often been,
With all variety of fortune, fought
Brave single combats, whose success had brought
Honour's unwither'd laurels on the brow
Of either party ; but the balance, now
Forc'd by the hand of a brave Turk, inclin'd
Wholly to them. Thrice had his valour shin'd
In victory's refulgent rays, thrice heard
The shouts of conquest ; thrice on his lance appear'd
The heads of noble Rhodians, which had struck
A general sorrow 'mongst the knights. All look
Who next the lists should enter ; each desires
The task were his, but honour now requires
A spirit more than vulgar, or she dies
The next attempt, their valour's sacrifice ;
To prop whose ruins, chosen by the free
Consent of all, Argalia comes to be

Their happy champion. Truce proclaim'd, until
The combat ends th' expecting people fill
The spacious battlements; the Turks forsake
Their tents, of whom the city ladies take
A dreadful view, till a more noble sight
Diverts their looks; each part behold their knight
With various wishes, whilst in blood and sweat
They toil for victory. The conflict's heat
Raged in their veins, which honour more enflam'd
Than burning calentures could do; both blam'd
The feeble influence of their stars, that gave
No speedier conquest; each neglects to save
Himself, to seek advantage to offend
His eager foe. * * * * *
* * * * * But now so long
The Turks' proud champion had endured the strong
Assaults of the stout Christian, till his strength
Cool'd, on the ground, with his blood—he fell at
length,
Beneath his conquering sword. The barbarous crew
O' the villains that did at a distance view
Their champion's fall, all bands of truce forgot,
Running to succour him, begin a hot
And desperate combat with those knights that stand
To aid Argalia, by whose conquering hand
Whole squadrons of them fall, but here he spent
His mighty spirit in vain, their cannons rent
His scatter'd troops.
* * * * * * * *

Argalia lies in chains, ordain'd to die
A sacrifice unto the cruelty
Of the fierce bashaw, whose lov'd favourite in
The combat late he slew; yet had not been
In that so much unhappy, had not he,
That honour'd then his sword with victory,
Half-brother to Janusa been, a bright
But cruel lady, whose refined delight,
Her slave (though husband), Ammurat, durst not
Ruffle with discontent; wherefore, to cool that hot
Contention of her blood, which he foresaw
That heavy news would from her anger draw,
To quench with the brave Christian's death, he sent
Him living to her, that her anger, spent
In flaming torments, might not settle in
The dregs of discontent. Staying to win
Some Rhodian castles, all the prisoners were
Sent with a guard into Sardinia, there
To meet their wretched thraldom. From the rest
Argalia sever'd, soon hopes to be blest
With speedy death, though waited on by all
The hell-instructed torments that could fall
Within invention's reach; but he's not yet
Arriv'd to his period, his unmov'd stars sit
Thus in their orbs secured. It was the use
Of th' Turkish pride, which triumphs in th' abuse
Of suffering Christians, once, before they take
The ornaments of nature off, to make
Their pris'ners public to the view, that all
Might mock their miseries: this sight did call

Janusa to her palace window, where,
Whilst she beholds them, love resolv'd to bear
Her ruin on her treacherous eye-beams, till
Her heart infected grew; their orbs did fill,
As the most pleasing object, with the sight
Of him whose sword open'd a way for the flight
Of her lov'd brother's soul. At the first view
Passion had struck her dumb, but when it grew
Into desire, she speedily did send
To have his name—which known, hate did defend
Her heart; besieg'd with love, she sighs, and straight
Commands him to a dungeon: but love's bait
Cannot be so cast up, though to efface
His image from her soul she strives. The place
For execution she commands to be
'Gainst the next day prepar'd; but rest and she
Grow enemies about it: if she steal
A slumber from her thoughts, that doth reveal
Her passions in a dream, sometimes she thought
She saw her brother's pale grim ghost, that brought
His grisly wounds to shew her, smear'd in blood,
Standing before her sight; and by that flood
Those red streams wept, imploring vengeance, then,
Enraged, she cries, "O, let him die!" But when
Her sleep-imprison'd fancy, wand'ring in
The shades of darken'd reason, did begin
To draw Argalia's image on her soul,
Love's sovereign power did suddenly controul
The strength of those abortive embryos, sprung
From smother'd anger. The glad birds had sung

A lullaby to night, the lark was fled,
On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sunbeams, ere
Whose early reign Janusa, that could bear
No longer lockt within her breast so great
An army of rebellious passions, beat
From reason's conquer'd fortress, did unfold
Her thoughts to Manto, a stout wench, whose bold
Wit, join'd with zeal to serve her, had endear'd
Her to her best affections. Having clear'd
All doubts with hopeful promises, her maid,
By whose close wiles this plot must be convey'd,
To secret action of her council makes
Two eunuch pandars, by whose help she takes
Argalia from his keeper's charge, as to
Suffer more torments than the rest should do,
And lodg'd him in that castle to affright
And soften his great soul with fear. The light,
Which lent its beams into the dismal place
In which he lay, without presents the face
Of horror smear'd in blood; a scaffold built
To be the stage of murder, blusht with guilt
Of Christian blood, by several torments let
From th' imprisoning veins. This object set
To startle his resolves if good, and make
His future joys more welcome, could not shake
The heav'n-built pillars of his soul, that stood
Steady, though in the slippery paths of blood.
The gloomy night now sat enthron'd in dead
And silent shadows, midnight curtains spread

The earth in black for what the falling day
Had blush'd in fire, whilst the brave pris'ner lay,
Circled in darkness, yet in those shades spends
The hours with angels, whose assistance lends
Strength to the wings of faith.
* * * * * * * *
He beholds
A glimmering light, whose near approach unfolds
The leaves of darkness. While his wonder grows
Big with amazement, the dim taper shews
False Manto enter'd, who, prepared to be
A bawd unto her lustful mistress, came,
Not with persuasive rhetoric to inflame
A heart congeal'd with death's approach.
* * * * * * * *
Most blest of men!
Compose thy wonder, and let only joy
Dwell in thy soul. My coming's to destroy,
Not nurse thy trembling fears: be but so wise
To follow thy swift fate, and thou mayst rise
Above the reach of danger. In thy arms
Circle that power whose radiant brightness charms
Fierce Ammurat's anger, when his crescents shine
In a full orb of forces; what was thine
Ere made a prisoner, though the doubtful state
Of her best Christian monarch, will abate
Its splendour, when that daughter of the night,
Thy feeble star, shines in a heaven of light.
If life or liberty, then, bear a shape
Worthy thy courting, swear not to escape

By the attempts of strength, and I will free
The iron bonds of thy captivity.
A solemn oath, by that great power he serv'd,
Took, and believ'd: his hopes no longer starv'd
In expectation. From that swarthy seat
Of sad despair, his narrow jail, replete
With lazy damps, she leads him to a room
In whose delights joy's summer seem'd to bloom,
There left him to the brisk society
Of costly baths and Corsic wines, whose high
And sprightly tempers from cool sherbets found
A calm ally; here his harsh thoughts unwound
Themselves in pleasure, as not fearing fate
So much, but that he dares to recreate
His spirit, by unwieldy action tired,
With all that lust into no crime had fired.
By mutes, those silent ministers of sin,
His sullied garments were remov'd, and in
Their place such various habits laid, as pride
Would clothe her favourites with. * * *
* * * * * * * *
Unruffled here by the rash wearer, rests
Fair Persian mantles, rich Sclavonian vests.
* * * * * * * *
Though on this swift variety of fate
He looks with wonder, yet his brave soul sate
Too safe within her guards of reason, to
Be shook with passion: that there's something new,
And strange approaching after such a storm,
This gentle calm assures him. * * * *

* * * * * * * *

His limbs from wounds but late recover'd, now
Refresht with liquid odours, did allow
Their suppled nerves no softer rest, but in
Such robes as wore their ornament within,
Veil'd o'er their beauty. * * * *
* * * * * * * *

His guilty conduct now had brought him near
Janusa's room, the glaring lights appear
Thorough the window's crystal walls, the strong
Perfumes of balmy incense mixt among
The wand'ring atoms of the air did fly.
* * * * The open doors allow
A free access into the room, where come,
Such real forms he saw as would strike dumb
The Alcoran's tales of Paradise, the fair
And sparkling gems i' the gilded roof impair
Their taper's fire, yet both themselves confess
Weak to those flames Janusa's eyes possess.
With such a joy as bodies that do long
For souls, shall meet them in the doomsday throng,
She that ruled princes, though not passions, sate
Waiting her lover, on a throne whose state
Epitomiz'd the empire's wealth; her robe,
With costly pride, had robb'd the chequer'd globe
Of its most fair and orient jewels, to
Enhance its value; captive princes who
Had lost their crowns, might there those gems have
seen.

* * * * * * * *

Placed in a seat near her bright throne, to stir
His settled thoughts she thus begins: "From her
Your sword hath so much injur'd as to shed
Blood so near kin to mine, that it was fed
By the same milky fountains, and within
One womb warm'd into life, is such a sin
I could not pardon, did not love commit
A rape upon my mercy: all the wit
Of man in vain inventions had been lost,
Ere thou redeem'd; which now, although it cost
The price of all my honours, I will do:
Be but so full of gratitude as to
Repay my care with love. Why dost thou thus
Sit dumb to my discourse? it lies in us
To raise or ruin thee, and make my way
Thorough their bloods that our embraces stay."

* * * * * * * *

To charm those sullen spirits that within
The dark cells of his conscience might have been
Yet by religion hid—that gift divine,
The soul's composure, music, did refine
The lazy air, whose polish'd harmony,
Whilst dancing in redoubled echoes, by
A wanton song was answer'd, whose each part
Invites the hearing to betray the heart.
Having with all these choice flowers strew'd the way
That leads to lust, to shun the slow decay
Of his approach, her sickly passions haste
To die in action. "Come," she cries, "we waste
The precious minutes. Now thou knowest for what
Thou'rt sent for hither."

Brave Argalia sits,
With virtue cool'd. * * * *
* * * And must my freedom then
At such a rate be purchas'd? rather, when
My life expires in torments, let my name
Forgotten die, than live in black-mouth'd fame,
A servant to thy lust. Go, tempt thy own
Damn'd infidels to sin, that ne'er had known
The way to virtue: not this cobweb veil
Of beauty, which thou wear'st but as a jail
To a soul pale with guilt, can cover o'er
Thy mind's deformity. * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Rent from these gilded pleasures, send me to
A dungeon dark as hell, where shadows do
Reign in eternal silence; let these rich
And costly robes, the gaudy trappings which
Thou mean'st to clothe my sin in, be exchang'd
For sordid rags. When thy fierce spleen hath rang'd
Through all invented torments, choose the worst
To punish my denial; less accurst
I so shall perish, than if by consent
I taught thy guilty thoughts how to augment
Their sin in action, and, by giving ease
To thy blood's fever, took its loath'd disease.
* * * * Her look,
Cast like a felon's—— * * * *
Was sad; with silent grief the room she leaves.

BOOK III. CANTO IV.

OUR noble captive, to fair virtue's throne
In safety past, though through lust's burning zone,
Finds in his dungeon's lazy damps a rest
More sweet, though with the heavy weights oppress'd
Of iron bondage, than if they had been
Love's amorous wreaths.
* * * But she breathes curses in
Her soul's pale agony. * * * *
* * * * And now she steeps
Her down in tears—a flood of sorrow weeps,
Of power (if penitent) to expiate
Youth's vigorous sins; but all her mourning sate
Beneath a darker veil than that which shades
Repentant grief. * * * * *

So far the fair Janusa in this sad
Region of grief had gone, till sorrow had
That fever turn'd, upon whose flaming wings
At first love only sate, to one which brings
Death's symptoms near the heart.
* * * * * The rose had lost
His ensigns in her cheeks, and though it cost
Pains near to death, the lily had alone
Set his pale banners up; no brightness shone
Within her eye's dim orbs, whose fading light
Being quench'd in death, had set in endless night,
Had not the wise endeavours of her maid,
The careful Manto, grief's pale scouts betray'd,
By sly deceit.

Although she cures not, yet gives present ease,
By laying opiates to the harsh disease.
A letter, which did for uncivil blame
His first denial, in the stranger's name
Disguis'd, she gives her; which, with eyes that did
O'erflow with joy, read o'er, had soon forbid
Grief's sullen progress, whose next stage had been
O'er life's short road, the grave—death's quiet inn,
From whose dark terror, by this gleam of light,
Like trembling children by a lamp's weak light,
Freed from night's dreadful shadows, she embraced
Sleep, nature's darkness— * * * *
* * * * * and upon the wings
Of airy hope, that wanton bird which sings
As soon as fledg'd, advanc'd her to survey
The dawning beauties of a long'd-for day.
* * * * * * * *

But ere this pyramid of pleasure to
Its height arrives—with's presence to undo
The golden structure—dreadful Ammurat,
From his floating mansion lately landed at
The city's port, impatient love had brought
In an untimely visit. * * * *
* * * * * * * *

He enters, and she faints! in which pale trance
His pity finds her, but to no such chance
Imputes the cause: rather conceives it joy,
Whose rushing torrent made her heart employ
Its nimble servants, all her spirits, to
Prevent a deluge, which might else undo

Love's new made commonwealth. But whilst his care
Hastens to help, her fortune did declare
Her sorrow's dark enigma; from her bed
The letter dropt—which, when life's army fled,
Their frontier garrisons neglected, had
Been left within 't—this seen, declares a sad
Truth to th' amazed Bassa, though 'twere mixt
With subtle falsehood. While he stands, betwixt
High rage and grief distracted, doubtful yet
In what new dress to wear revenge, the fit
Forsakes Janusa; who, not knowing she
Detected stood of lust's conspiracy
'Gainst honour's royal charter, from a low
Voice strains a welcome, which did seem to flow
From fickle discontent, such as the weak
Lungs breathe their thoughts in whilst their fibres break.

To counterfeited slumbers leaving her,
He's gone with silent anger to confer;
With such a farewell as kind husbands leave
Their pregnant wives, preparing to receive
A mother's first of blessings, he forsakes
The room, and into strict enquiry takes
The wretched Manto, who, ere she could call
Excuse to aid, surpris'd, discovers all.

The captive Argalia is again brought before Janusa, who is unconscious that the Bassa had read the letter. Ammurat, in the mean time, is concealed to watch the interview.

PLAC'D, by false Manto, in a closet, which,
Silent and sad, had only to enrich
Its roof with light, some few neglected beams
Sent from Janusa's room, which serve as streams
To watch intelligence; here he beheld,
Whilst she who with his absence had expell'd
All thoughtful cares, was with her joy swell'd high,
As captives are when call'd to liberty.
Perfum'd and costly, her fair bed was more
Adorn'd than shrines which costly kings adore;
Incense, in smoky curls, climbs to the fair
Roof, whilst choice music rarifies the air;
Each element in more perfection here,
Than in the first creation did appear,
Yet liv'd in harmony: the wing'd fire lent
Perfumes to the air, that to moist cordials pent
In crystal vials, strength; and those impart
Their vigour to that ball of earth, the heart.
The nice eye here epitomiz'd might see
Rich Persia's wealth, and old Rome's luxury.

But now, like Nature's new-made favourite,
Who, until all created for delight
Was framed, did ne'er see Paradise, comes in
Deceived Argalia, thinking he had been
Call'd thither to behold a penitent.
* * * * * * * *

*   *   *   *   * With such a high
Heroic scorn as aged saints that die,
Heaven's fav'rites, leave the trivial world—he slights
That gilded pomp; no splendent beam invites
His serious eye to meet their objects in
An amorous glance, reserved as he had been
Before his grave confessor: he beholds
Beauty's bright magic, while its art unfolds
Great love's mysterious riddles, and commands
Captive Janusa to infringe the bands
Of matrimonial modesty. When all
Temptation fails, she leaves her throne to fall,
The scorn of greatness, at his feet: but prayer,
Like flattery, expires in useless air,
Too weak to batter that firm confidence
Their torment's thunder could not shake. From hence
Despair, love's tyrant, had enforced her to
More wild attempts, had not her Ammurat, who,
Unseen, beheld all this, prevented, by
His sight, the death of bleeding modesty.

Made swift with rage, the ruffled curtain flies
His angry touch—he enters—fixt his eyes,
From whence some drops of rage distil, on her
Whose heart had lent her face its character.
Whilst he stood red with flaming anger, she
Looks pale with fear—passion's disparity
Dwelt in their troubled breasts; his wild eyes stood
Like comets, when attracting storms of blood

Shook with portentous sad, whilst hers sate
Like the dull earth, when trembling at the fate
Of those ensuing evils—heavy fixt
Within their orbs. Passions thus strangely mixt,
No various fever ere created in
The phrenzied brain, when sleep's sweet calm had been
From her soft throne deposed.
* * * * * * * *
So having paus'd, his dreadful voice thus broke
The dismal silence.
Thou curse of my nativity, that more
Affects me than eternal wrath can do—
Spirits condemn'd, some fiends, instruct me to
Heighten revenge to thy desert; but so
I should do more than mortals may, and throw
Thy spotted soul to flames. Yet I will give
Its passport hence; for think not to outlive
This hour, this fatal hour, ordain'd to see
More than an age before of tragedy.
* * * * * * * *
* * * * Fearing tears should win
The victory of anger, Ammurat draws
His scymitar, which had in blood writ laws
For conquer'd provinces, and with a swift
And cruel rage, ere penitence could lift
Her burthen'd soul in a repentant thought
Tow'rds heaven, sheathes the cold steel in her soft
And snowy breast: with a loud groan she falls
Upon the bloody floor, half breathless, calls

For his untimely pity; but perceiving
The fleeting spirits, with her blood, were leaving
Her heart unguarded, she implores that breath
Which yet remain'd, not to bewail her death,
But beg his life that caused it—on her knees,
Struggling to rise. But now calm'd Ammurat frees
Her from disturbing death, in his last great work,
And thus declares some virtue in a Turk.

I have, brave Christian, by perusing thee
In this great art of honour, learnt to be,
Too late, thy follower: this ring (with that
Gives him his signet) shall, when question'd at
The castle guards, thy safety be. And now
I see her blood's low water doth allow
Me only time to launch my soul's black bark
Into death's rubric sea—for to the dark
And silent region, though we here were by
Passion divorced, fortune shall not deny
Our souls to sail together. From thy eyes
Remove death's load, and see what sacrifice
My love is offering. With that word, a stroke
Pierces his breast, whose speedy pains invoke
Death's opiates to appease them: he sinks down
By 's dying wife, who, ere the cold flood drown
Life in the deluge of her wounds, once more
Betrays her eyes to the light; and though they wore
The weight of death upon their lids, did keep
Them so long open, till the icy sleep
Began to seize on him, and then she cries—
O see, just heav'n! see, see my Ammurat dies,

To wander with me in the unknown shade
Of immortality—But I have made
The wounds that murther'd both: his hand that gave
Mine, did but gently let me blood to save
An everlasting fever. Pardon me,
My dear, my dying lord. Eternity
Shall see my soul white-wash'd in tears; but oh!
I now feel time's dear want—they will not flow
Fast as my stream of blood. Christian, farewell!
Whenc'er thou dost our tragic story tell,
Do not extenuate my crimes, but let
Them in their own black characters be set,
Near Ammurat's bright virtues, that, read by
Th' unpractised lover, which posterity,
Whilst wanton winds play with our dust, shall raise
On beauties; that the good may justice praise
By his example, and the bad by mine
From vice's throne be scared to virtue's shrine.
* * * * * * This,
She cries, is our last interview—a kiss
Then joins their bloodless lips—each close the eyes
Of the other, whilst the parting spirit flies.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

DIED 1658.

This gallant, unfortunate man, who was much distinguished for the beauty of his person, was the son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolwich, in Kent. After taking a master's degree at Cambridge, he was for some time an officer in the army; but returned to his native country after the pacification of Berwick, and took possession of his paternal estate, worth about 500*l.* per annum. About the same time he was deputed by the county of Kent to deliver their petition to the House of Commons, for restoring the king to his rights, and settling the government. This petition gave such offence that he was committed to the Gate-house prison, and only released on finding bail to an enormous amount not to pass beyond the lines of communication. During his confinement to London his fortune was wasted in support of the royal cause. In 1646 he formed a regiment for the service of the French king, was colonel of it, and was wounded at Dunkirk. On this occasion his mistress, Lucasta, a Miss Lucy Sacheverel, married another, hearing that he had died of his wounds. At the end of two years he returned to England, and was again imprisoned till after the death of Charles I. He was then at liberty;

but, according to Wood, was left in the most destitute circumstances, his estate being gone. He, who had been the favourite of courts, is represented as having lodged in the most obscure recesses of poverty[1], and died in great misery in a lodging near Shoe-lane.

SONG.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,—
The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;

[1] The compiler of the Biographia Dramatica remarks that Wood must have exaggerated Lovelace's poverty, for his daughter and sole heir married the son of Lord Chief Justice Coke, and brought to her husband the estates of her father at King's-down in Kent

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

SONG.

Amarantha, sweet and fair.
Forbear to braid that shining hair;
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee, let it fly:

Let it fly as unconfin'd
As its ravisher the wind,

Who has left his darling east
To wanton o'er this spicy nest.

Every tress must be confess'd
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled:
Do not then wind up that light
In ribbands, and o'ercloud the night:
Like the sun in his early ray,
But shake your head and scatter day.

A LOOSE SARABAND.

Ah me, the little tyrant thief,
  As once my heart was playing,
He snatch'd it up, and flew away,
  Laughing at all my praying.

Proud of his purchase, he surveys,
  And curiously sounds it;
And though he sees it full of wounds,
  Cruel still on he wounds it.

And now this heart is all his sport,
  Which as a ball he boundeth,
From hand to hand, from breast to lip,
  And all its rest confoundeth.

Then as a top he sets it up,
  And pitifully whips it;

Sometimes he clothes it gay and fine,
Then straight again he strips it.

He cover'd it with false belief,
Which gloriously shew'd it;
And for a morning cushionet
On's mother he bestow'd it.

Each day with her small brazen stings
A thousand times she rac'd it;
But then at night, bright with her gems,
Once near her breast she plac'd it.

Then warm it 'gan to throb and bleed,
She knew that smart and grieved;
At length this poor condemned heart,
With these rich drugs reprieved.

She wash'd the wound with a fresh tear.
Which my Lucasta dropped;
And in the sleeve silk of her hair
'Twas hard bound up and wrapped

She probed it with her constancy,
And found no rancor nigh it;
Only the anger of her eye
Had wrought some proud flesh nigh it.

Then pressed she hard in every vein,
Which from her kisses thrilled,
And with the balm heal'd all its pain
That from her hand distilled.

But yet this heart avoids me still,
Will not by me be owned;
But, fled to its physician's breast,
There proudly sits enthroned.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM LAWES'S AYRES AND DIALOGUES. 1653

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never dying fires:
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Celia, now no tears can win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn:
I have learnt those arts, and now
Can disdain as well as thou.

FROM SELECT AYRES AND DIALOGUES, BY LAWES. 1659.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone far to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lip could move had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning-rose, that untouch'd stands
Arm'd with her briars, how rude she smells;
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
And scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile;
With sear flow'rs to be thrown aside,
And shall sigh when some shall smile
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

From "Cromwell's Conspiracy, a tragi-comedy, relating to our latter Times; beginning at the death of King Charles the First, and ending with the happy Restauration of King Charles the Second. Written by a Person of Quality." 4to. Lond. 1660. At p. 11, is the following

SONG.

How happy's the pris'ner that conquers his fate
With silence, and ne'er on bad fortune complains,
But carelessly plays with his keys on the grate,
And makes a sweet concert with them and his chains!
He drowns care with sack, while his thoughts are opprest,
And makes his heart float like a cork in his breast.

Then since w'are all slaves who islanders be,
And the world's a large prison enclos'd with the sea,
We will drink up the ocean, and set ourselves free,
For man is the world's epitome.

Let tyrants wear purple, deep dy'd in the blood
Of them they have slain, their sceptres to sway:
If our conscience be clear, and our title be good
To the rags that hang on us, w'are richer than they:
We'll drink down at night what we beg or can borrow,
And sleep without plotting for more the next morrow.
Then since w'are all slaves, &c.

Come, drawer, and fill us a peck of Canary,
One brimmer shall bid all our senses good night.

When old Aristotle was frolic and merry,
By the juice of the grape he turn'd Stagyrite;
Copernicus once in a drunken fit found
By the course of his brains that the world turn'd round.
Then since w'are all slaves, &c.

'Tis sack makes our faces like comets to shine,
And gives beauty beyond a complexion mask;
Diogenes fell so in love with his wine,
That when 'twas all out he still liv'd in the cask,
And he so lov'd the scent of the wainscotted room,
That dying he desir'd a tub for his tomb,
Then since w'are all slaves, &c.

UPON AMBITION.

Occasioned by the accusation of the Earl of Strafford in 1640. From the Rump, a collection of poems and songs relating to the times from 1639 to 1661. Lond. printed 1662.

How uncertain is the state
Of that greatness we adore;
When ambitiously we soar,
And have taken the glorious height,
'Tis but ruin gilded o'er,
To enslave us to our fate;
Whose false delight is easier got than kept,
Content ne'er on its gaudy pillow slept.

Then how fondly do we try,
With such superstitious care,

To build fabrics in the air;
Or seek safety in the sky,
Where no stars but meteors are
To portend a ruin nigh:
And having reach'd the object of our aim,
We find it but a pyramid of flame.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

FROM THE SAME.

Ascribed to Roger L'Estrange.

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest-proof:
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a gaol,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Makes me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd,
As if their wisdom had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like a Sophy, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The Cynic hugs his poverty,
   The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
   Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, Stoics we see
Make torments easy to their apathy.

* * * * * * *

I'm in this cabinet lock'd up,
   Like some high-prized margarite[1];
Or, like some Great Mogul, or Pope,
   Am cloister'd up from public sight:
Retirement is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
   Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
   To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

* * * * * * *

Have you not seen the nightingale,
   A pilgrim coop'd into a cage,
How doth she chant her wonted tale
   In that her narrow hermitage?
Ev'n there her charming melody doth prove
That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.

[1] A precious stone.

My soul is free as th' ambient air,
Although my baser part's immur'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair,
T' accompany my solitude:
And though immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in his person or his coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not mine.
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

I am that bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free.
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind.

CATHERINE PHILLIPS.

BORN 1631.—DIED 1664.

Mrs. Catherine Phillips, wife of James Phillips, Esq. of the Priory of Cardigan. Her maiden name was Fowler. She died of the small pox, in her thirty-third year. The matchless Orinda, as she was called, cannot be said to have been a woman of

genius; but her verses betoken an interesting and placid enthusiasm of heart, and a cultivated taste, that form a beautiful specimen of female character. She translated two of the tragedies of Corneille, and left a volume of letters to Sir Charles Cotterell, which were published a considerable time after her death. Jeremy Taylor addressed to her his "Measures and Offices of Friendship," and Cowley, as also Flatman, his imitator, honoured her memory with poetical tributes.

THE ENQUIRY.

If we no old historian's name
  Authentic will admit,
But think all said of friendship's fame
  But poetry or wit;
Yet what's rever'd by minds so pure
Must be a bright idea sure.

But as our immortality
  By inward sense we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
  It would not be design'd:
So here how could such copies fall,
If there were no original?

But if truth be in ancient song,
  Or story we believe;
If the inspir'd and greater throng
  Have scorned to deceive

There have been hearts whose friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and grave.

Among that consecrated crew
  Some more seraphic shade
Lend me a favourable clew,
  Now mists my eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the world with fame,
Left you so little of your flame?

Why is't so difficult to see
  Two bodies and one mind?
And why are those who else agree
  So difficultly kind?
Hath nature such fantastic art,
That she can vary every heart?

Why are the bands of friendship tied
  With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
  And by the most forgot?
Why do we step with so light sense
From friendship to indifference?

If friendship sympathy impart,
  Why this ill-shuffled game,
That heart can never meet with heart,
  Or flame encounter flame?
What does this cruelty create?
Is't the intrigue of love or fate?

Had friendship ne'er been known to men,
(The ghost at last confest)
The world had then a stranger been
To all that heav'n possest.
But could it all be here acquir'd,
Not heav'n itself would be desir'd.

A FRIEND.

Love, nature's plot, this great creation's soul,
The being and the harmony of things,
Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
From whence man's happiness and safety springs:
The earliest, whitest, blessedst times did draw
From her alone their universal law.

Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
'Tis love refin'd and purg'd from all its dross,
The next to angels' love, if not the same,
As strong in passion is, though not so gross:
It antedates a glad eternity,
And is an heaven in epitome.

* * * * * * * *

Essential honour must be in a friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not sin though sure that none should
know.
Where friendship's spoke, honesty's understood;
For none can be a friend that is not good.

* * * * * * * *

Thick waters shew no images of things;
 Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
 And free from clouds, design, or flattery.
For vulgar souls no part of friendship share;
Poets and friends are born to what they are.

WILLIAM HEMINGE.

This writer was the son of John Heminge the famous player, who was contemporary with Shakspeare, and whose name is prefixed, together with that of Condell, to the folio edition of the great poet's works. He was born in 1602, and received his education at Oxford. This is all that is mentioned of him by the compilers of the Biographia Dramatica.

FROM THE FATAL CONTRACT.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Aphelia has been contracted by mutual vows to Clovis, younger brother of the young king of France, Clotair, and imagines in this scene that she is to be brought into the presence of Clovis, instead of whom she is brought to Clotair by the treachery of the Eunuch.

Enter APHELIA, *and the* EUNUCH *with a wax-taper.*

Aph. INTO what labyrinth do you lead me, sir?
What by, perplexed ways? I should much fear,

Had you not us'd his name, which is to me
A strength 'gainst terror, and himself so good,
Occasion cannot vary, nor the night,
Youth, nor his wild desire; otherwise
A silent sorrow from mine eyes would steal,
And tell sad stories for me.

Eun. You are too tender of your honour, lady,
Too full of aguish trembling; the noble prince
Is as December frosty in desire;
Save what is lawful, he not owns that heat,
Which, were you snow, would thaw a tear from you.

Aph. This is the place appointed: pray heavens all things
Go well!

Eun. I will go call him; please you rest yourself
Here lies a book will bear you company
Till I return, which will be presently.—
[APHELIA *reads the book*
Hither I'll send the king; not that I mean [*Aside*.
To give him leave to cool his burning lust,
For Clovis shall prevent him in the fact,
And thus I shall endear myself to both.
Clovis, enraged, perhaps will kill the king,
Or by the king will perish: if both fall,
Or either, both ways make for me.
The queen as rootedly does hate her sons
As I her ladyship. To see this fray
She must be brought by me: she'll steel them on
To one another's damage; for her sake
I'll say I set on foot this hopeful brawl.

Thus on all sides the eunuch will play foul,
And as his face is black he'll have his soul.

Aph. *(Reading.)* How witty sorrow has found out discourse
Fitting a midnight season: here I see
One bath'd in virgin's tears, whose purity
Might blanch a black-a-moor, turn nature's stream
Back on itself; words pure, and of that strain
Might move the Parcæ to be pitiful.

Enter CLOTAIR.

Clot. Methinks I stand like Tarquin in the night
When he defil'd the chastity of Rome,
Doubtful of what to do; and, like a thief,
I take each noise to be an officer.
[*She still reads on.*
She has a ravishing feature, and her mind
Is of a purer temper than her body:
Her virtues more than beauty ravish'd me,
And I commit, ev'n with her piety,
A kind of incest with religion,
Though I do know it is a deed of death,
Condemn'd to torments in the other world.
Such tempting sweetness dwells in every limb,
That I must venture. * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Aph. Alack, poor maid!
Poor ravish'd Philomel! thy lot was ill
To meet that violence in a brother, which
I in a stranger doubt not; yet methinks

I am too confident, for I feel my heart
Burden'd with something ominous: these men
Are things of subtle nature, and their oaths
Inconstant like themselves. Clovis may prove unkind,
Alack, why not? say he should offer foul,
The evil counsel of a secret place,
And night, his friend, might overtempt his will.
I dare not stand the hazard; guide me, light,
To some untrodden place, where poor I may
Wear out the night with sighs till it be day.

Clot. I am resolv'd, I will be bold and resolute:
Hail, beauteous damsel!

Aph. Ha! what man art thou,
That hast thy countenance clouded with thy cloak,
And hid'st thy face from darkness and the night?
If thy intents deserve a muffler too,
Withdraw, and act them not—What art thou? speak,
And wherefore cam'st thou hither?

Clot. I came to find one beautiful as thou—

* * * * * * *

Aph. I understand you not.

Clot. But you must; yea, and the right way too.

Aph. Help! help! help!

Clot. Peace! none of your loud music, lady:
If you raise a note, or beat the air with clamour,
You see your death. [*Draws his dagger.*

Aph. What violence is this, inhuman sir?
Why do you threaten war, fright my soft peace
With most ungentle steel? What have I done

Dangerous, or am like to do? Why do you wrack
me thus?
Mine arms are guilty of no crimes, do not torment
'em;
Mine heart and they have been heav'd up together
For mankind that was holy; if in that act
They have not pray'd for you, mend, and be holy.
The fault is none of theirs.
Clot. Come, do not seem more holy than you are,
I know your heart.
Aph. Let your dagger too, noble sir, strike home,
And sacrifice a soul to chastity,
As pure as is itself, or innocence.
Clot. This is not the way: know you me, beauty?
[*Discovers himself.*
Aph. The majesty of France!
Clot. Be not afraid.
Aph. I dare not fear; it's treason to suspect
My king can harbour thoughts that tend to ill:
I know your God-like good, and have but tried
How far weak woman durst be virtuous.
Clot. Cunning simplicity, thou art deceiv'd;
Thy wit as well as beauty wounds me, and thy tongue
In pleading for thee pleads against thyself:
It is thy virtue moves me, and thy good
Tempts me to acts of evil; wert thou bad,
Or loose in thy desires, I could stand
And only gaze, not surfeit on thy beauty,
But as thou art there's witchcraft in thy face.
* * * * * * * *

Aph. You are my king, and may command my life,
My will to sin you cannot; you may force
Unhallow'd deeds upon me, spot my fame,
And make my body suffer, not my mind.
When you have done this unreligious deed,
Conquer'd a poor weak maid, a trembling maid,
What trophy, or what triumph will it bring
More than a living scorn upon your name?
The ashes in your urn shall suffer for't,
Virgins will sow their curses on your grave,
Time blot your kingly parentage, and call
Your birth in question. Do you think
This deed will lie conceal'd? the faults kings do
Shine like the fiery beacons on a hill,
For all to see; and, seeing, tremble at.
It's not a single ill which you commit,
What in the subject is a petty fault
Monsters your actions, and 's a foul offence:
You give your subjects licence to offend
When you do teach them how.
Clot. I will endure no longer: come along,
Or by the curious spinstry of thy head,
Which nature's cunningest finger twisted out,
I'll drag thee to my couch. Tempt not my fury.
Clovis. Hold!—hold, my heart; can I endure this?
* * * * * * *
Monster of men!
Thou king of darkness! down unto thy hell!
I have a spell will lay thy honesty,
And this abused goodness.
* * * * * * *

Eun. Beat down their swords—what do the princes
mean?
Ring out the larum-bell!—call up the court—
* * * * * *

ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE SAME.

Persons.—*Clovis, Clotair, Strephon, Lamot the physician, Eunuch, Aphelia.*

In the sequel of the story, the guards of the king having fallen upon Clovis, he is apparently killed, but is nevertheless secretly cured of his wounds, and assumes a disguise. In the mean time the queen mother, anxious to get rid of Aphelia, causes one of her own paramours to dress in the armour of Prince Clovis, and to demand, in the character of his ghost, that Aphelia shall be sacrificed upon his hearse. Clotair pretends to comply with this sacrifice, and Aphelia is brought out to execution; but when all is ready, he takes the sword from the headsman, lays it at her feet, and declares her his queen. Clovis attends in disguise, and the poet makes him behave with rather more composure than we should expect from his trying situation; but when he sees his mistress accept the hand of his royal brother, he at last breaks out.

Clovis. WHERE am I?
Awake! for ever rather let me sleep.
Is this a funeral? O that I were a hearse,
And not the mock of what is pageanted[1].
Clotair. Amazement quite confounds me—Clovis
alive!
Lamot. Yes, sir, by my art he lives, though his
desire

[1] A hearse, supposed to contain the corpse of Clovis, forms a part of the pageant here introduced.

Was not to have it known; this chest contains
Nothing but spices sweetly odoriferous.
Clotair. Into my soul I welcome thee, dear brother;
This second birth of thine brings me more joy
Than had Aphelia brought me forth an heir,
Whom now you must remember as a sister.
Clovis. Oh that in nature there was left an art
Could teach me to forget I ever lov'd.
This her great masterpiece! O, well-built frame,
Why dost thou harbour such unhallow'd guests,
To house within thy bosom perjury?
If that our vows are register'd in heaven,
Why are they broke on earth? Aphelia,
This was a hasty match, the subtle air
Has not yet cool'd the breath with which thou swor'st
Thyself into my soul; and on thy cheeks
The print and pathway of those tears remain,
That woo'd me to believe so; fly me not,
I am no spirit; taste my active pulse,
And you shall find it make such harmony
As youth and health enjoy.
Eu. The queen! she faints.
Clovis. Is there a God left so propitious
To rid me of my fears? still let her sleep,
For if she wake (O king!) she will appear
Too monstrous a spectre for frail eyes
To see and keep their senses.
Lamot. Are you mad?
Clovis. Nothing so happy, Strephon; would I were!

In time's first progress I despair the hour
That brings such fortune with it; I should then
Forget that she was ever pleasing to me;
I should no more remember she would sit
And sing me into dreams of Paradise;
Never more hang about her ivory neck,
Believing such a one Diana's was;
Never more doat she breathes Arabia,
Or kiss her coral lips into a paleness.

Lamot. See, she's return'd, and with majestic gaze,
In pity rather than contempt, beholds you.

Clovis. Convey me hence, some charitable man,
Lest this same creature, looking like a saint,
Hurry my soul to hell; she is a fiend
Apparell'd like a woman, sent on earth
For man's destruction.

Clotair. Rule your disorder'd tongue;
Clovis, what's past we are content to think
It was our brother spoke, and not our subject.

Clovis. I had forgot myself, yet well remember
Yon gorgon has transform'd me into stone;
And since that time my language has been harsh,
My words too heavy for my tongue, too earthly;
I was not born so, trust me, Aphelia;
Before I was possess'd with these black thoughts,
I could sit by thy side, and rest my head
Upon the rising pillows of thy breast,
Whose natural sweetness would invite mine eyes
To sink in pleasing slumbers, wake, and kiss
The rose-beds that afforded me such bliss;

But thou art now a general disease
That eat'st into my marrow, turn'st my blood,
And mak'st my veins run poison, that each sense
Groans at the alteration. Am I the Monsieur?
Does Clovis talk his sorrows, and not act?
O man bewomaniz'd! Wert thou not mine?
How comes it thou art his?

Clotair. You have done ill,
And must be taught so; you capitulate
Not with your equal, Clovis, she's thy queen.

Clovis. Upon my knees I do acknowledge her
Queen of my thoughts and my affections.
O pardon me, if my ill-tutor'd tongue
Has forfeited my head; if not, behold
Before the sacred altar of thy feet
I lie, a willing sacrifice.

Aphelia. Arise:
And henceforth, Clovis, thus instruct thy soul;
There lies a depth in fate which earthly eyes
May faintly look into, but cannot fathom:
You had my vow till death to be your wife,
You being dead my vows were cancelled,
And I, as thus you see, bestow'd.

Clovis. Farewell;
I will no more offend you: would to God
Those cruel hands, not enough barbarous,
That made these bleeding witnesses of love,
Had set an endless period to my life too!

Clotair. Where there's no help it's bootless to complain;
Clovis, she's mine; let not your spirit war

Or mutiny within you; because I say't;
Nor let thy tongue from henceforth dare presume
To say she might, or ever should be thine;
What's past once more I pardon, 'tis our wedding-day.
Clovis. A long farewell to love: thus do I break
[*Breaks the ring.*
Your broken pledge of faith; and with this kiss,
The last that ever Clovis must print here,
Unkiss the kiss that seal'd it on thy lips.
Ye powers, ye are unjust, for her wild breath,
That has the sacred tie of contract broken,
Is still the same Arabia that it was.
[*The king, Clotair, pulls him.*
Nay, I have done: beware of jealousy!
I would not have you nourish jealous thoughts;
Though she has broke her faith to me, to you,
Against her reputation, she'll be true:
Farewell my first love lost, I'll choose to have
No wife till death shall wed me to my grave.
Come, Strephon, come and teach me how to die,
That gav'st me life so unadvisedly.

END OF VOL. II.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.